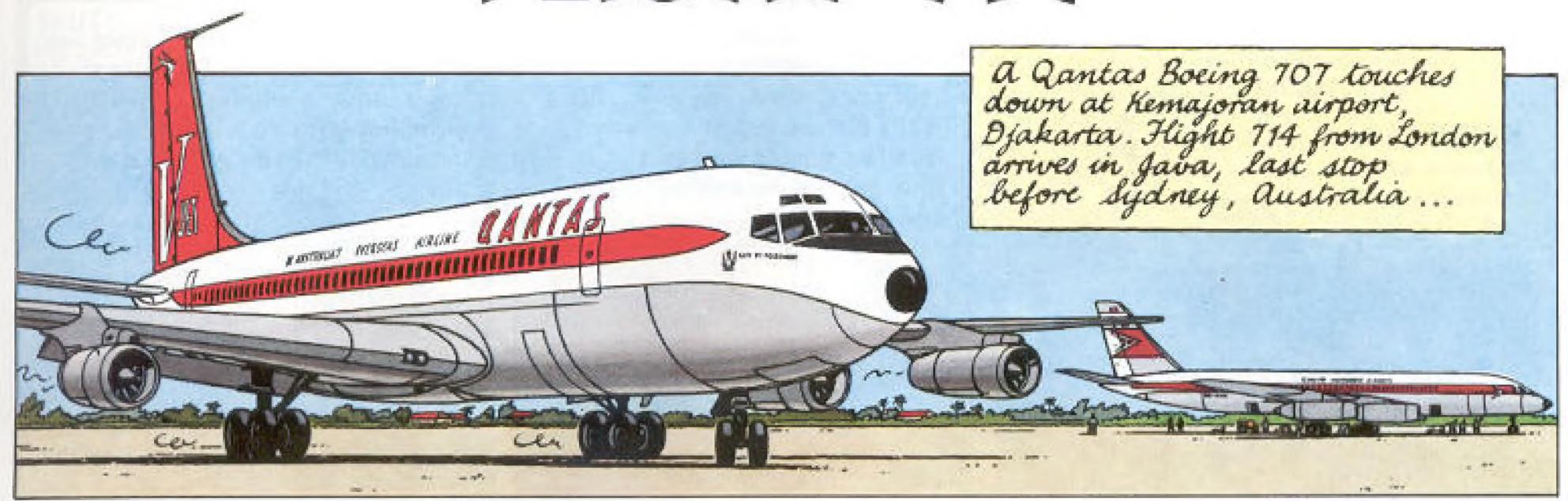


FLIGHT 714









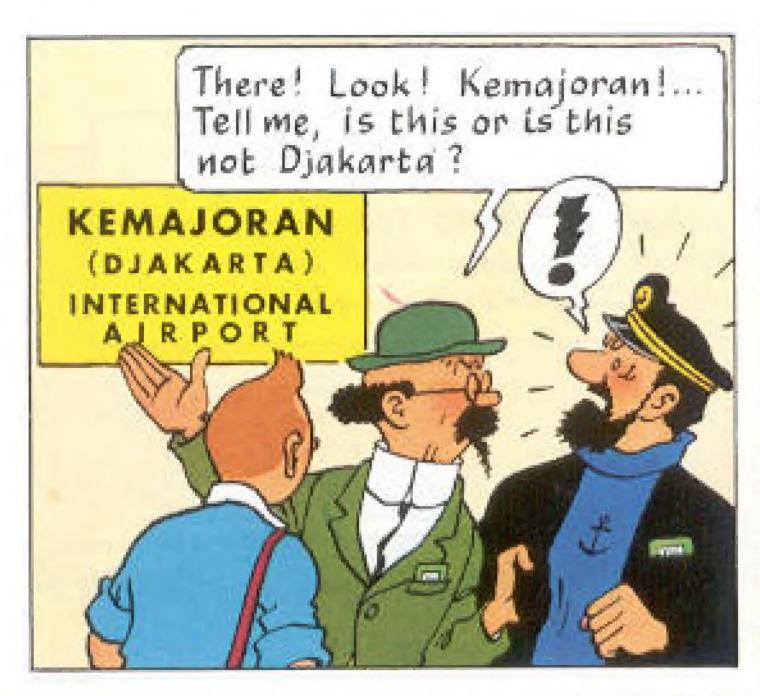












Always the same, isn't it?
"Poor old Cuthbert, doesn't
listen to a word you say... head
in the clouds again... always
gets the wrong end of the stick."
And on and on and on and on



One of these days he'll send me round the bend... Oh, forget it. Let's have a whisky... Whisky? Drinking whisky when some poor devils can't even afford a cup of tea... Like that old chap



Look at him, not a penny... Where does he come from? How long since he had a square meal?



Alone in the world... No one to care... Human flotsam, one of life's failures... even catches cold in the tropics.

AAAAAAAAH

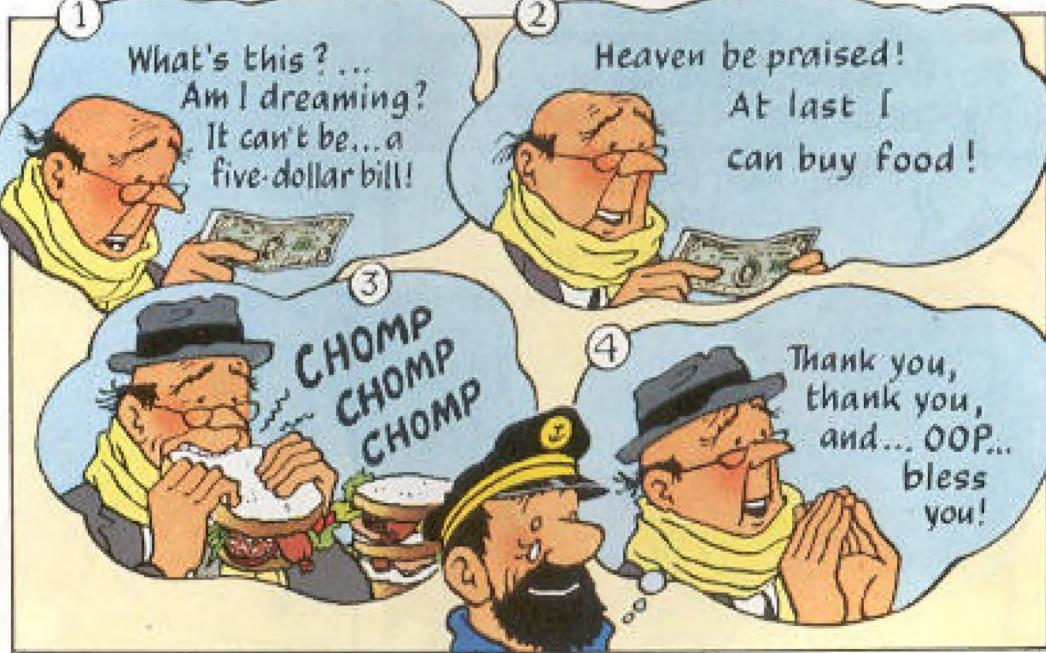


My poor fellow, here's your hat.

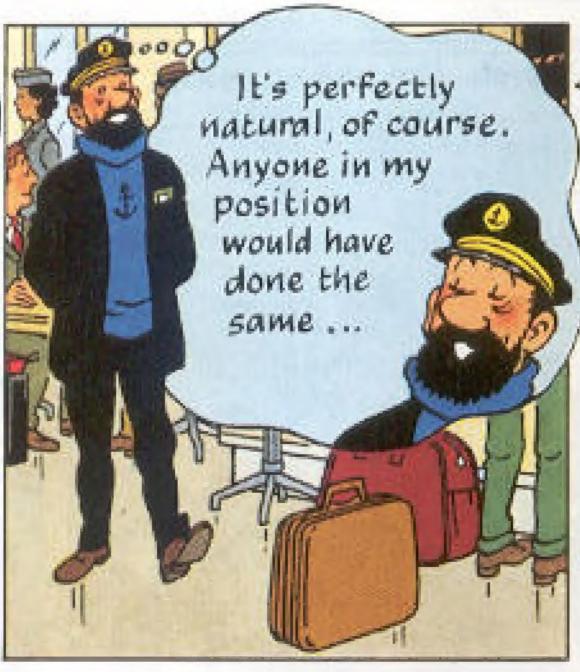


Aha, my good deed for the day! No one saw me slip a five dollar bill into his hat.



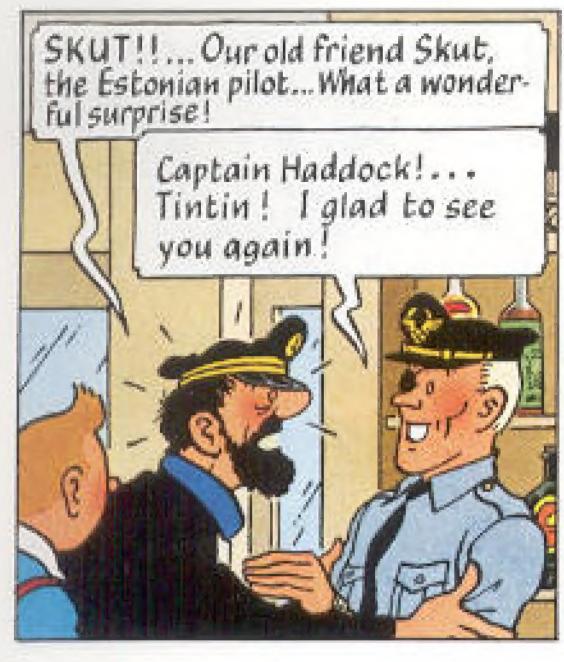


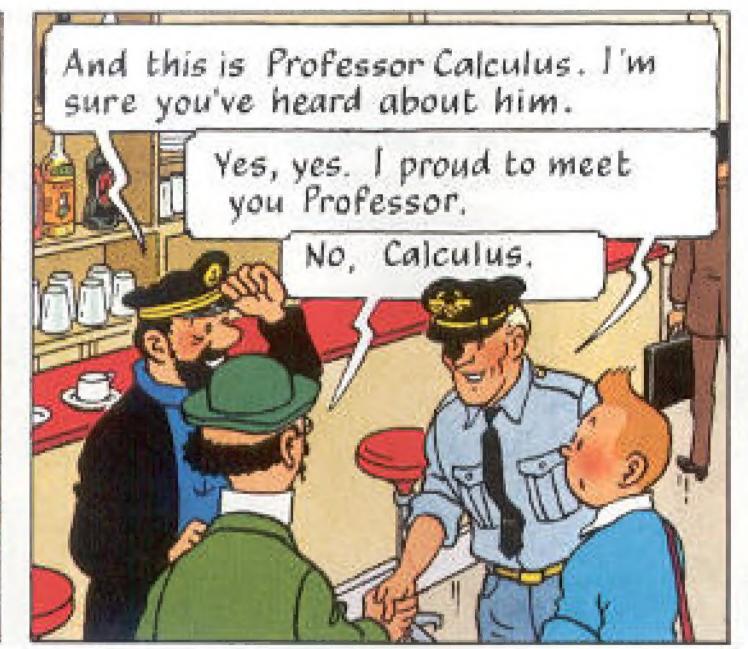










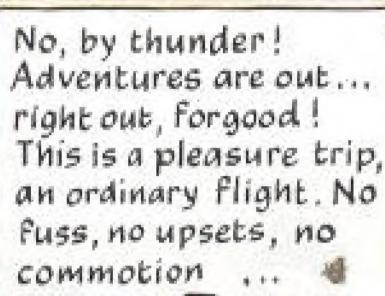




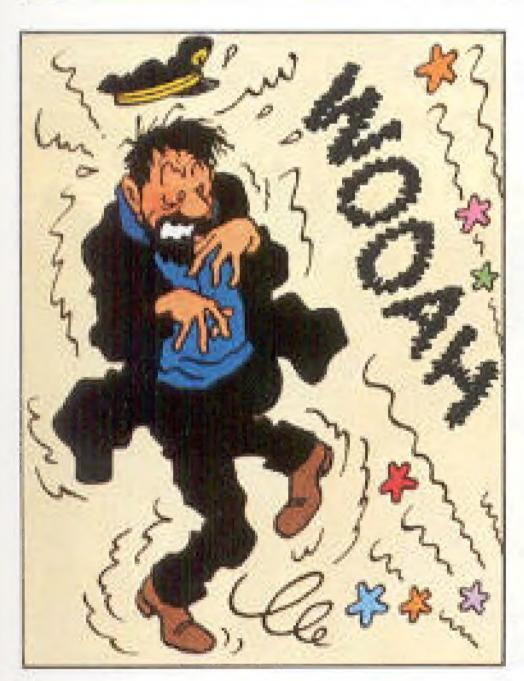






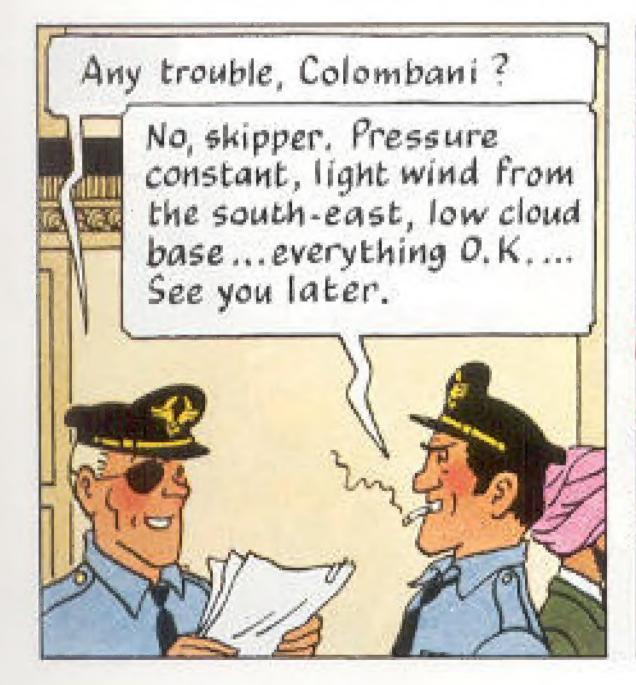


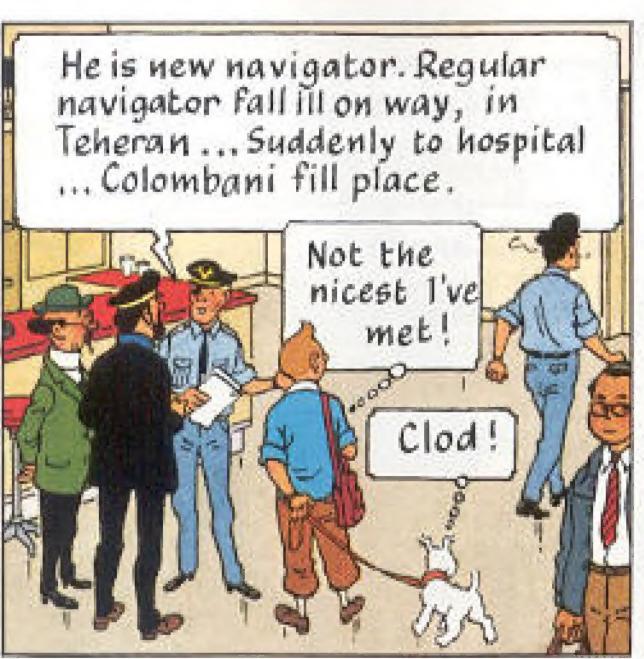


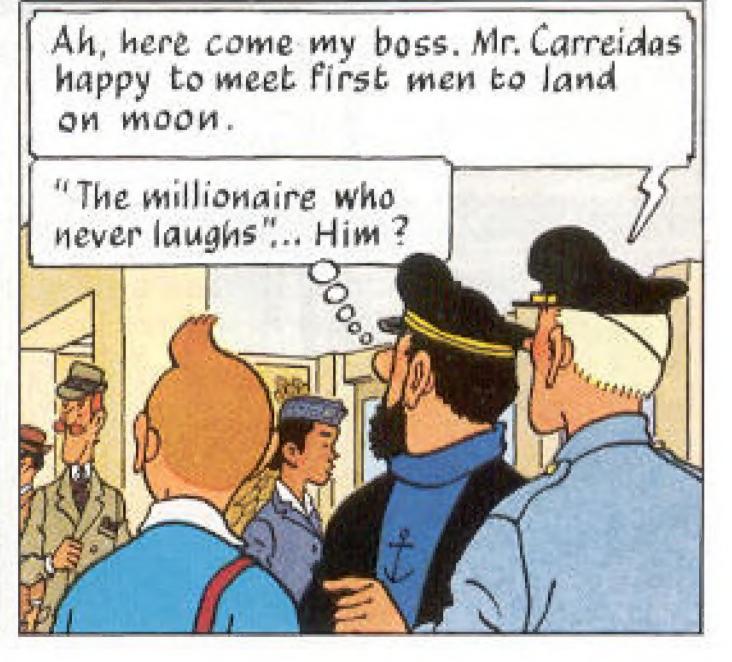


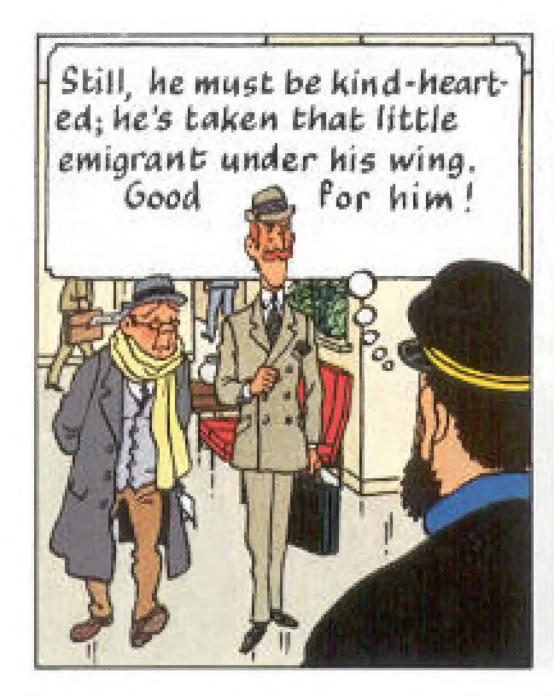




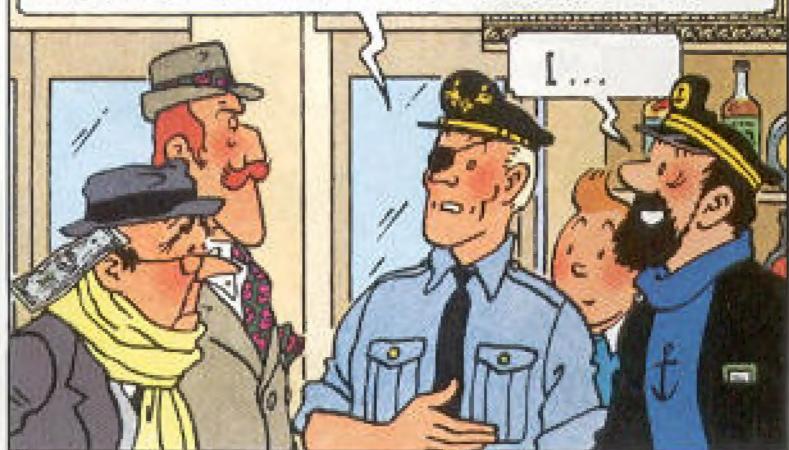


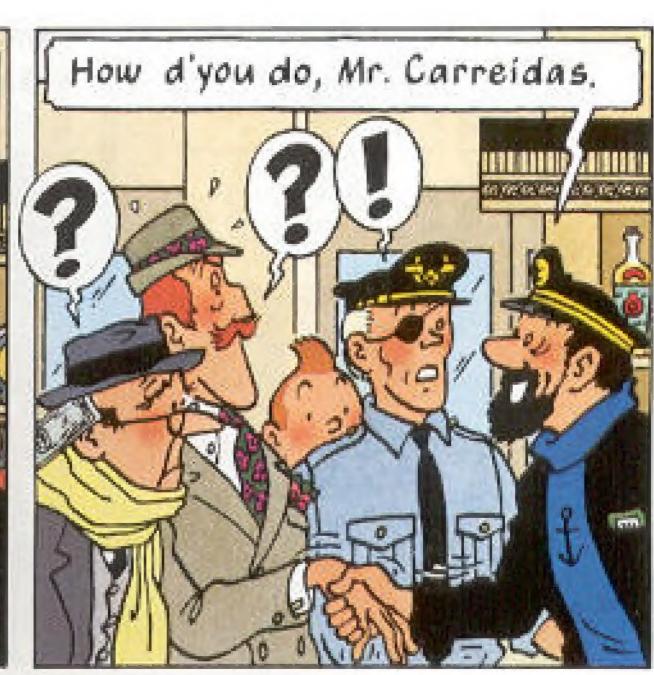


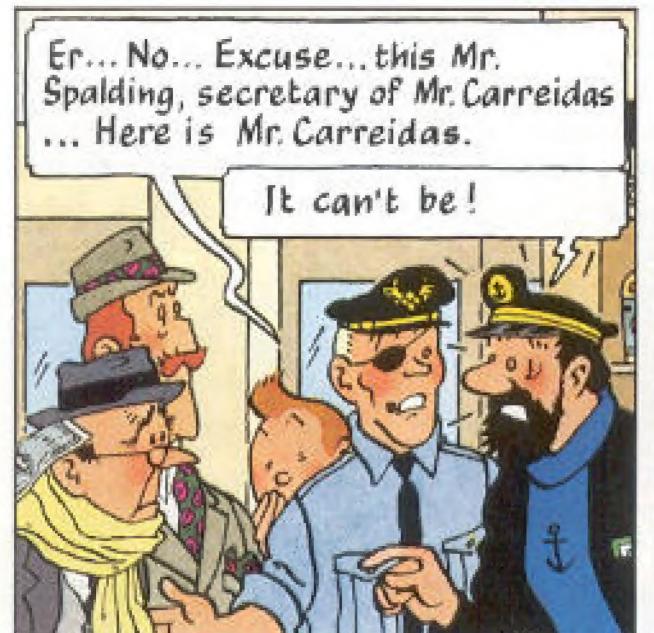




Mr. Carreidas, I please introduce my friends to you: Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, Tintin. They went in rocket and were first men on moon. You remember?...







I never shake hands: it is extremely unhygienic... I do vaguely remember some expedition, but the details escape me... As I recall, it didn't affect the stock market.

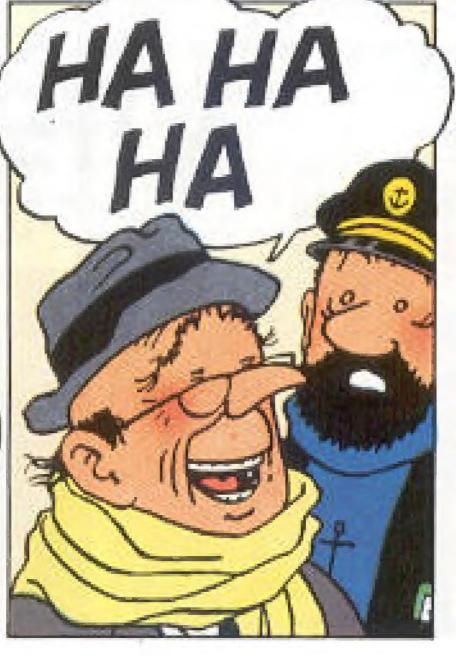






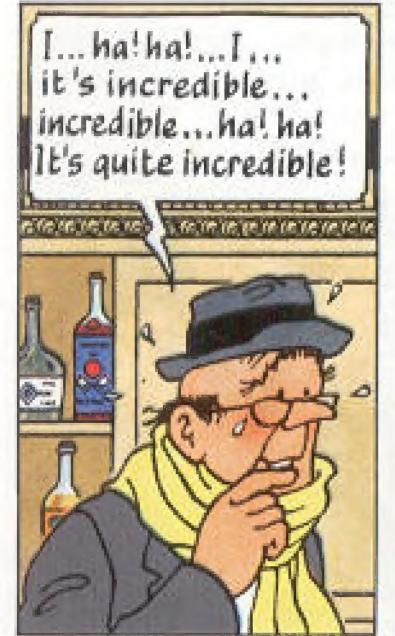


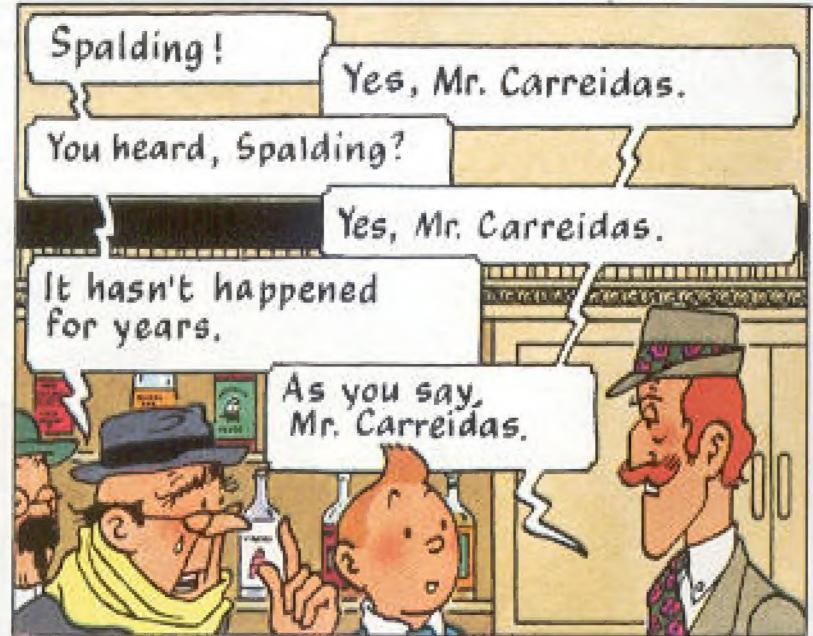


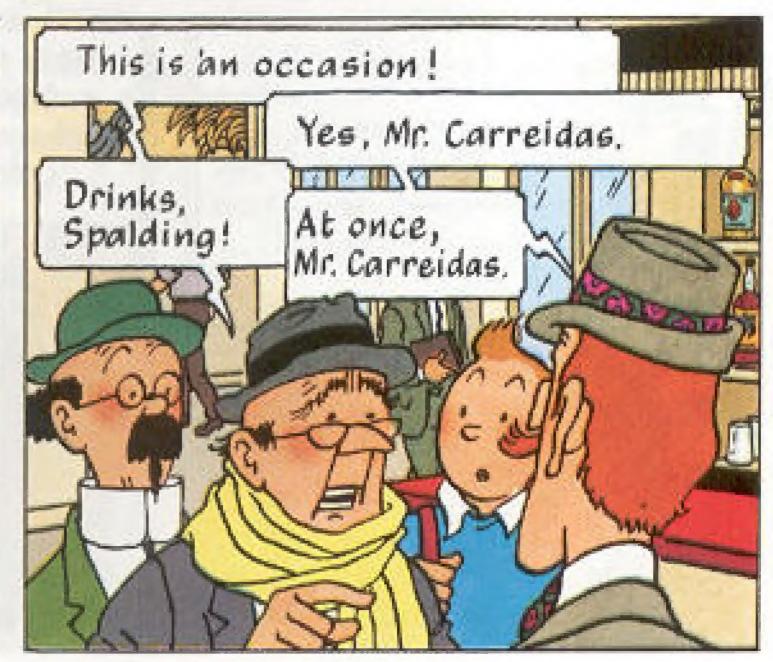




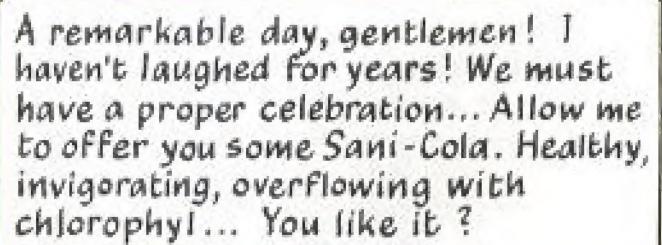






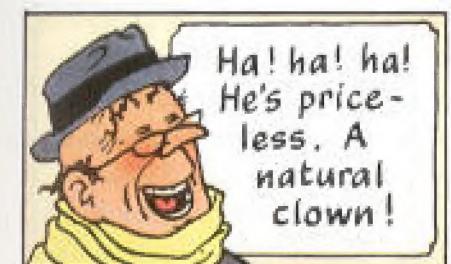


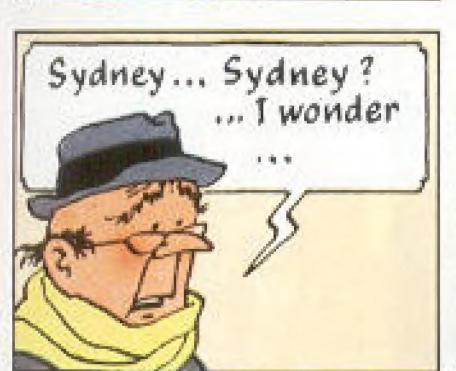




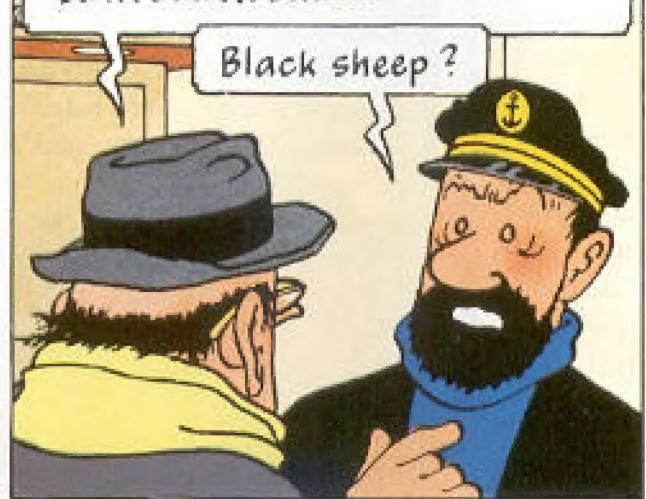








Tell me, Captain, as a seafaring man I'm sure you're fond of ba...baa...baa...



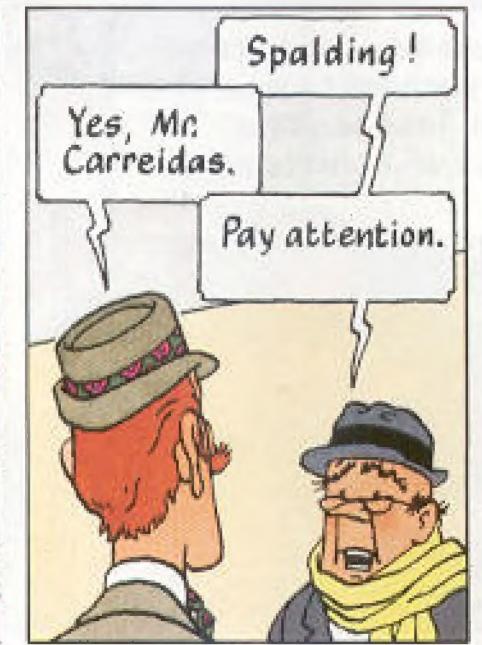
BAAA

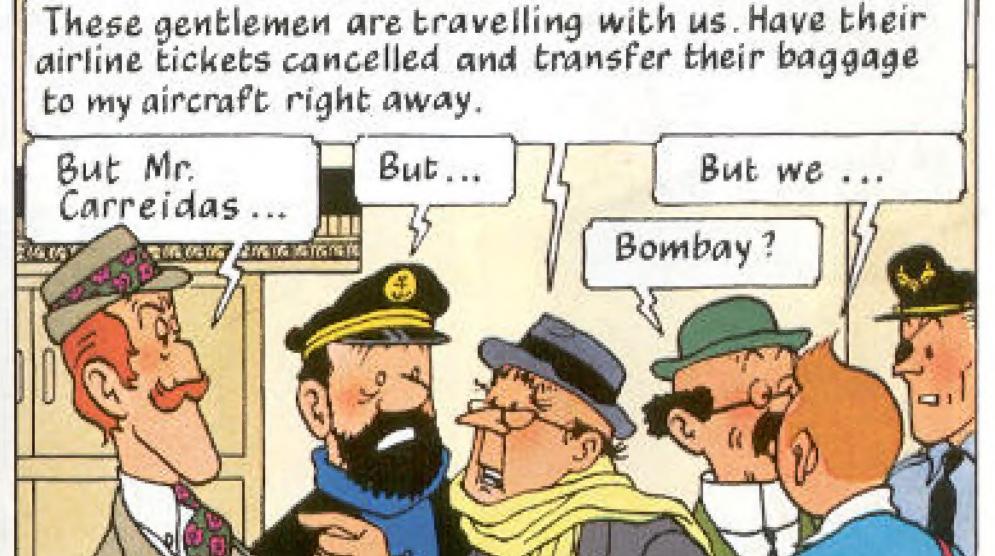


I...er...I mean, I was in the merchant service. I don't know much about naval warfare. One of my ancestors went in for that sort of thing ...

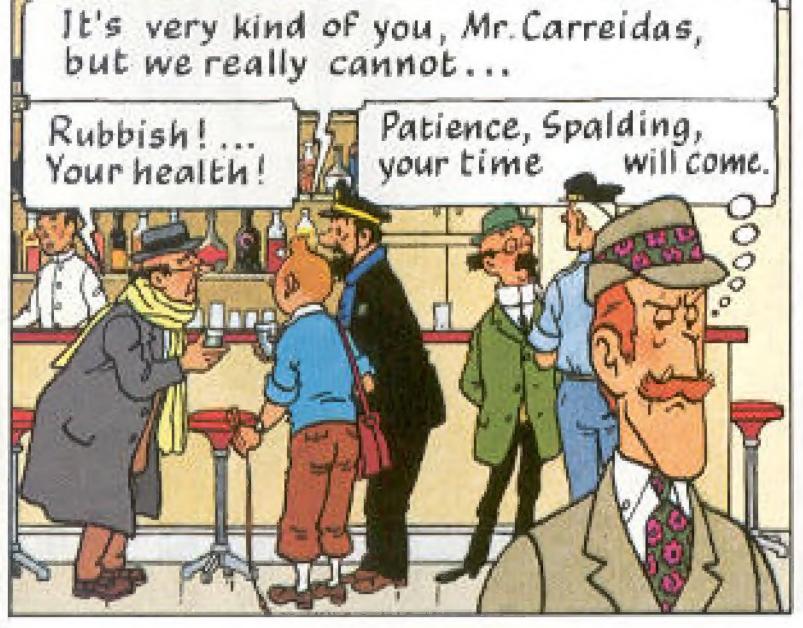




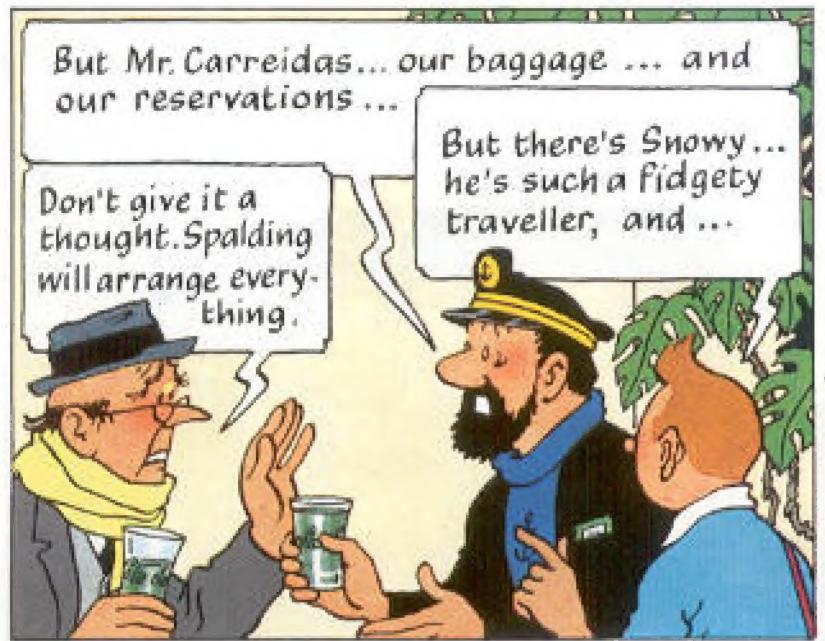






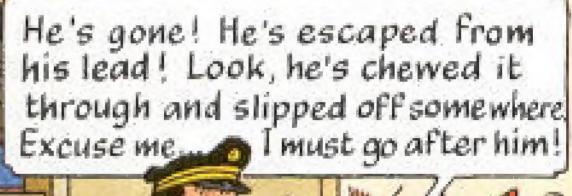






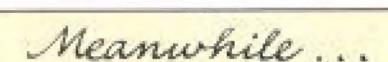












Is that you, Walter?...Spalding here...Quick...Listen...You must contact the chief: old Sneeze-

three people to travel with us... friends of the pilot... met them accidentally. So it's all off... Understand?

Too late, Spalding: everything's fixed. Anyway, you don't really imagine the chief's going to change his plans for three stray hangers on?...You have your orders; do as you're told.

But Walter, with three extra passengers the whole thing could be wrecked, and if...







I know you hate this but you have to wear it...
You'll land me in all sorts of trouble...

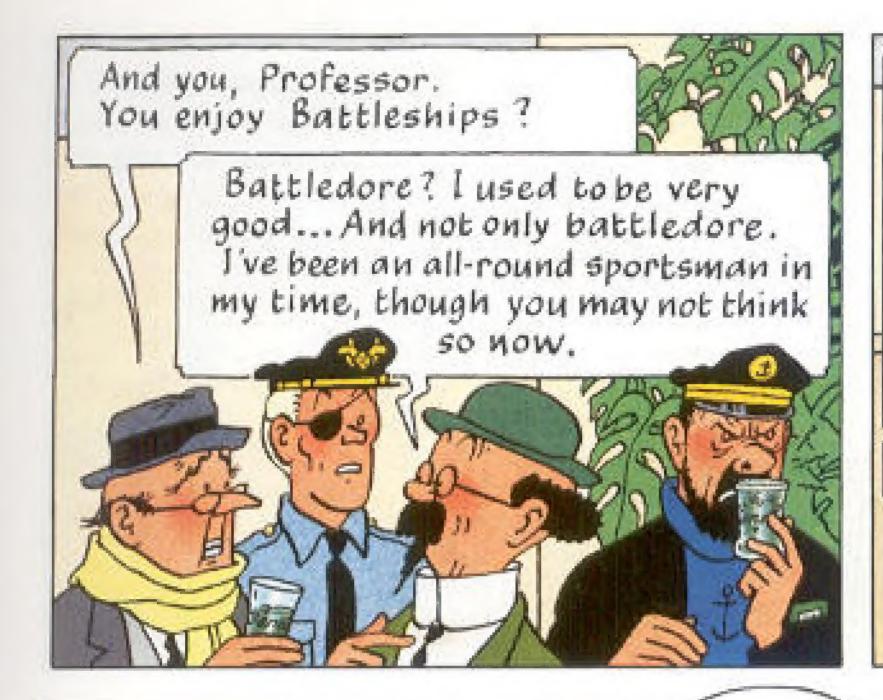




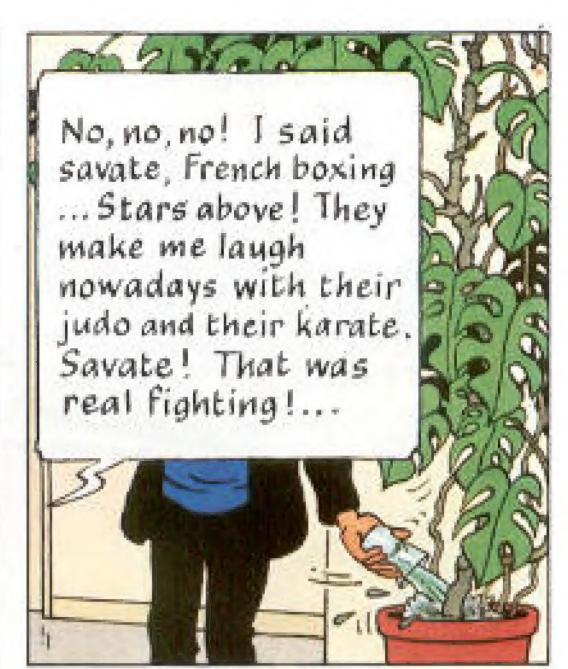












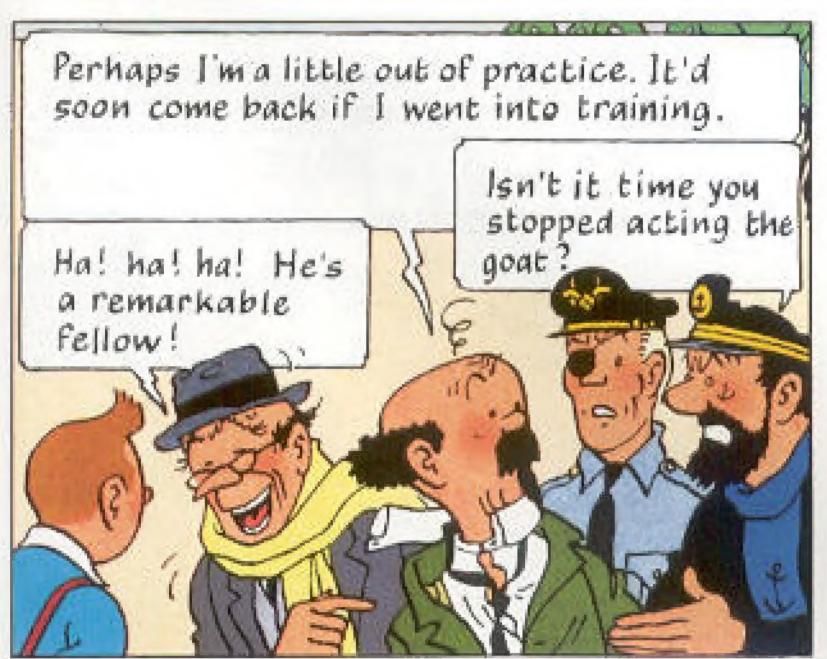
Using your feet as well as your fists... I was a champion ... unbeatable ... just you watch this ...

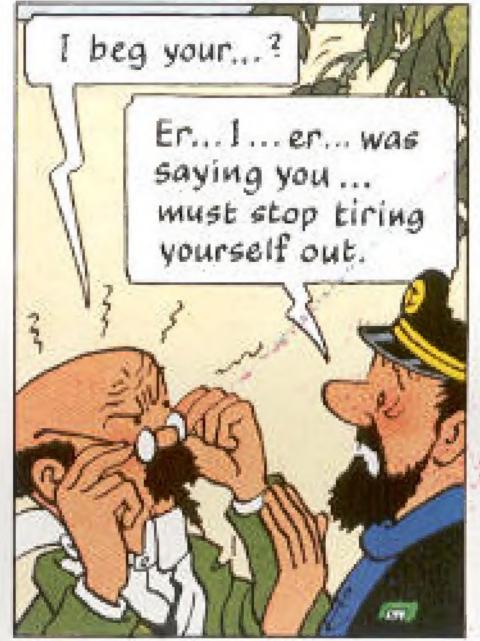






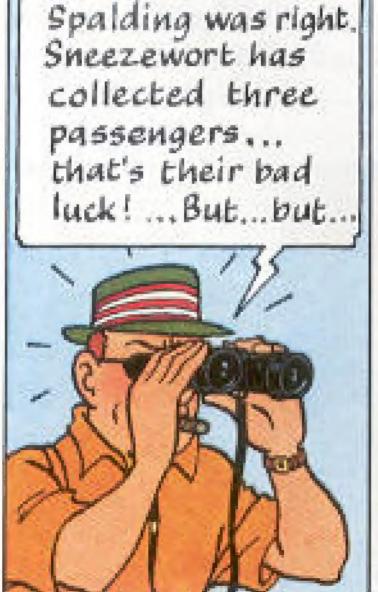






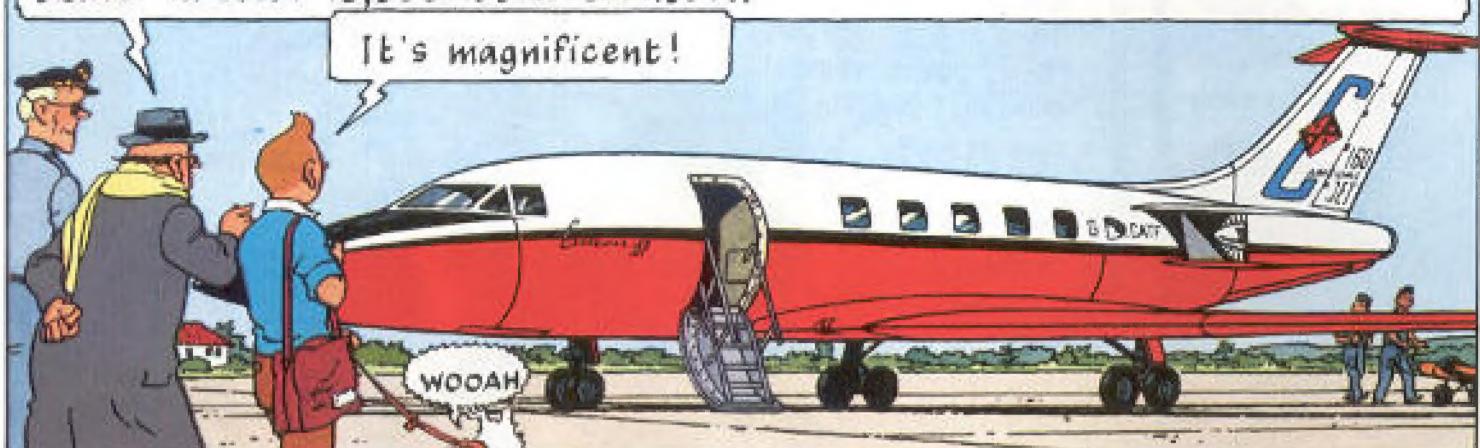


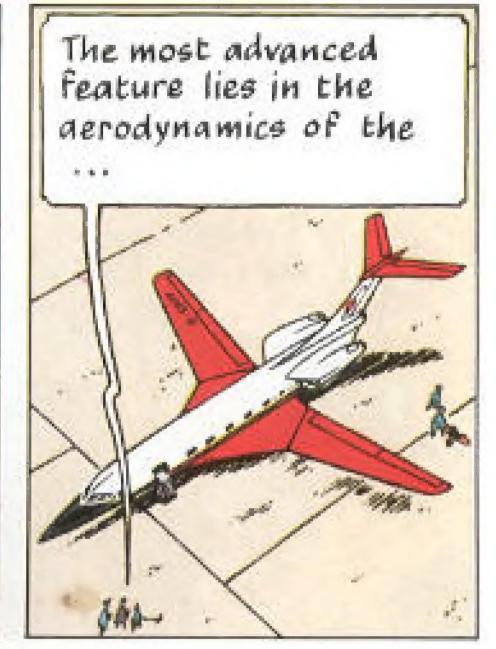






This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

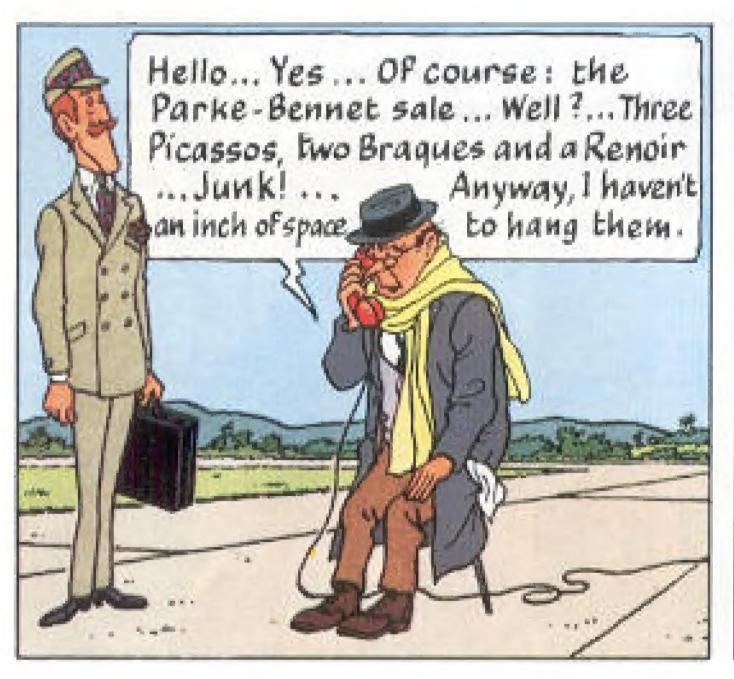












What's that?...
Onassis after them?
...Then buy!...
Get them all!...
What?...I don't
care how much,
buy!







But presto presto il signor Spalding find new radio operator... Il Signor Spalding is molto intelligente... Il Signor Spalding...





beled, hasterday







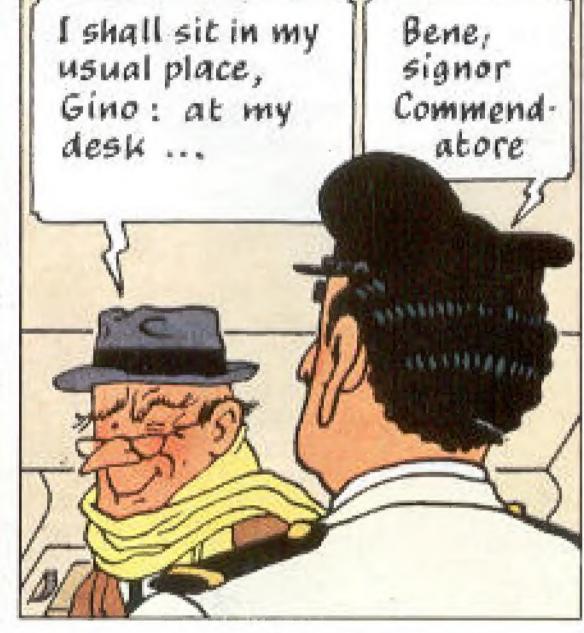




Great stocks and shares!
That's the third time
I've laughed today.
What's the matter?
If I go on like this I'll
have to see my
doctor.

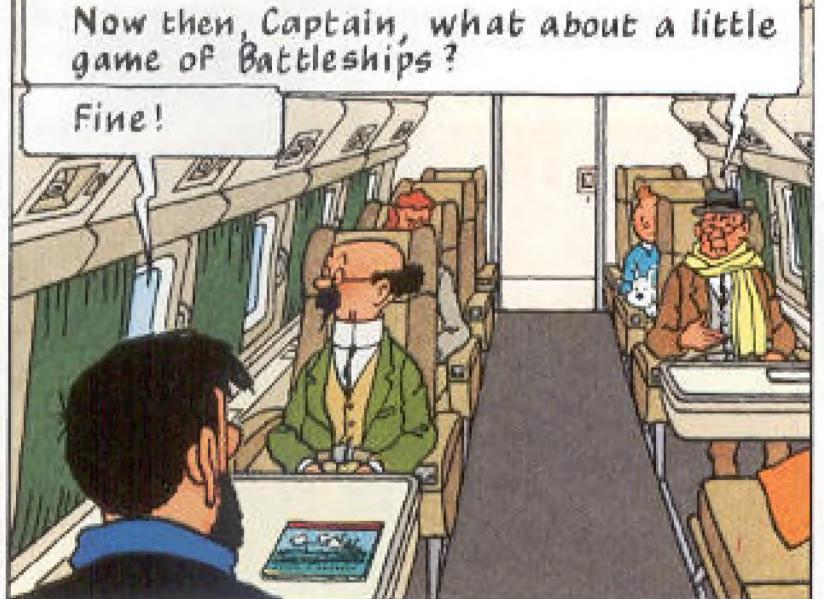






I'll swear he gave him a wink...But why? ... There's something fishy going on ...

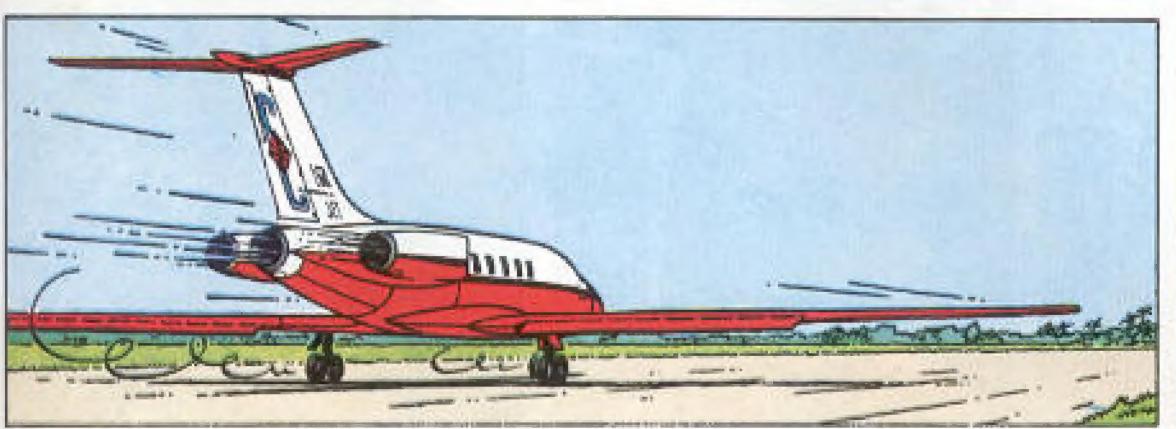


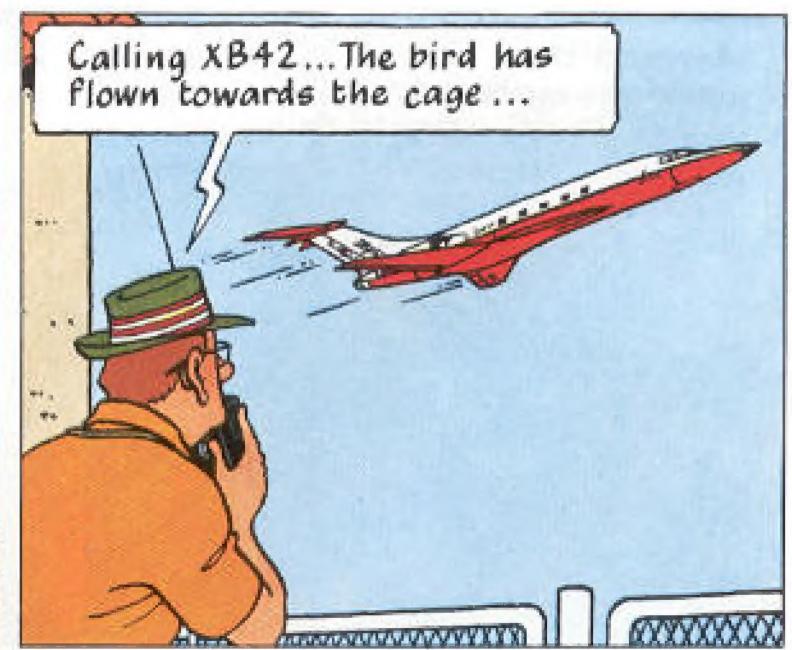




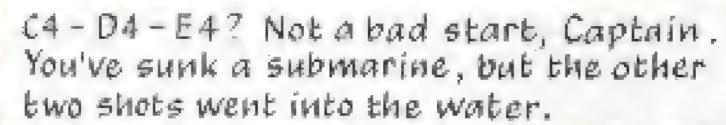


Kemajoran tower to Golf Tango Fox: proceed to runway. You are clear for take-off.





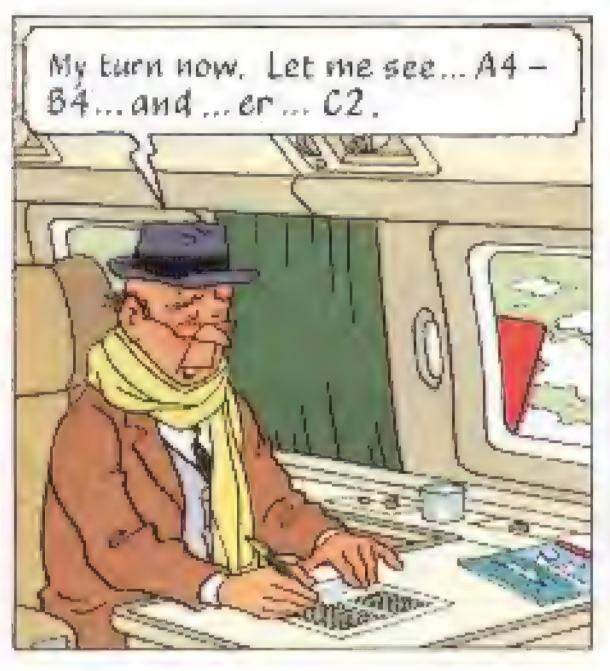








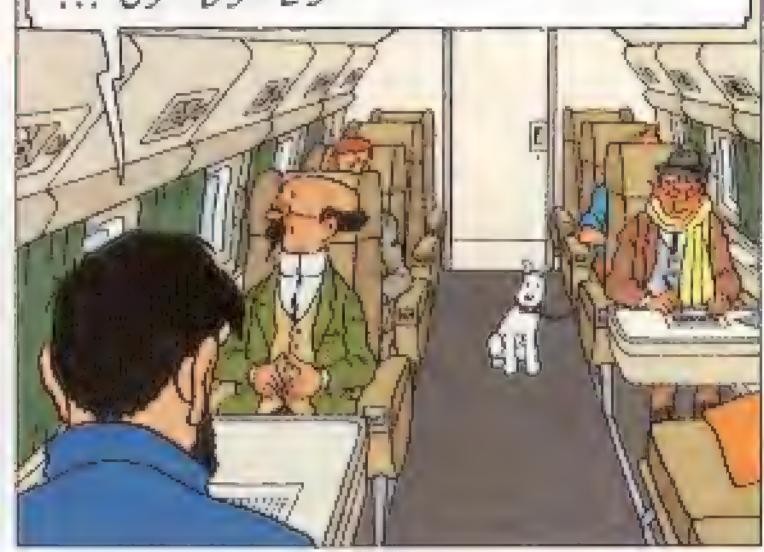




Good shot Mr. Carreidas!...
A destroyer sunk with two
shells, and a hit on another
destroyer.



Now I'll have a go. I must fight back! ... C5-D5-E5





A cruiser sunk: three direct hits!...You're psychic!... Still, what do you say to C6-D6-E6, eh?



All missed, I'm afraid...
What bad luck!...I haven't
got second-sight, you
know... just natural talent,
that's all. Now I must
concentrate...



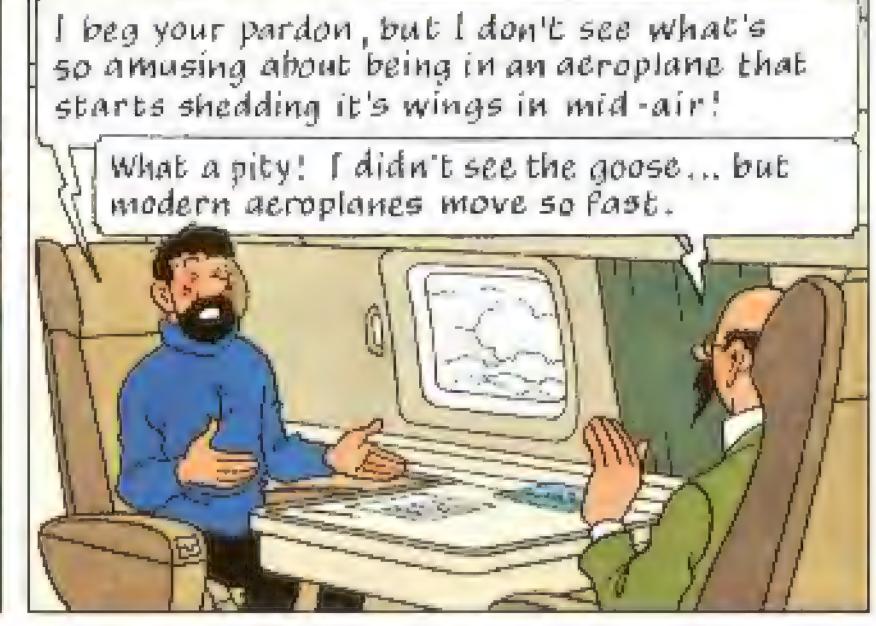
Hello, that's odd ...
I'd swear ... I must
be dreaming ...

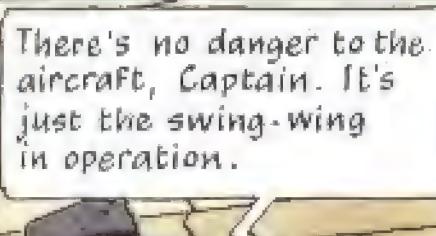






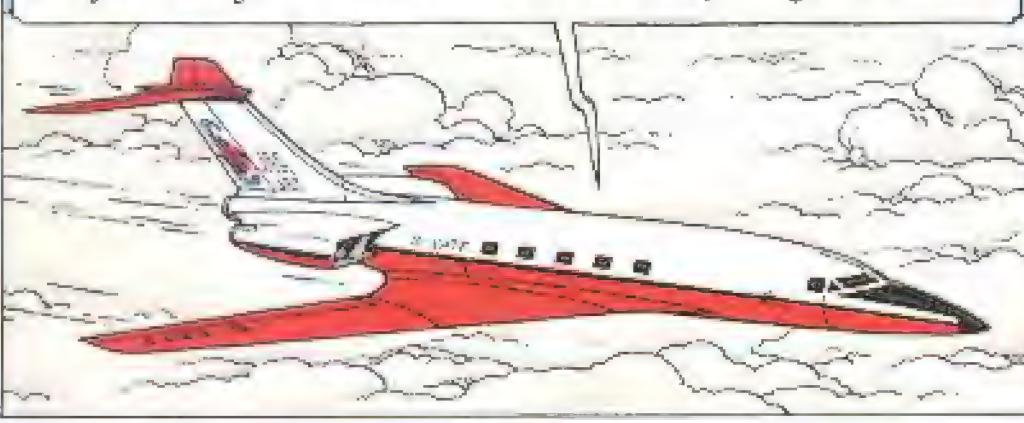




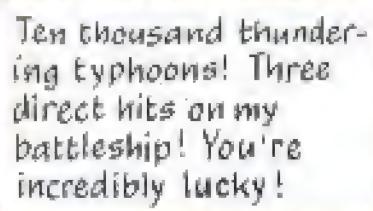


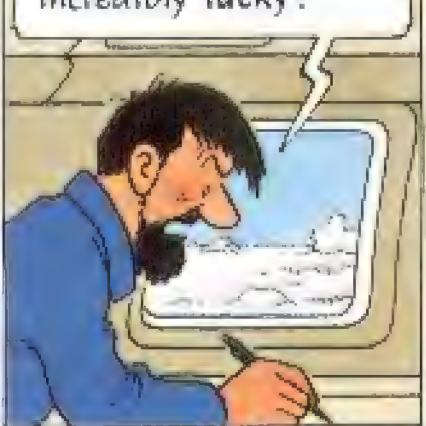


Very funny! "Just the swing-wing". What might that mean? Well, the wings are pivoted at the leading edge. The pilot has to move them forward to give maximum lift for take-off or landing. As he goes through the sound barrier he has them in mid-position. Then in supersonic flight he swings them right back: and that's what's happening now...

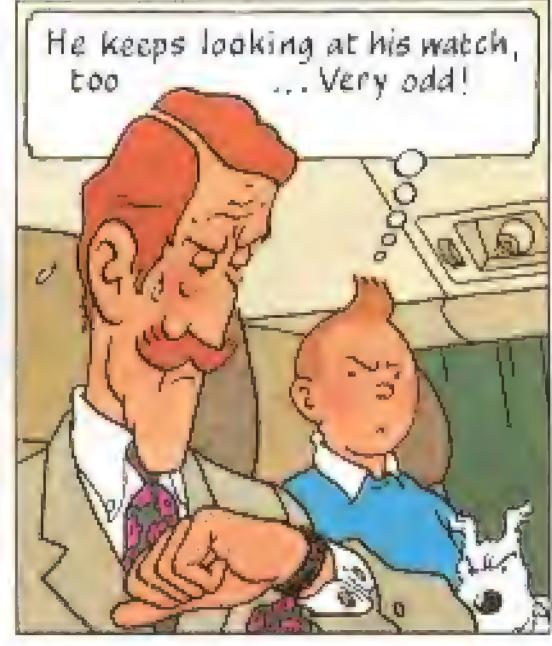


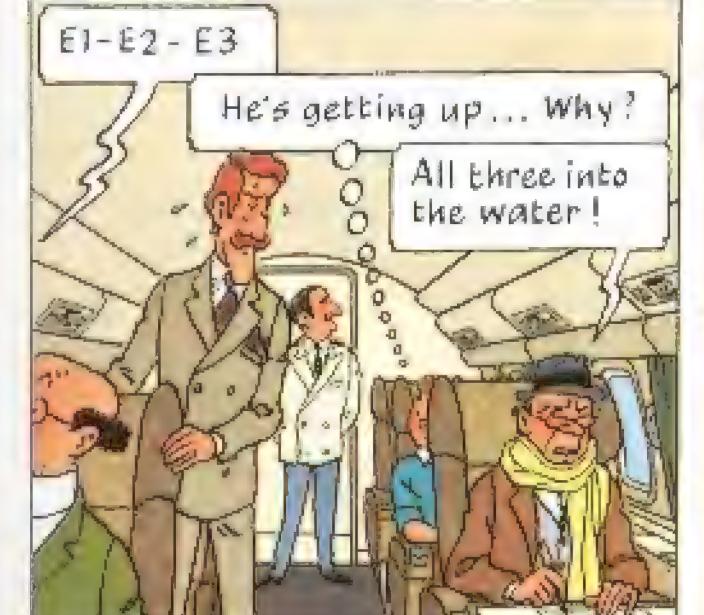
But let's get back to our game. See what you think of my next broadside, Captain. G1-G2-G3.

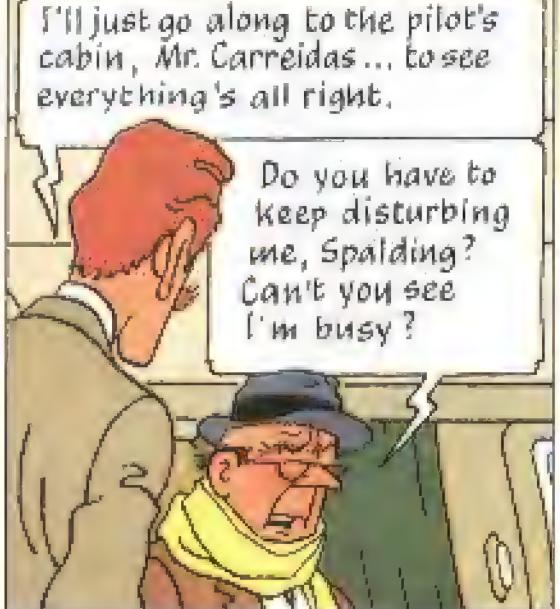














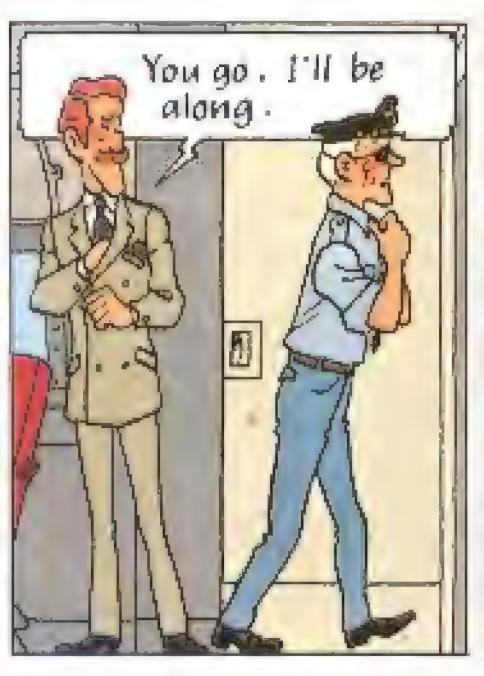


We've just passed the radio-beacon at Mataram on the island of Lombok. We're heading now for Sumbawa, Flores and Timor,



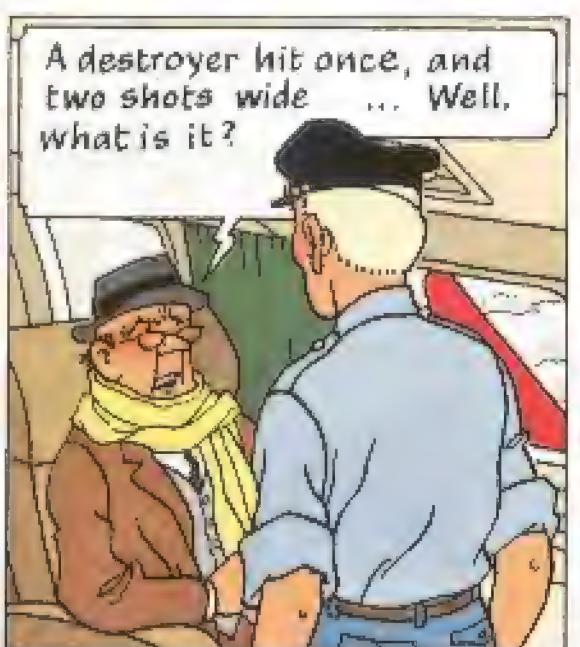






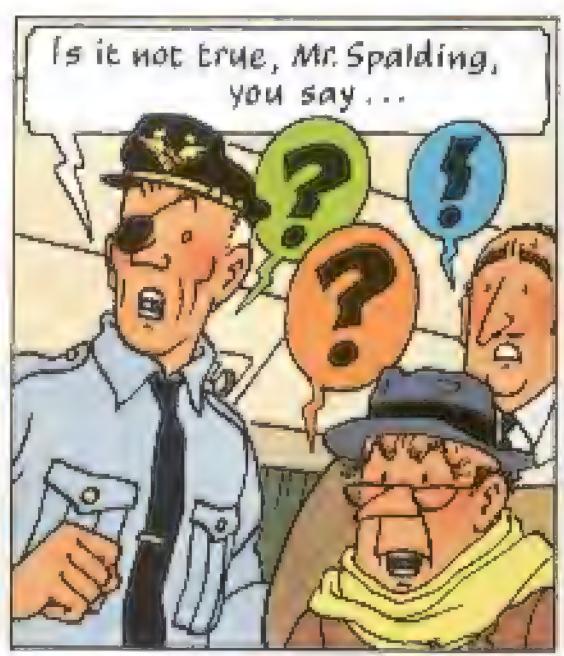










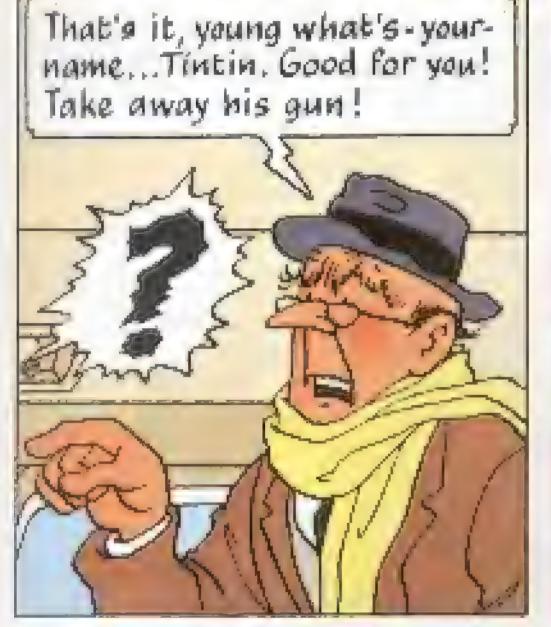




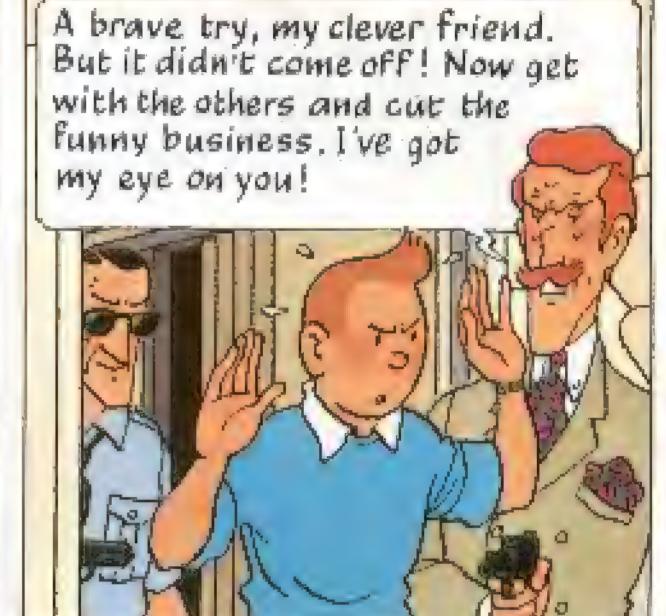


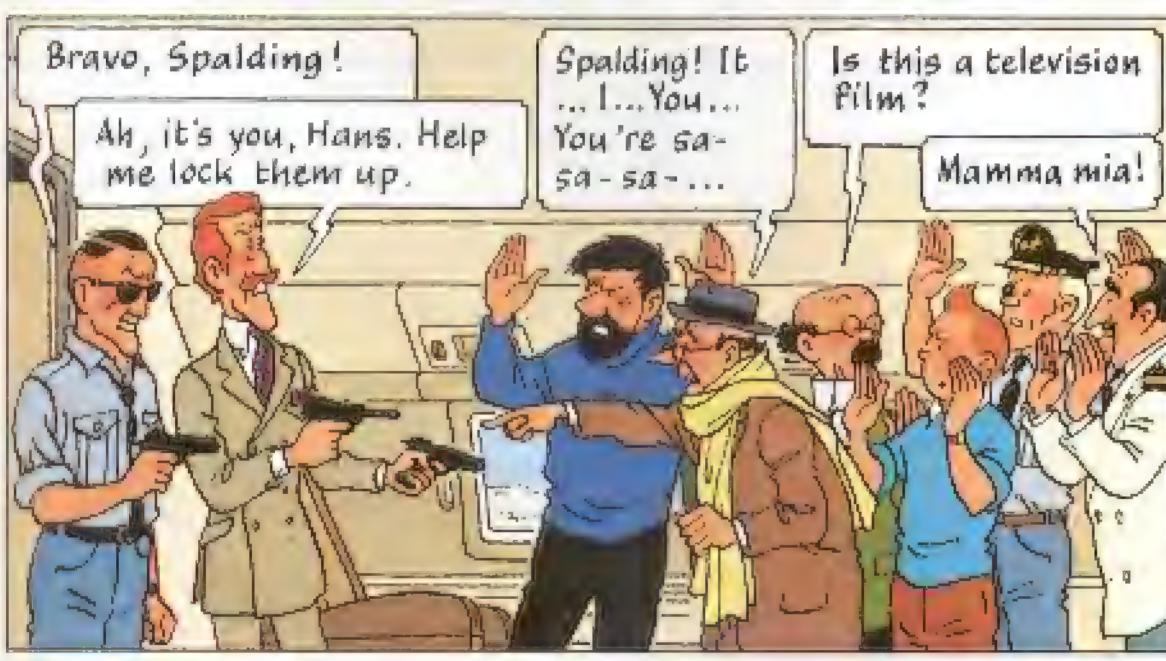


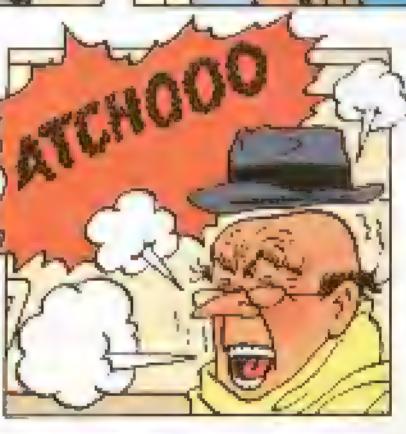












You're

sacked,

Spalding!



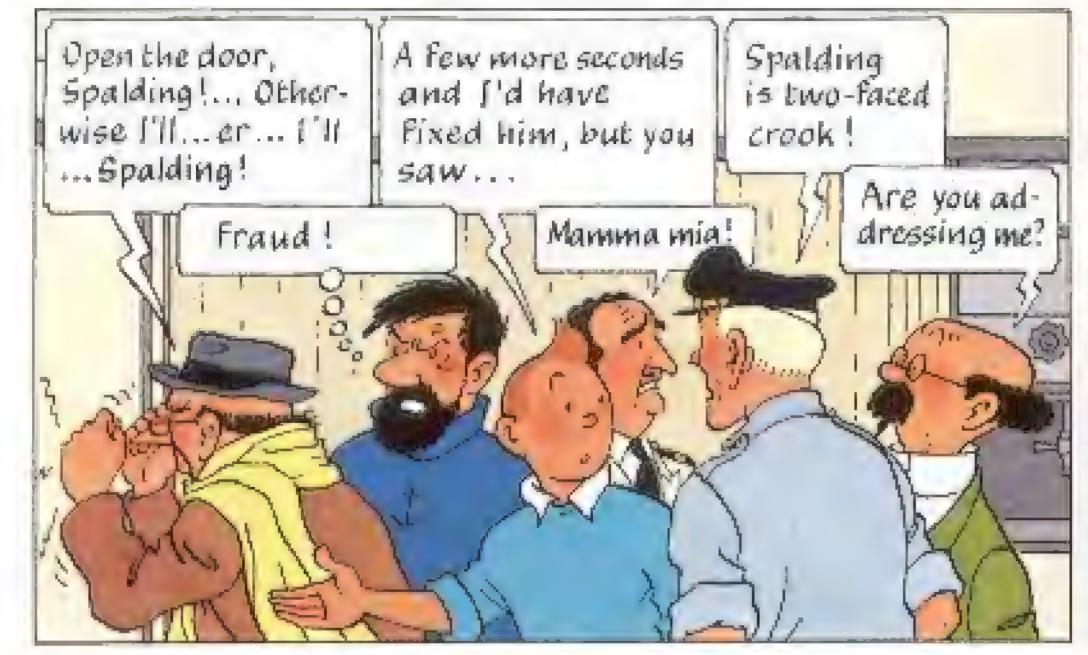
And you're such a trustworthy character yourself, aren't you, Sneezewort? You low-down
cheat, you even use closed-circuit television to

Come on, now. All of you into
the kitchenette! One false
move and... Understand?...Move









Now call up the control tower at Macassar.
Pitch some yarn or other to keep them quiet.



Spalding!...Spald-iing! I didn't mean
to be cross!...Now
come along, be a good
boy, Spalding, open up!

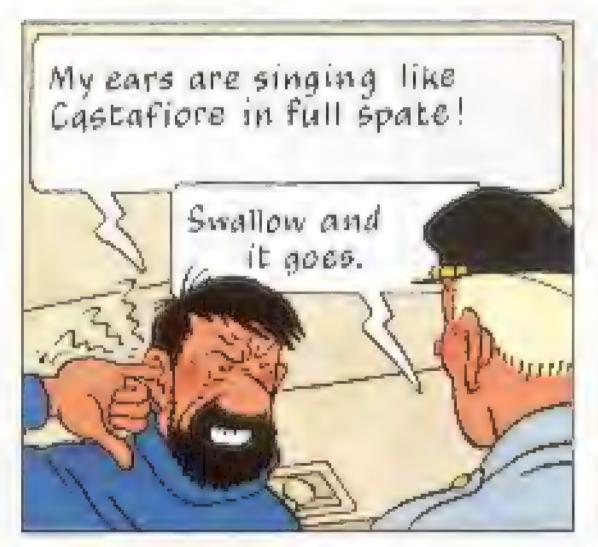
Macassar tower? This is Golf Tango Fox. We are just passing over Sumbawa. Nothing to report. We'll call you again before we reach the Darwin control zone. Over and out.

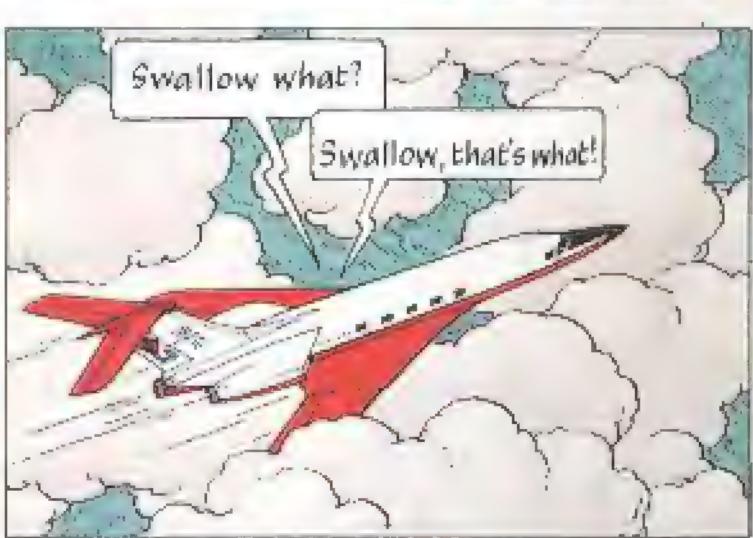


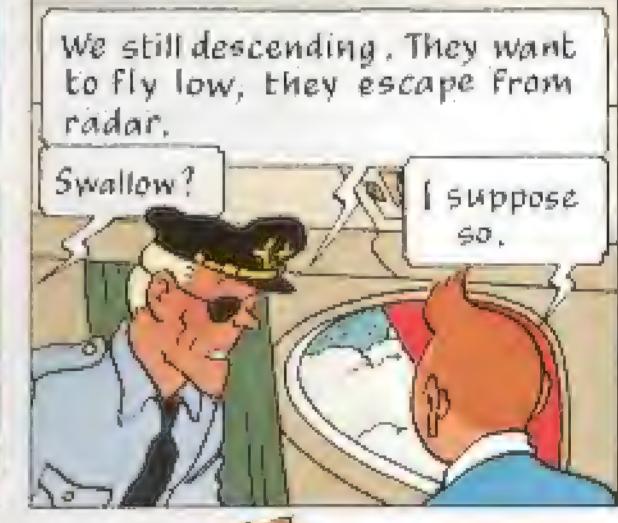


















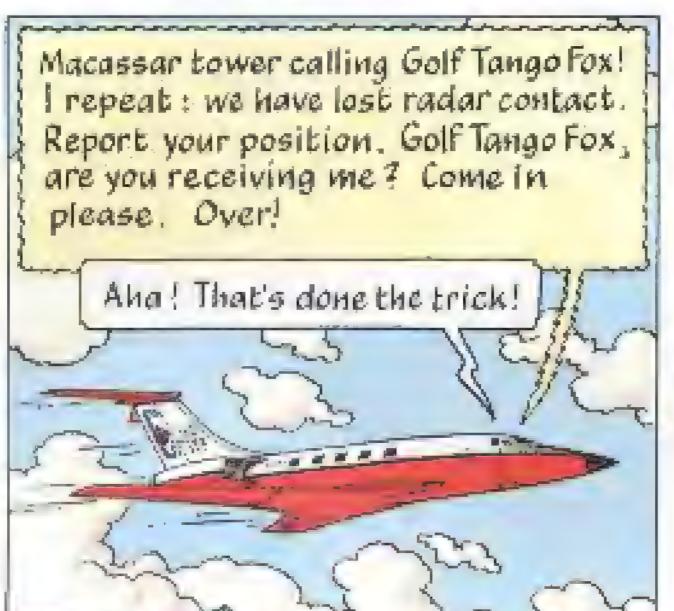






Macassar tower calling Golf Tango Fox! What has happened? Are you receiving me? We have lost radar contact... Please report your position. Over.





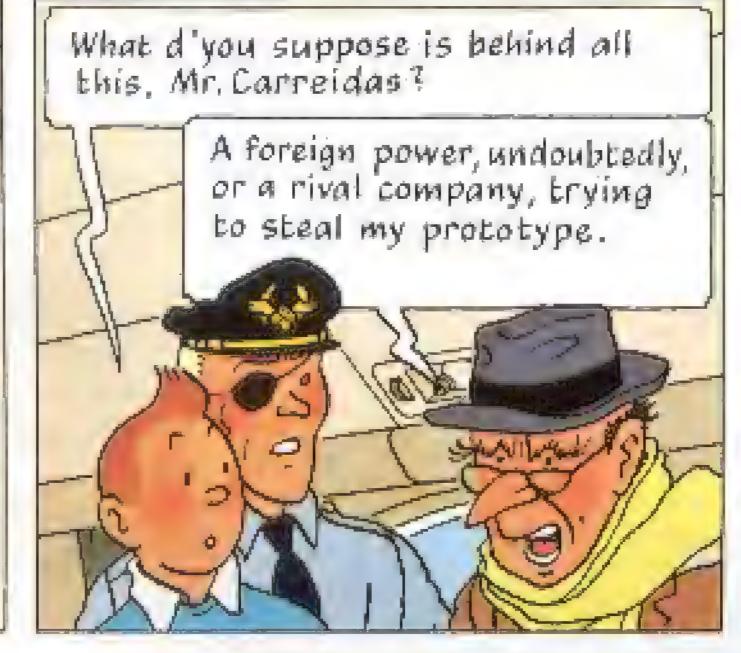


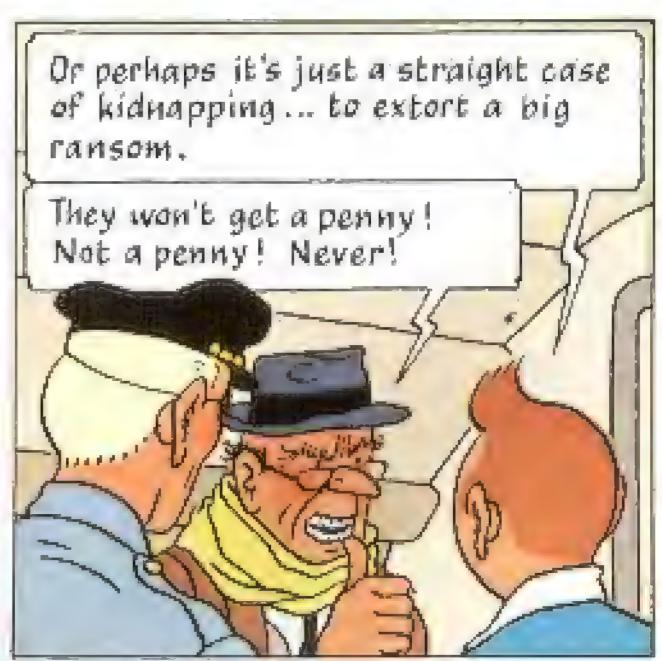
Spalding, this is treason! You'll live to regret it, Spalding!...

Spalding, you hear me?...

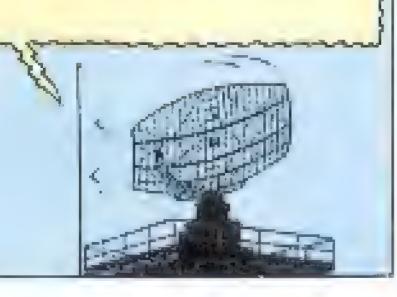
Spalding, speak to me, Spalding!



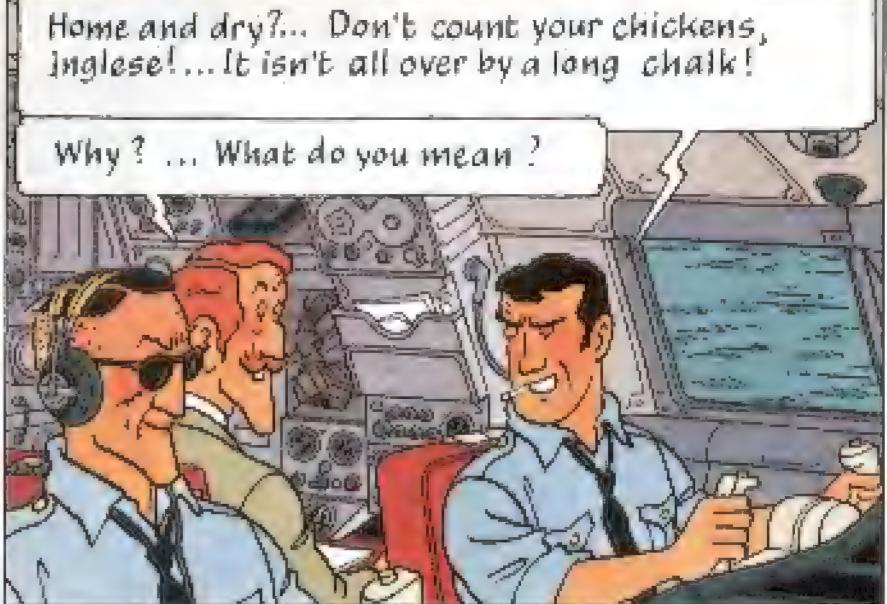




Macassar tower to Darwin tower. We have lost contact with Carreidas 160 Golf Tango Fox, destination Sydney. Last radio contact passing over Sumbawa. Are you in touch with this aircraft please?

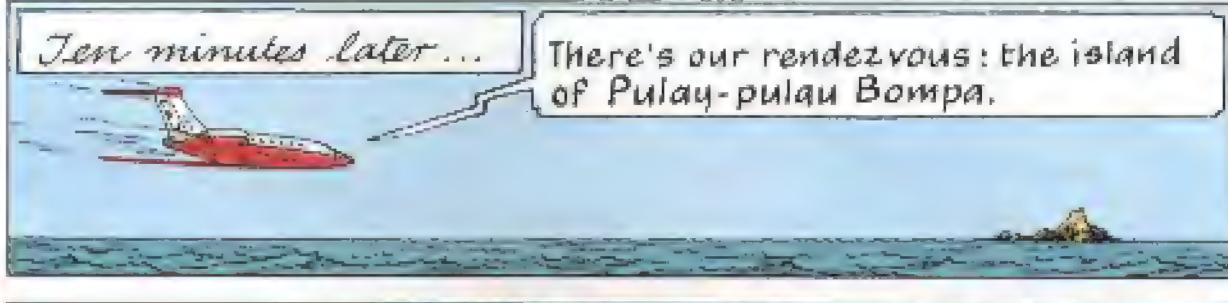






What do I mean?... Just this: the runway we're going to land on is about a quarter the length we need for a bus like this!... So, you can reckon it's ten to one we'll break our silly necks!



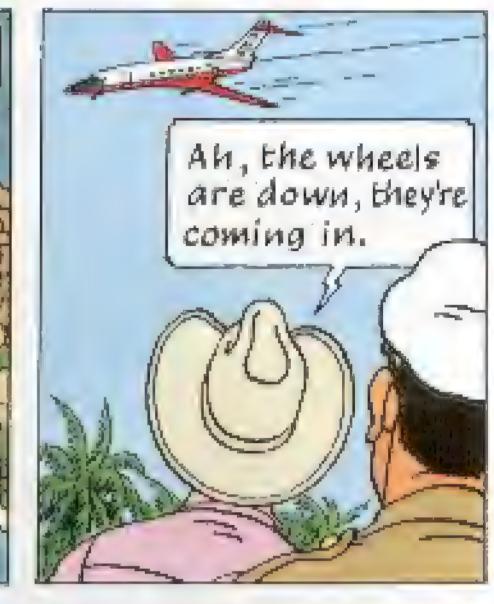


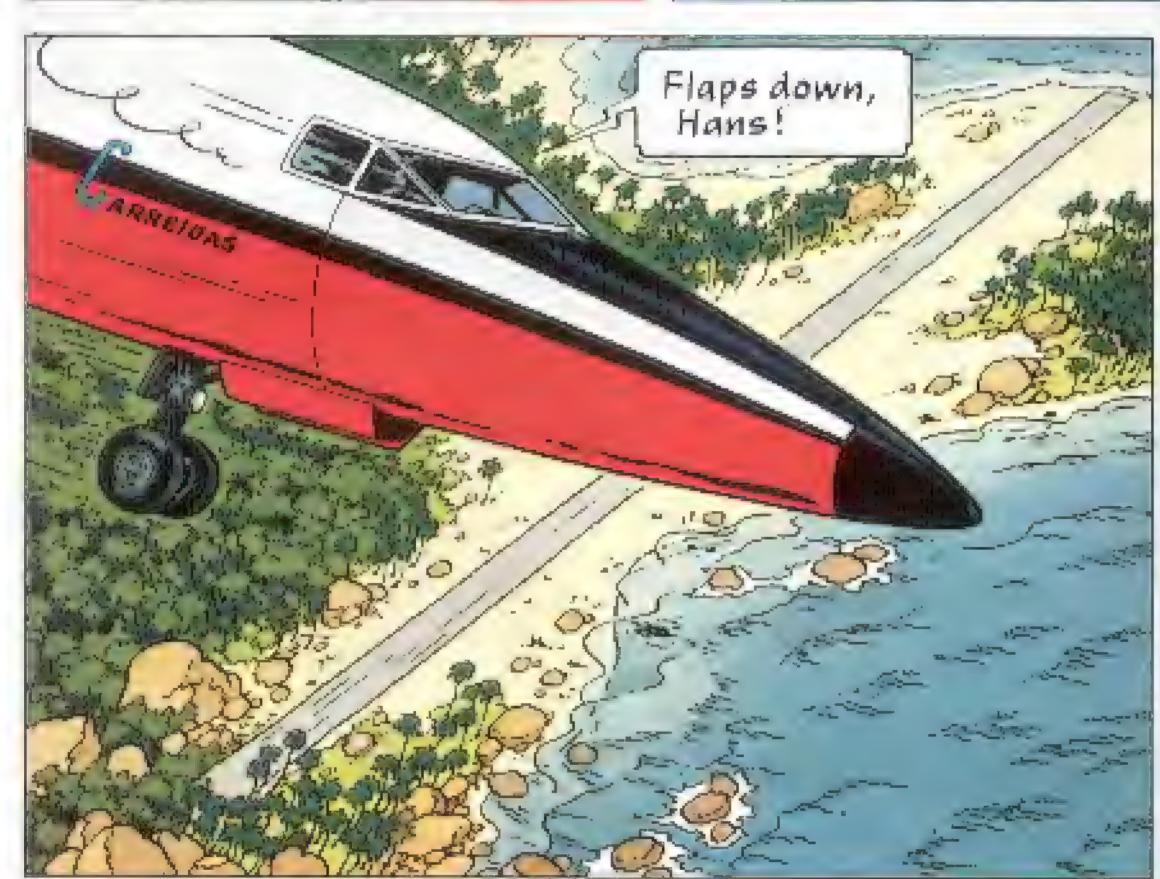


They climb again. I think prepare to land... Yes, there is island... And there is runway... But...crazy! Is crazy! Runway much too short!



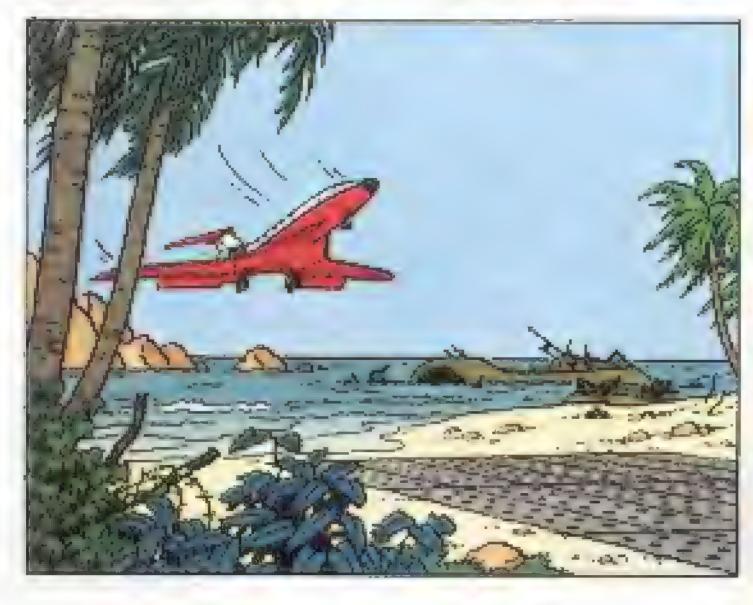


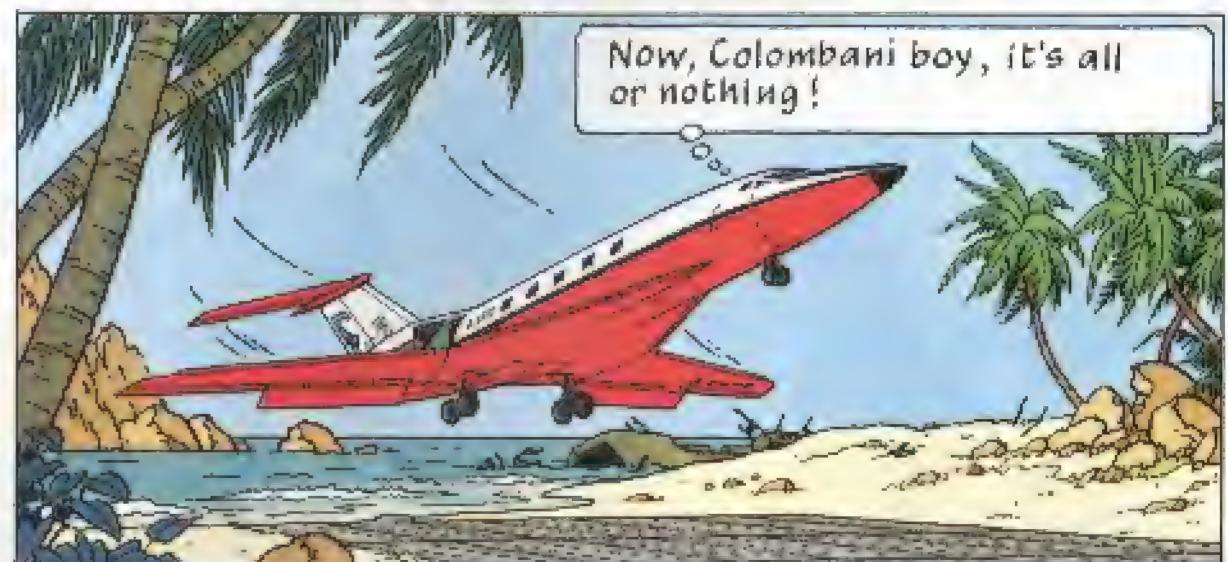


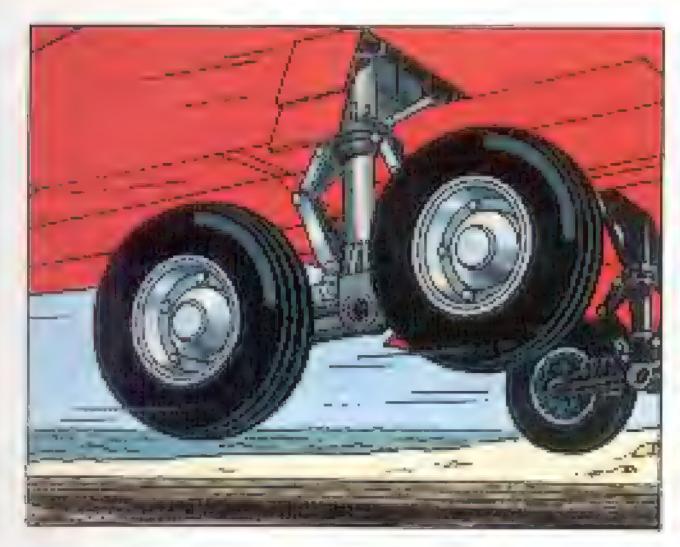


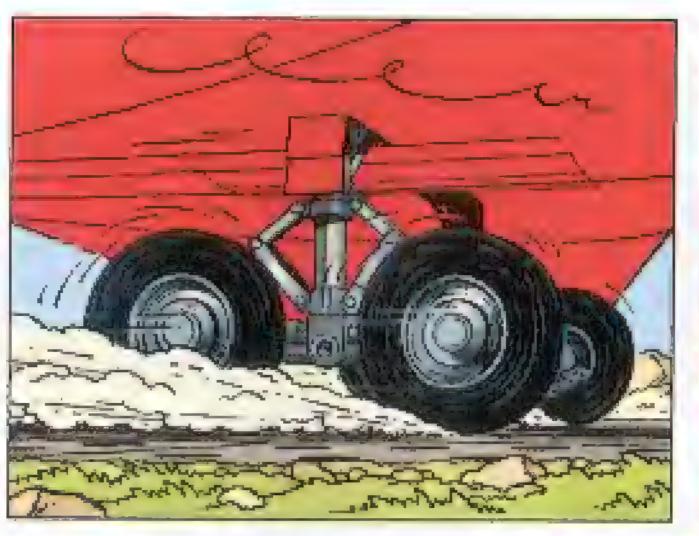


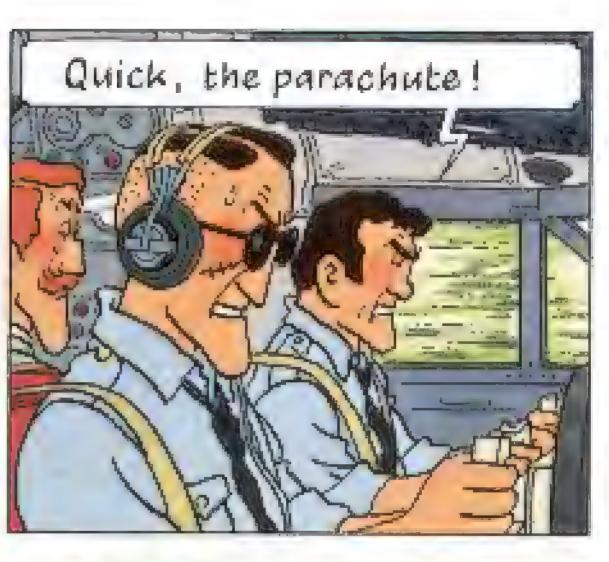






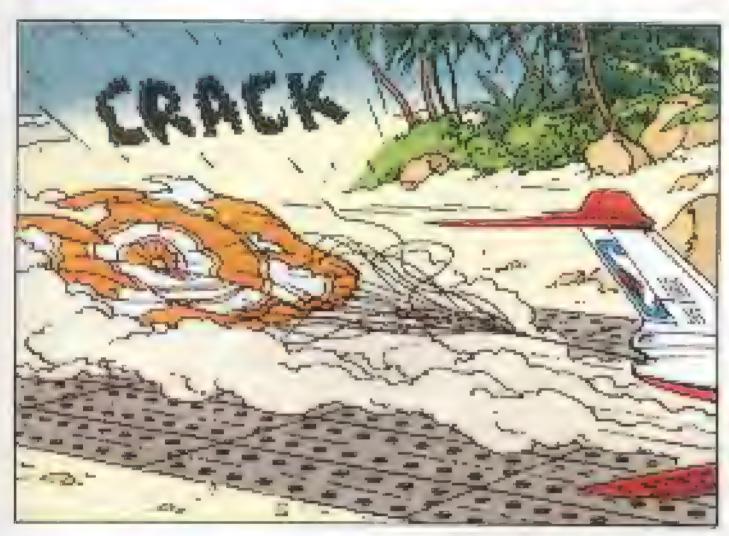


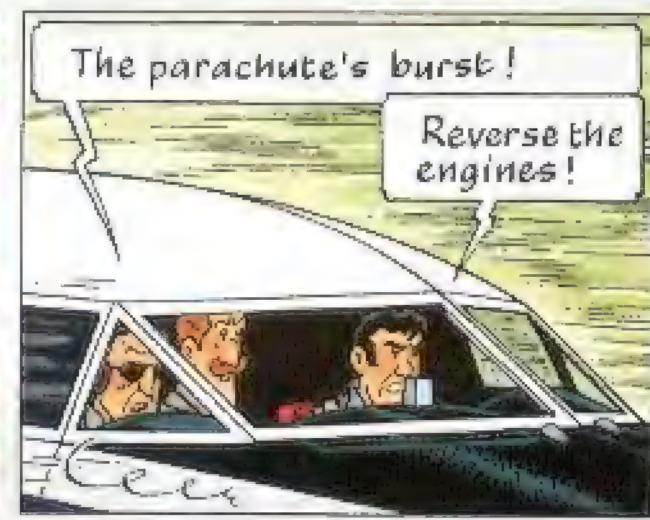


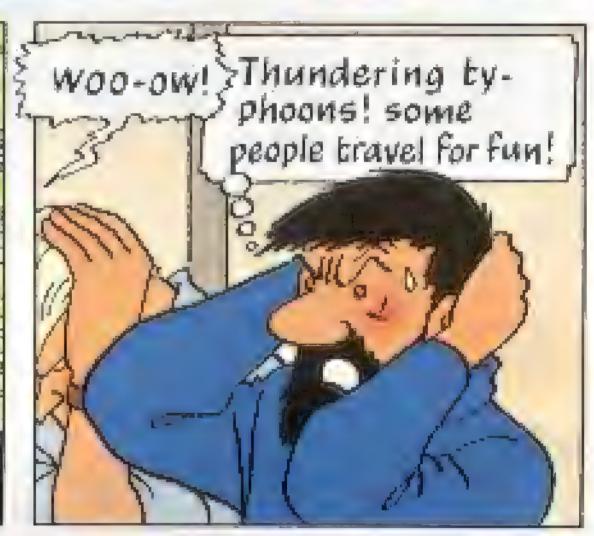


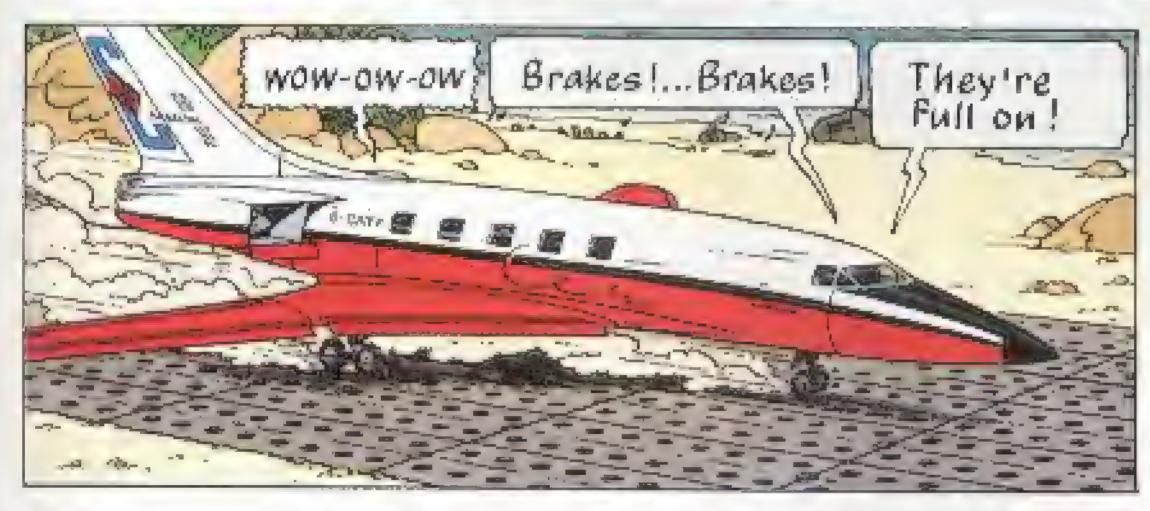








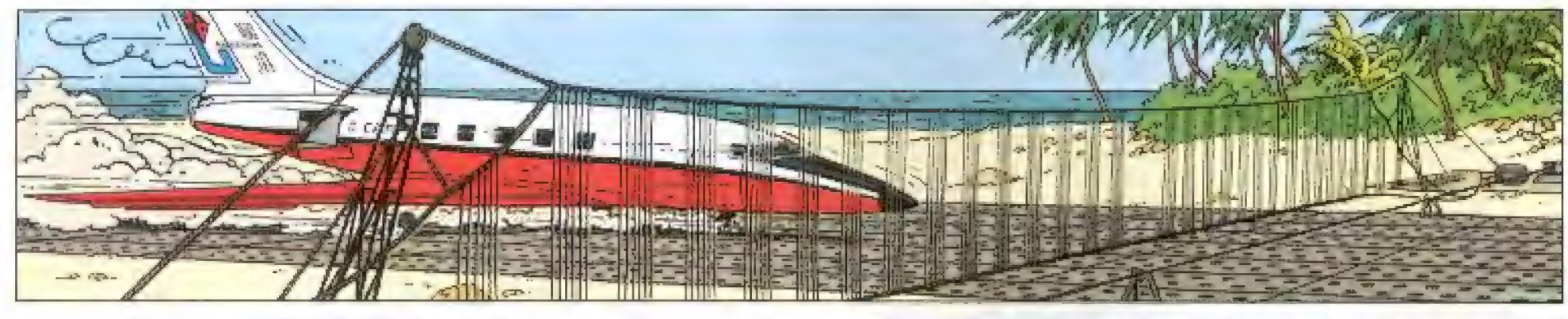










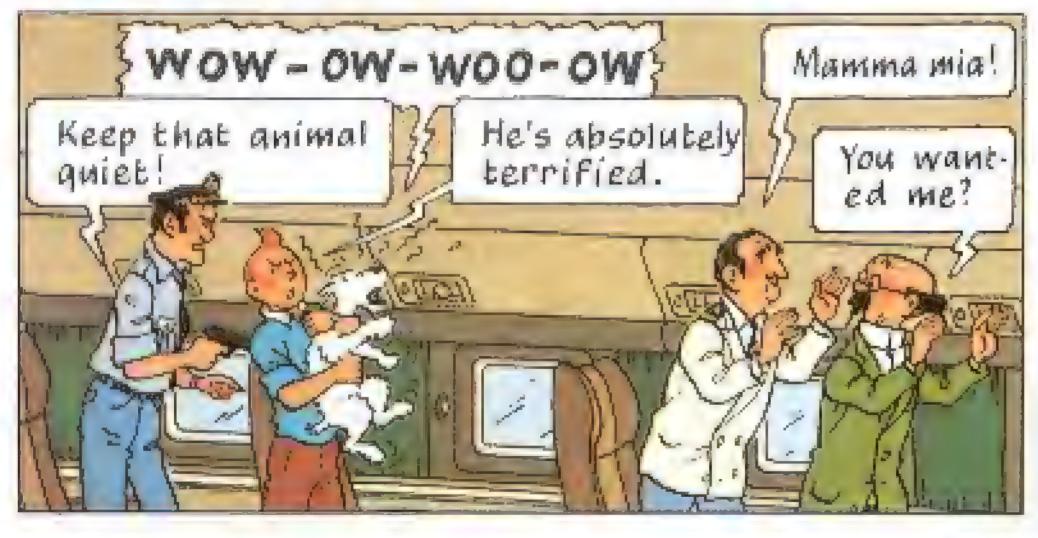












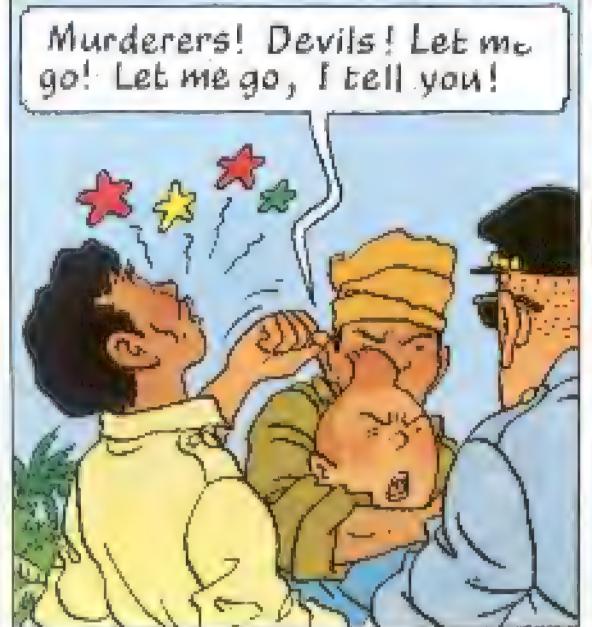


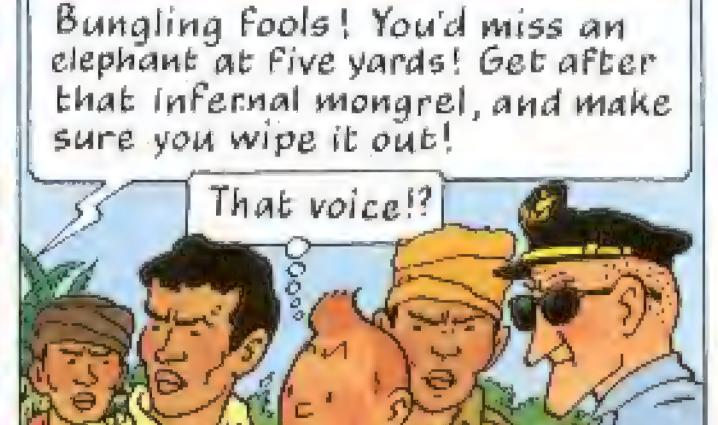


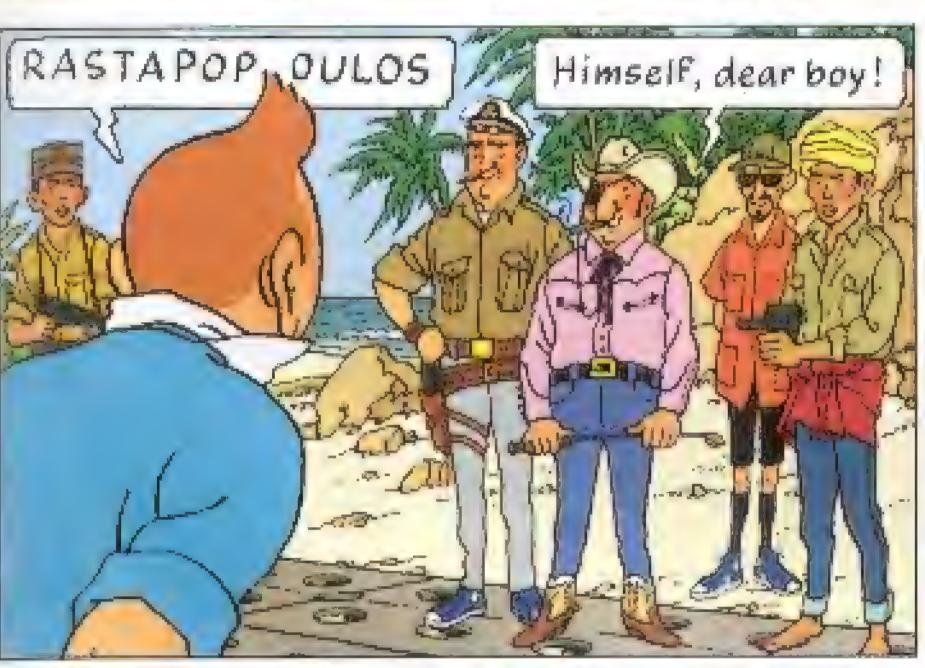


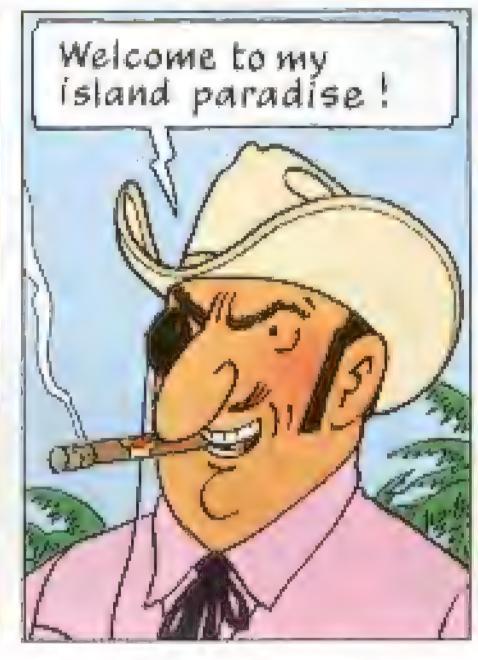


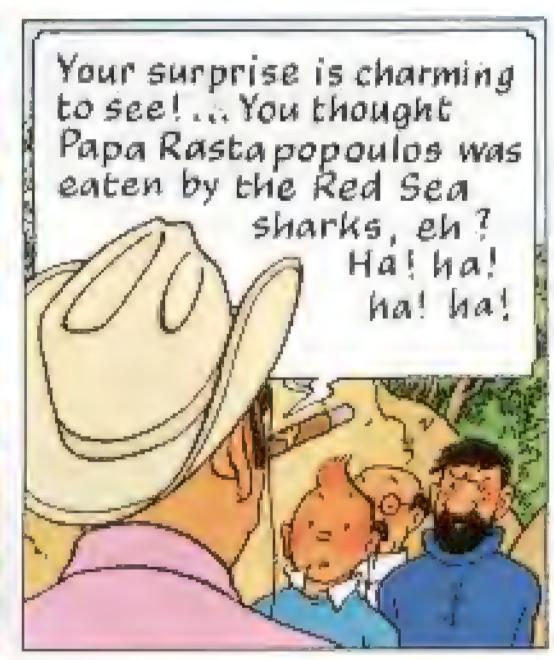












Now the boot is on the other foot! I have you trapped in my little tropical garden. And you walked in all by yourselves! ... You should have minded your own business, my dear friends, and stayed on Flight 714.



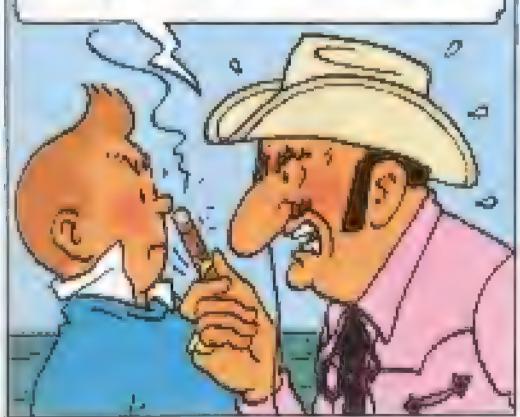
Get rid of my cigar? But of course. Your wish is my command, Mr. Carreidas!



We knew you were a swine, Rasta-popoulos. Now we know you're a dirty swine at that!



Insolent puppy! You dare to defy me? When I have you here in my power?... And I've got you all right, you little fool!



I've got you. I've got you all, and I shall crush you like ... like ...

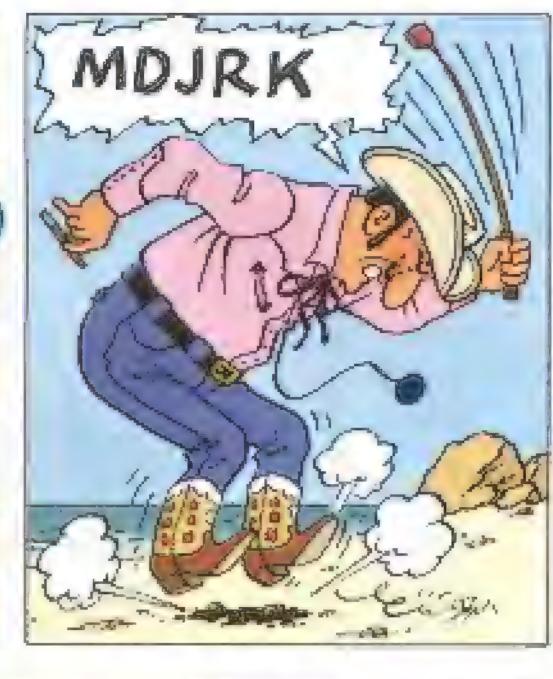


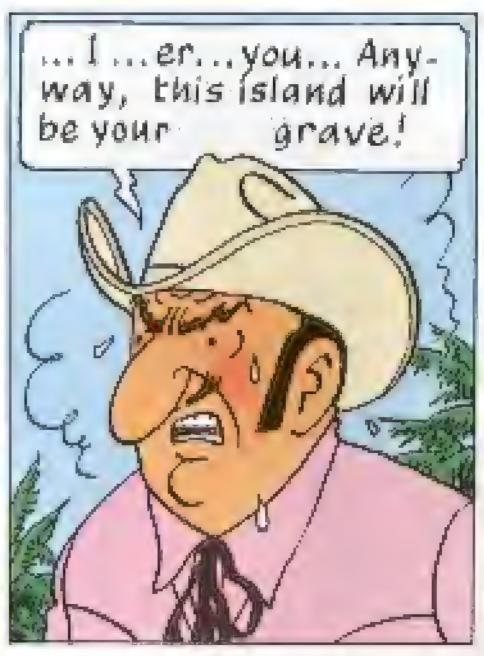


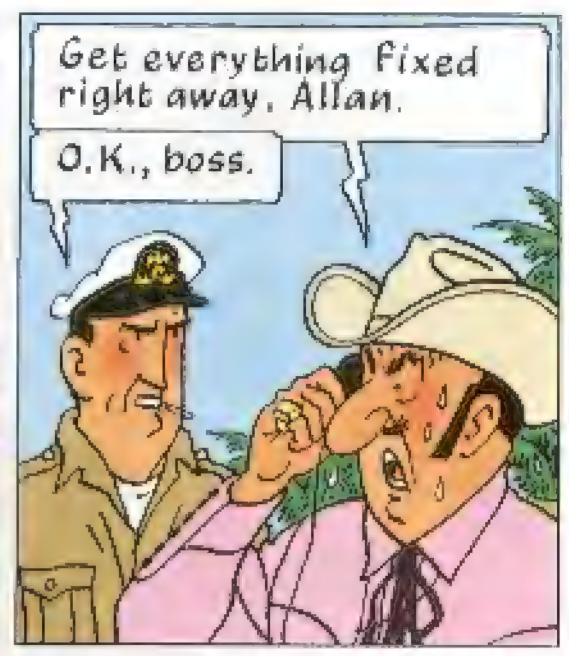


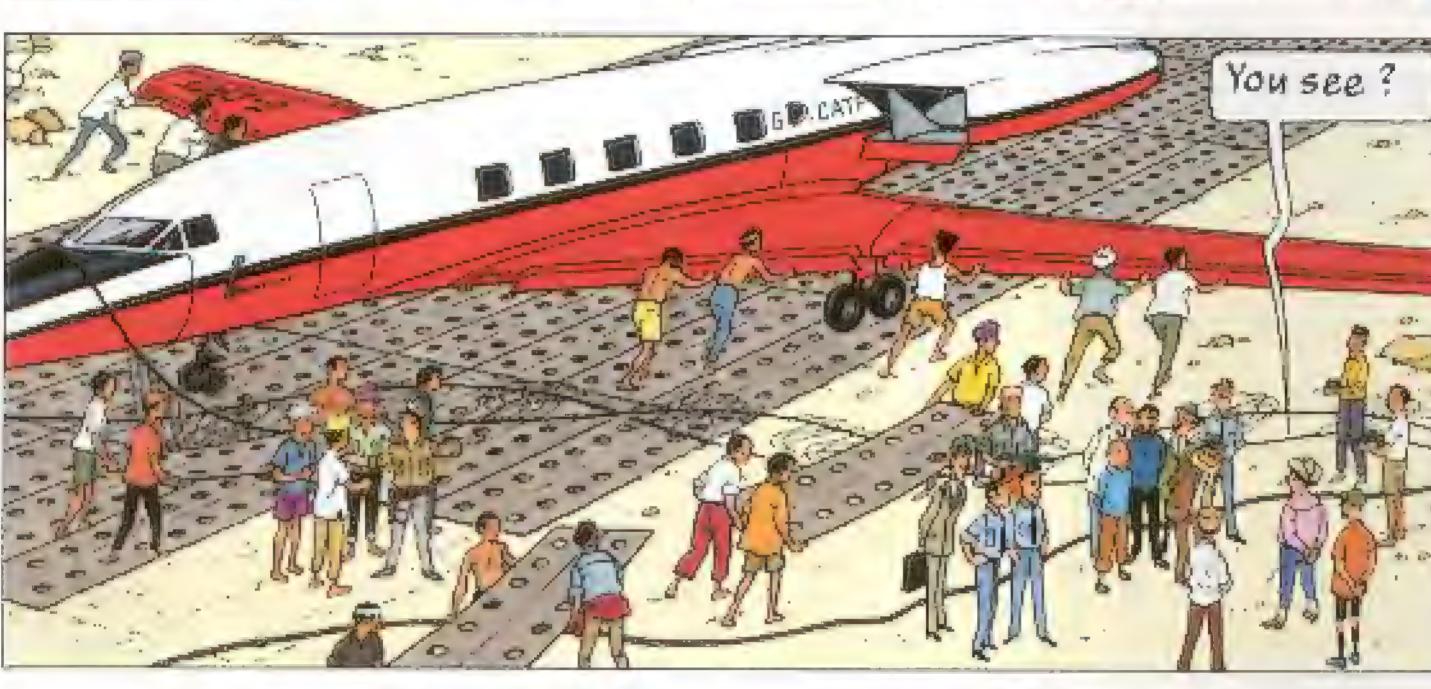


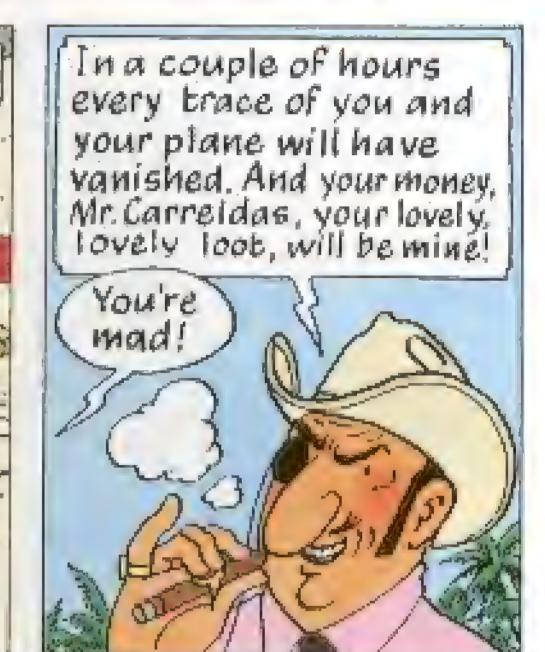








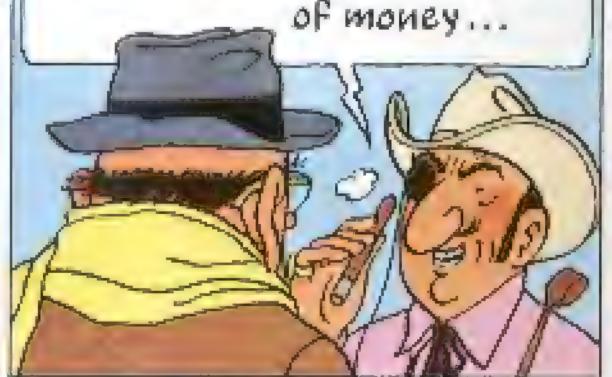




It's a bore, you know, to stop being a millionaire... When I went bust, I couldn't face the sweat of making another fortune for myself. So I decided it'd be easier, and quicker, to take yours!



No, just well informed, that's all. I know, for example, that you have on deposit in a Swiss bank - under a false name, of course, you always were a cheat-a quite fantastic sum



I know the name of the bank: I know the name in which you hold the account; I have some magnificent examples of the false signature you use ... In fact, the only thing I don't know is the number of the account, and that you are now going to give me!



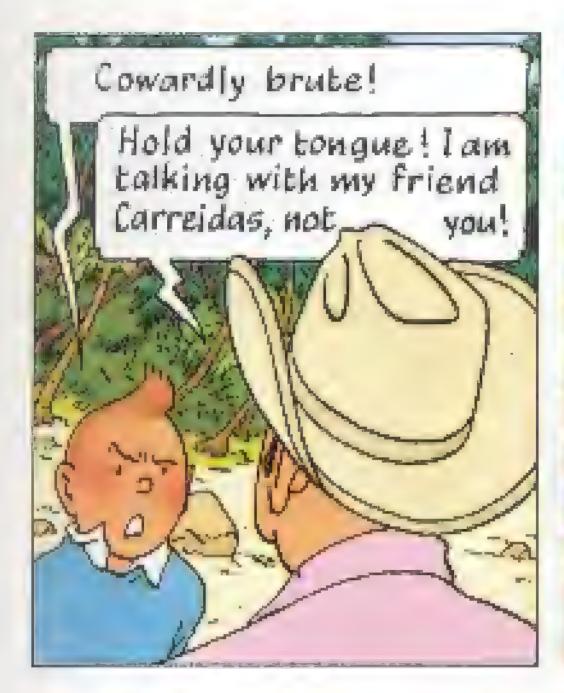
Never say "never", my dear Carreldas... Wouldn't you agree with me, Doctor Krollspell?



You can torture me! Pull out my nails, roast me over a slow fire...even tickle the soles of my feet ... I won't talk!



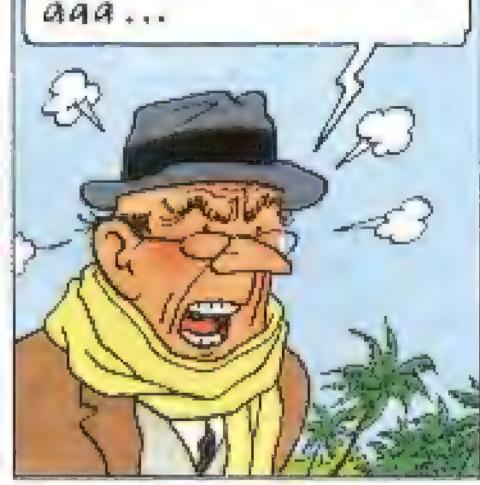




Who mentioned torture, my dear Laszlo? Whatever do you take us for?... Savages?... Shame on you! How vulgar!... We aren't going to hurt you. Kind Doctor Krollspell has just perfected an excellent variety of truth-drug. It's a painless cure for obstinate people who have little secrets to conceal.

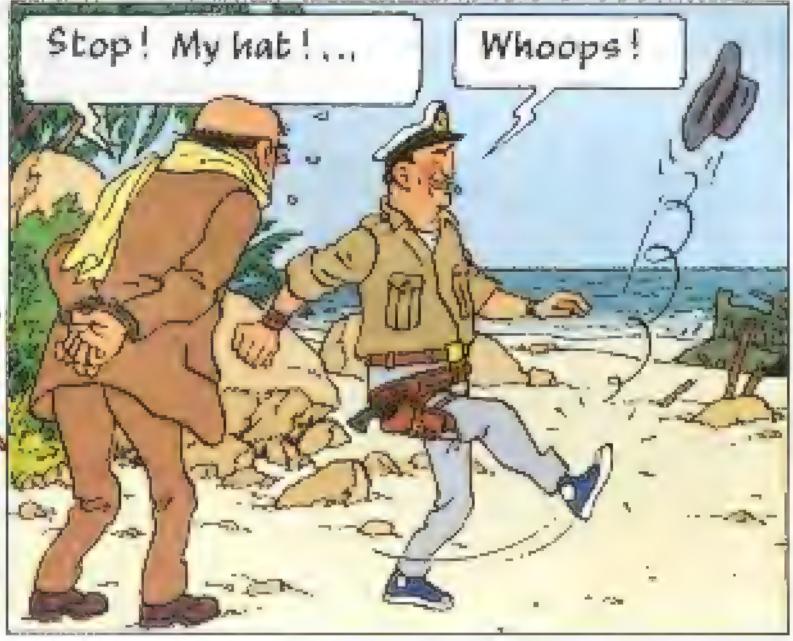


A truth-drug?... Villain!...Blackguard! ...Bully!...A...aa...

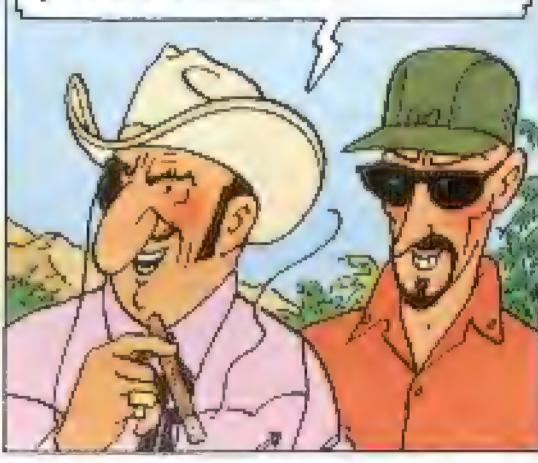


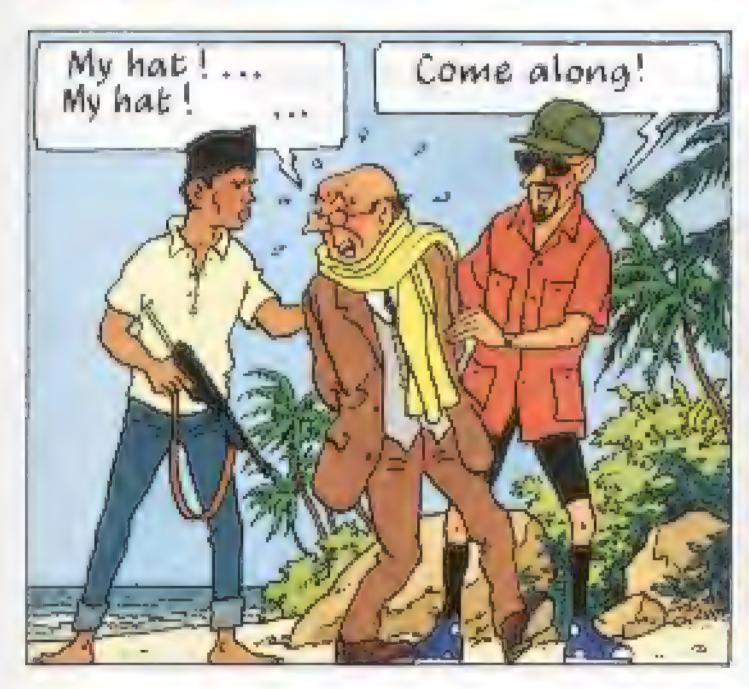




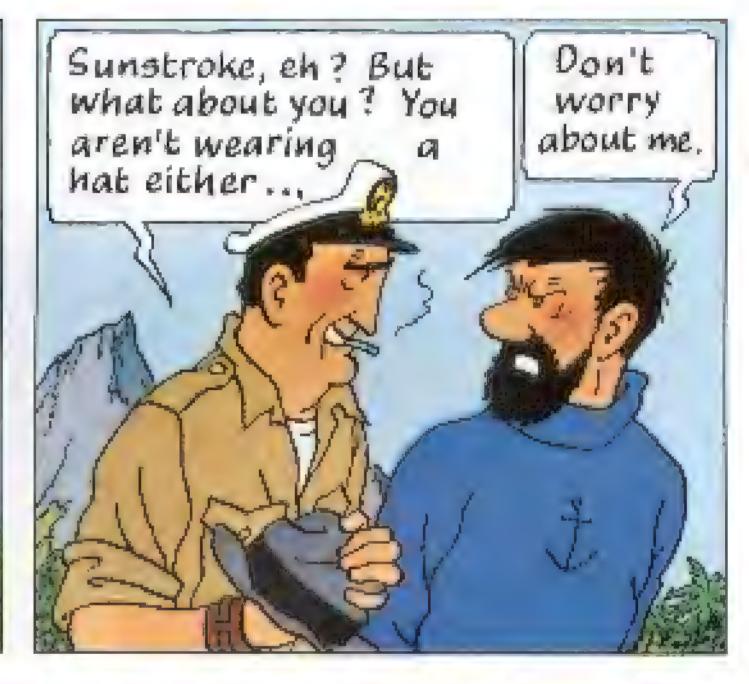


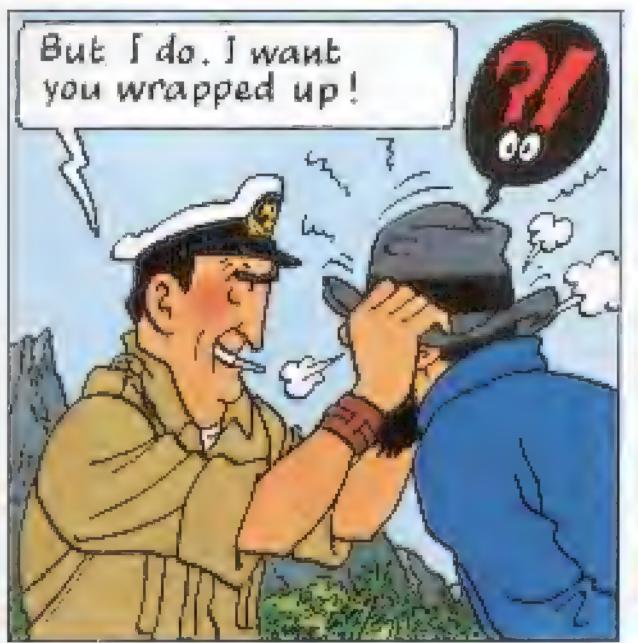
Take him with you, Doctor Krollspell. Get your little black bag ready. I'll join you in a minute.

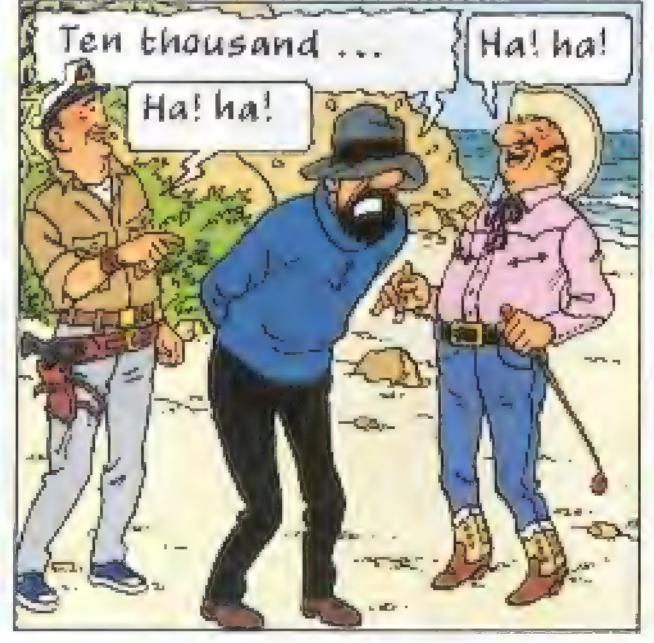


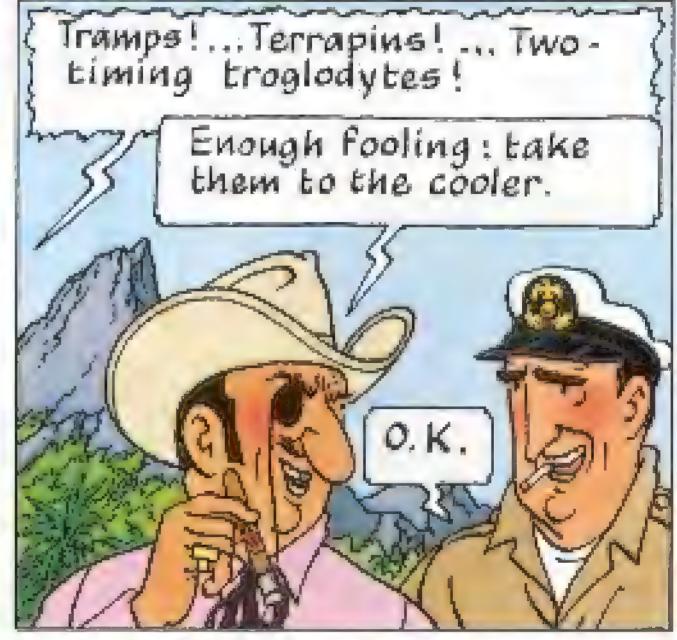


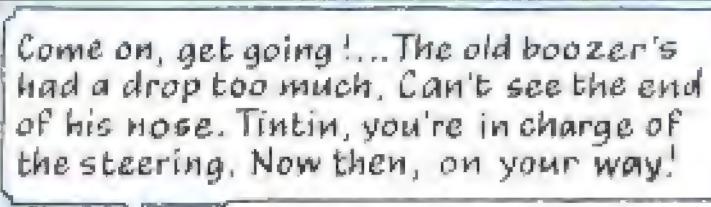








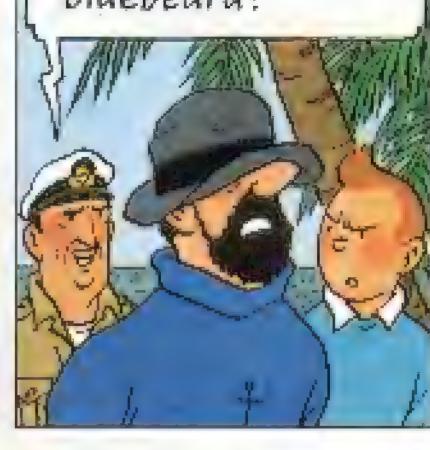


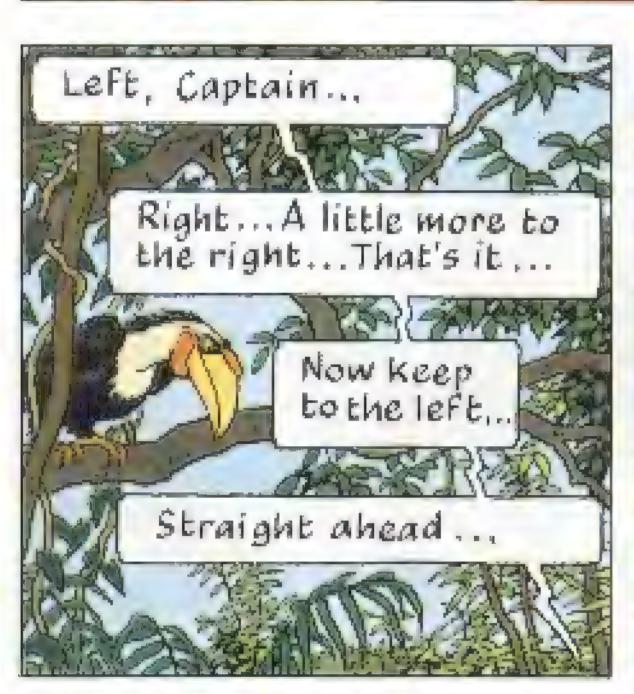


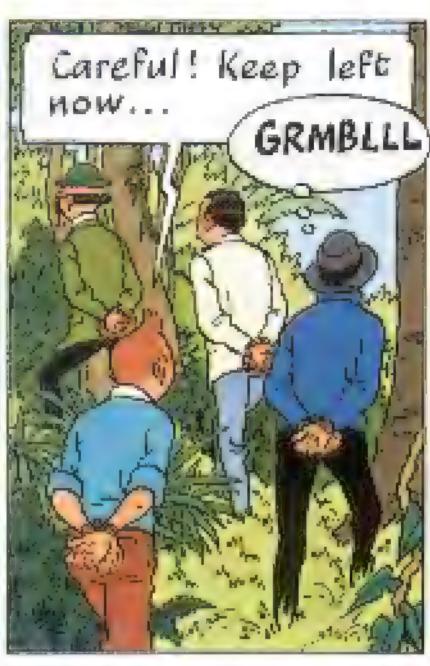




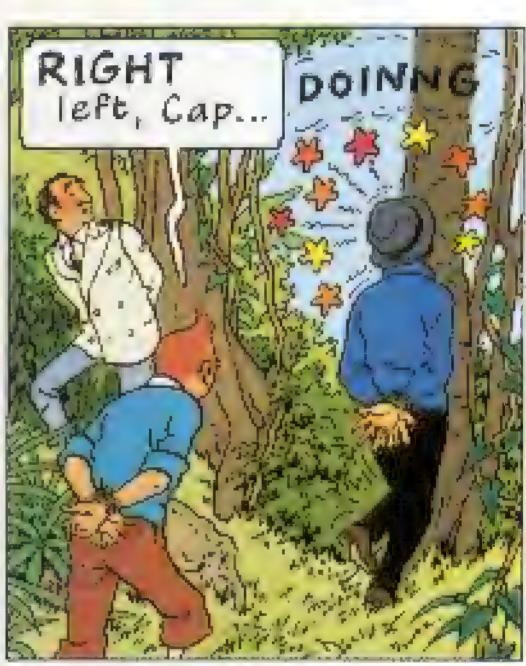
We're going uphill. Get in single file. Don't forget, Tintin, you're in charge of bluebeard!





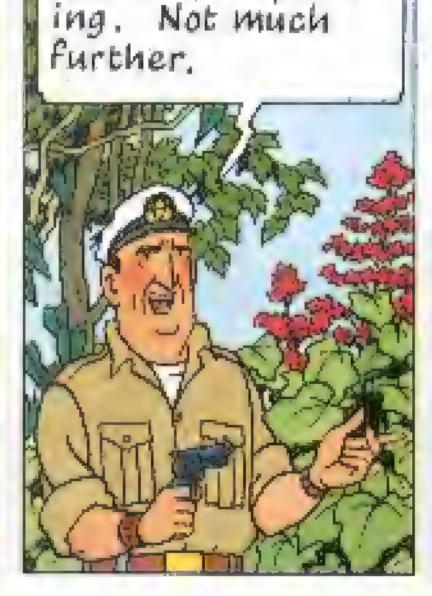




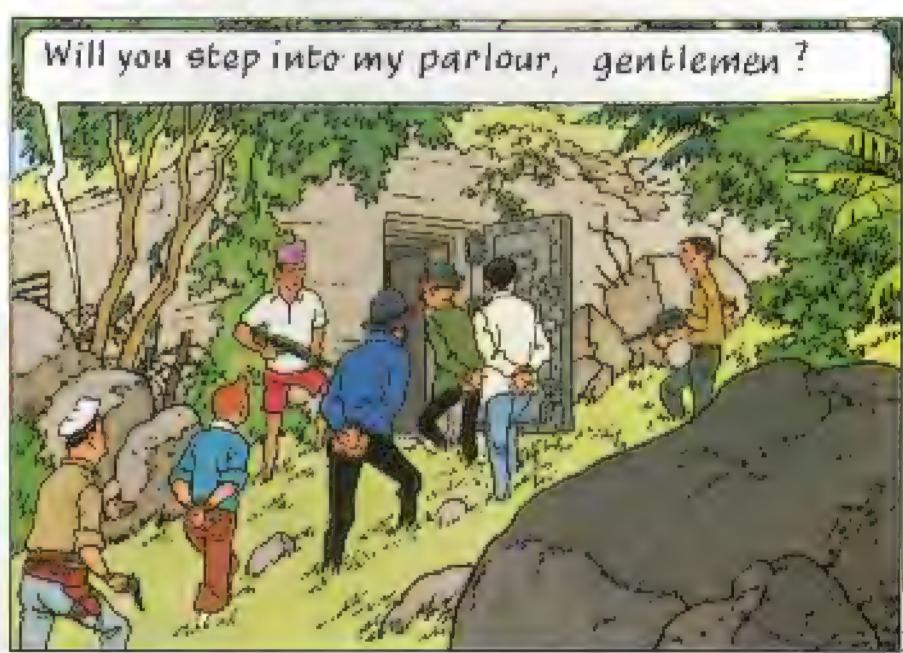




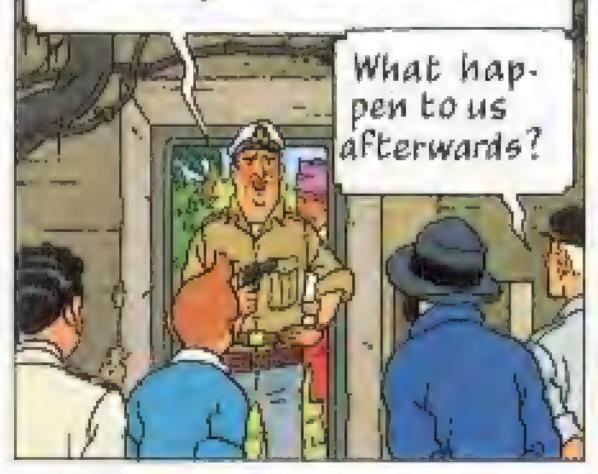




Come on, keep mov-



Home sweet home: an old Japanese bunker. And here you stay till Carreidas talks. So make yourselves comfortable.

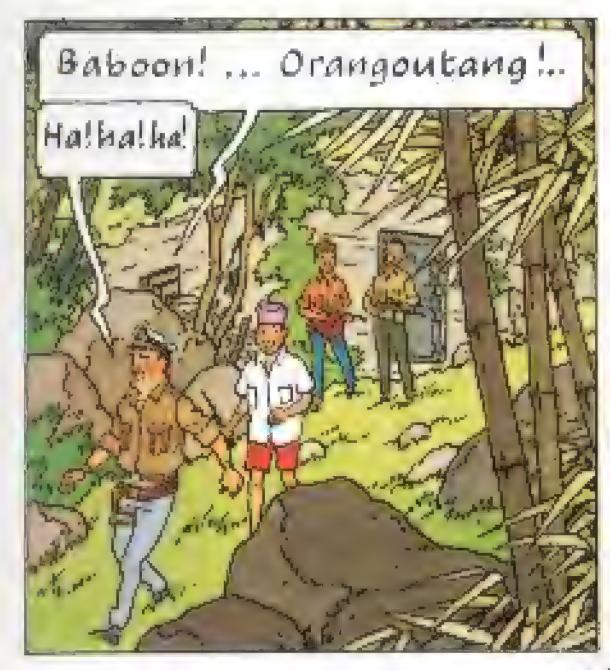


I'm not supposed to tell you yet; boss's orders. But I'd hate to keep a secret from old ship mates like you... You'll go back on board the aeroplane, which will then be towed out to sea...

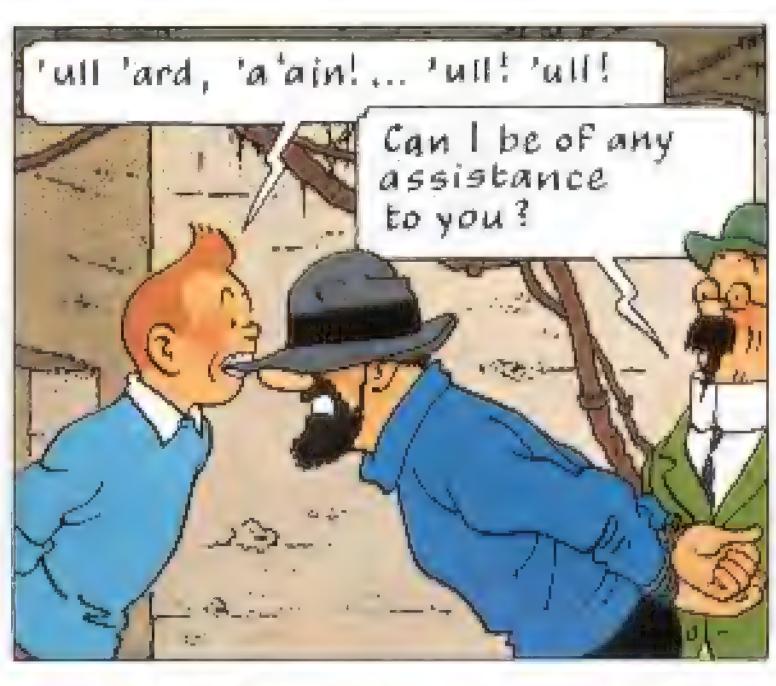
and sunk. With you

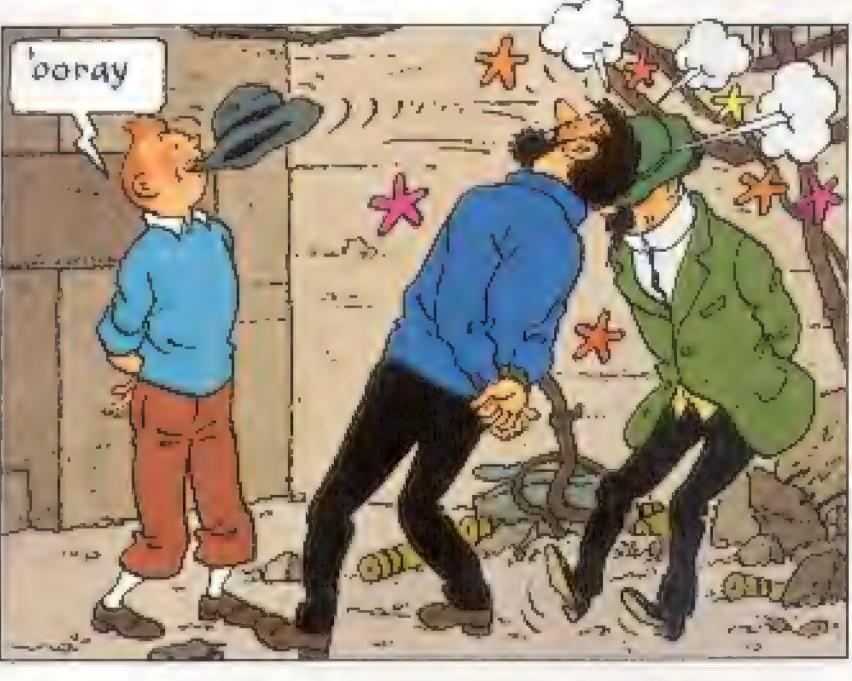








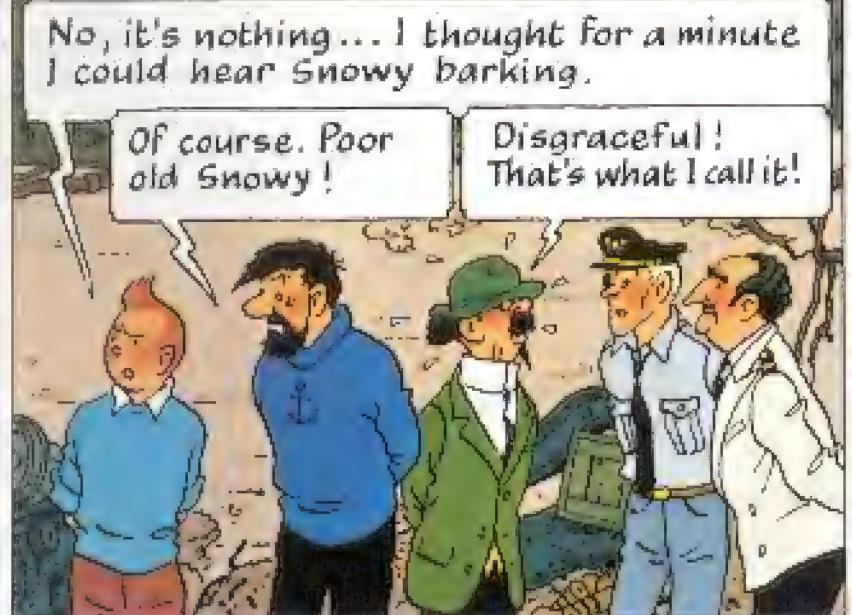






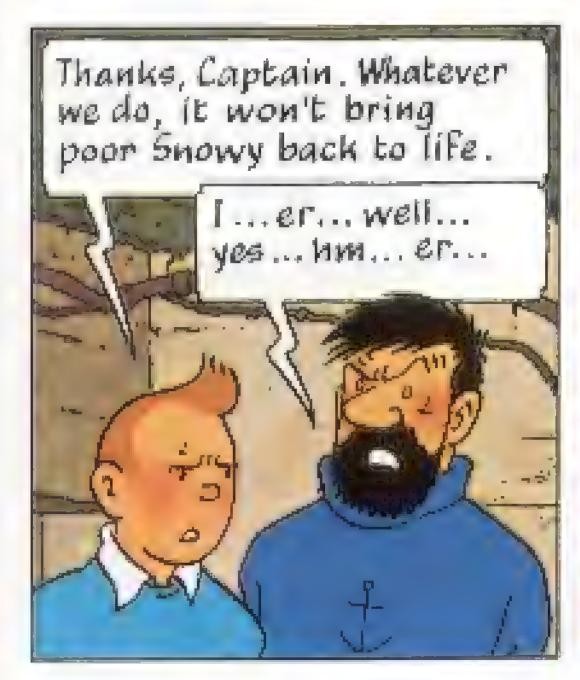


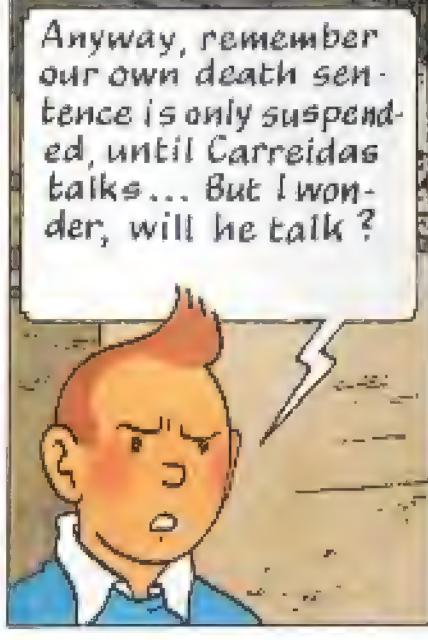


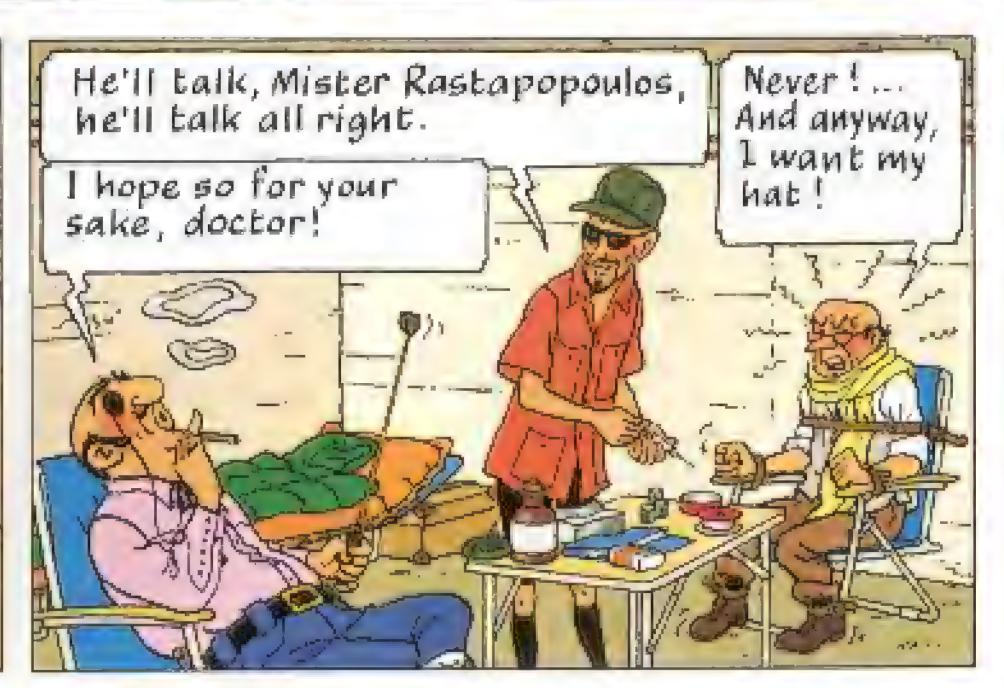




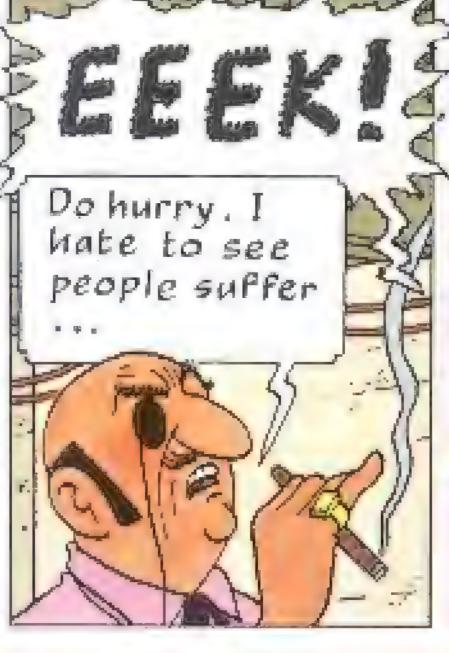
Don't you worry, Tintin.



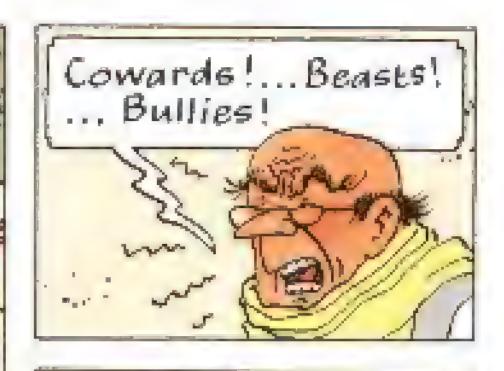




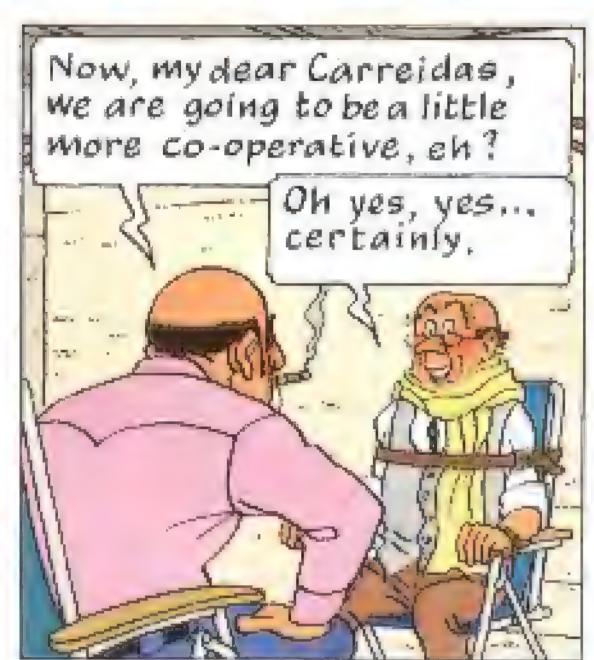




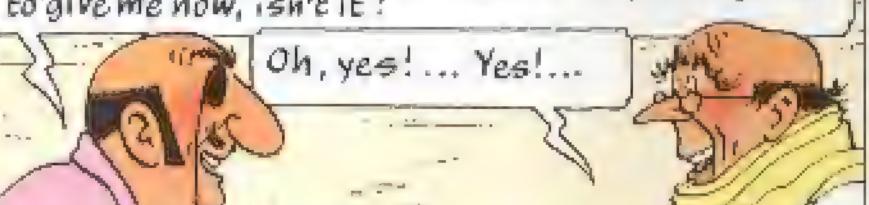


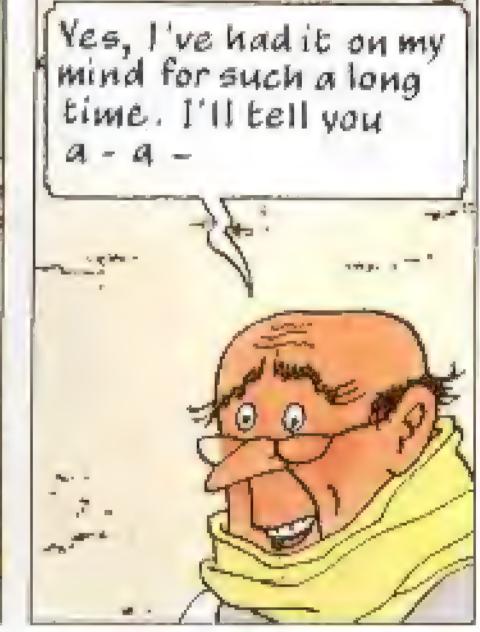






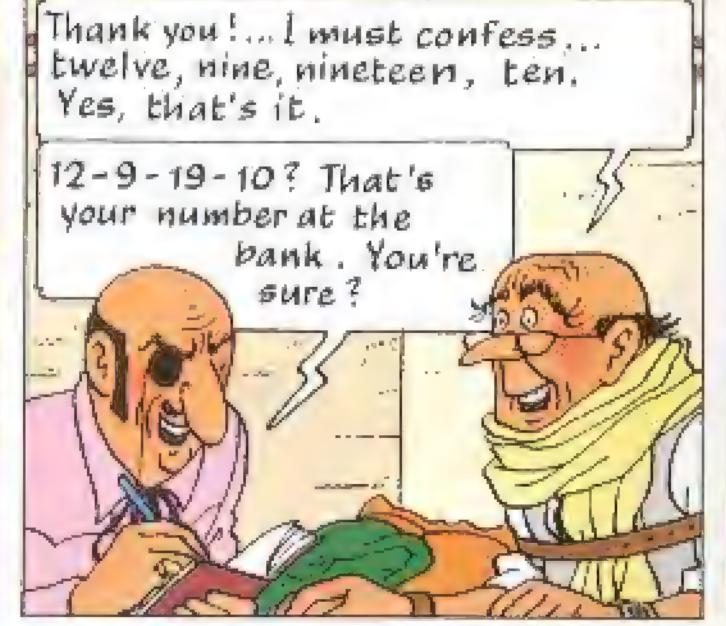
Now listen carefully. I've already told you, [have the name of your Swiss bank, the one where you've deposited more than ten million dollars. With the help of your faithful secretary Spalding, I discovered the name you use when writing to the bank. Thanks to Spalding I also have some excellent specimens of your false signature. But he failed in one respect. You always managed to hide the actual number of your account. And that's the number you're going to give me now, isn't it?

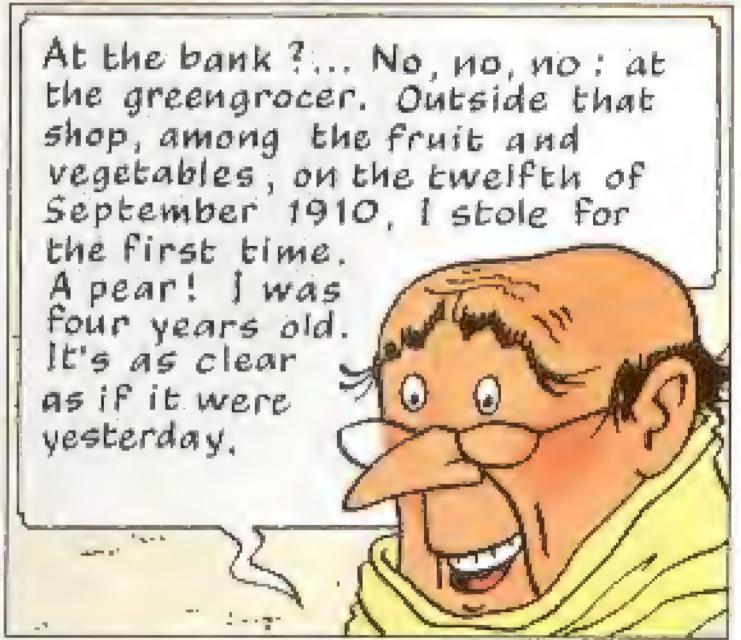


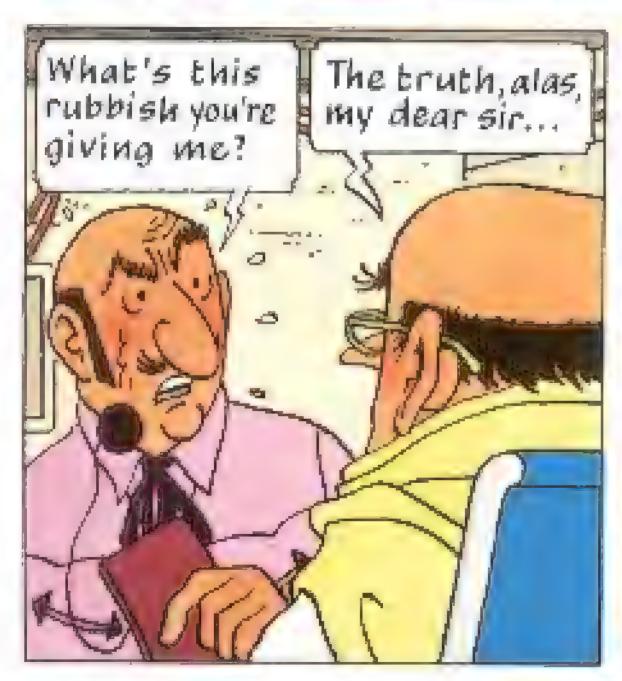


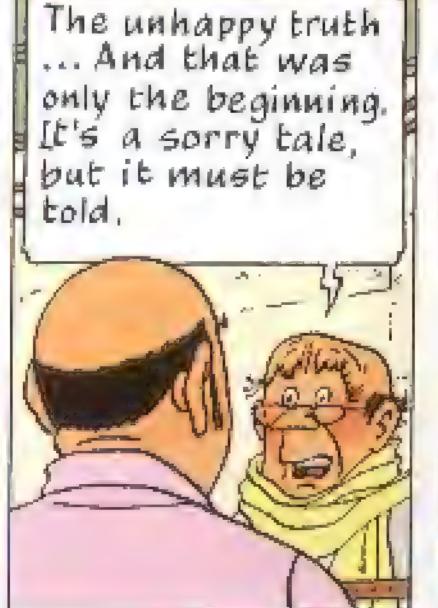


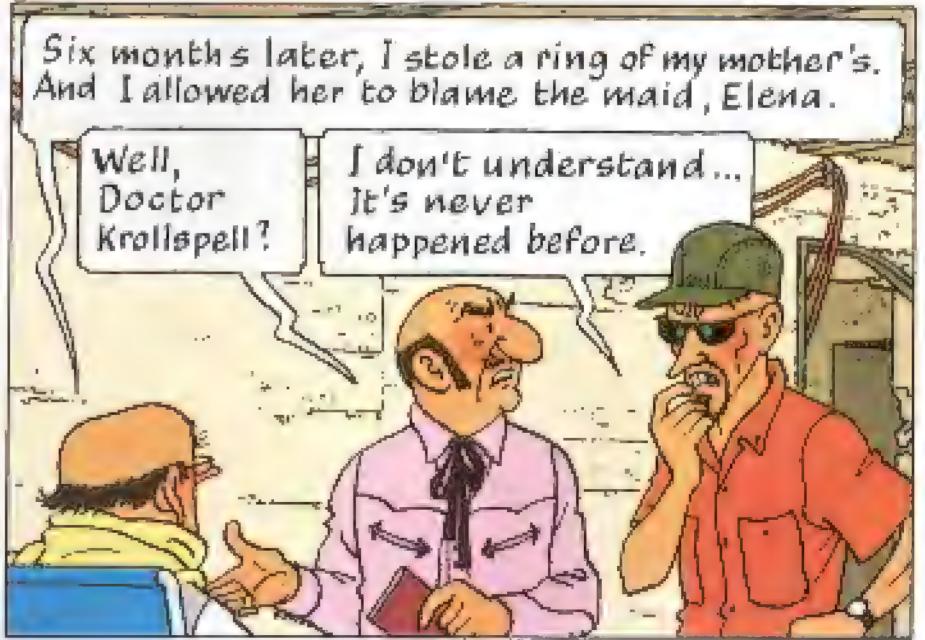


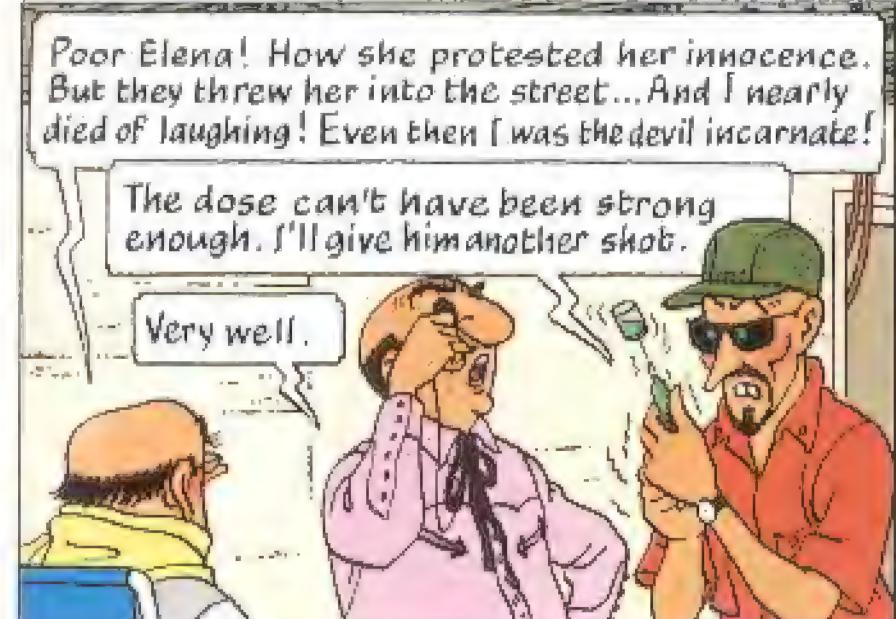




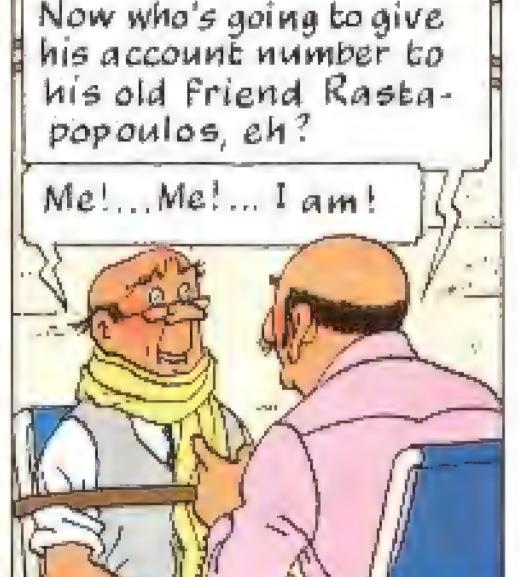


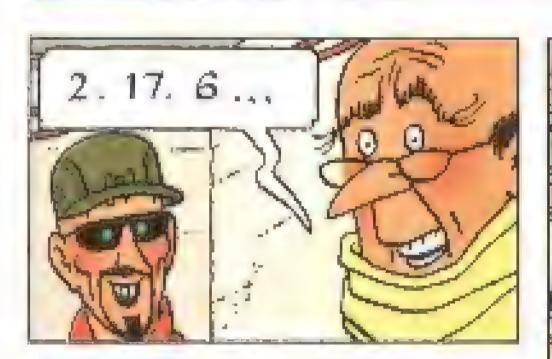




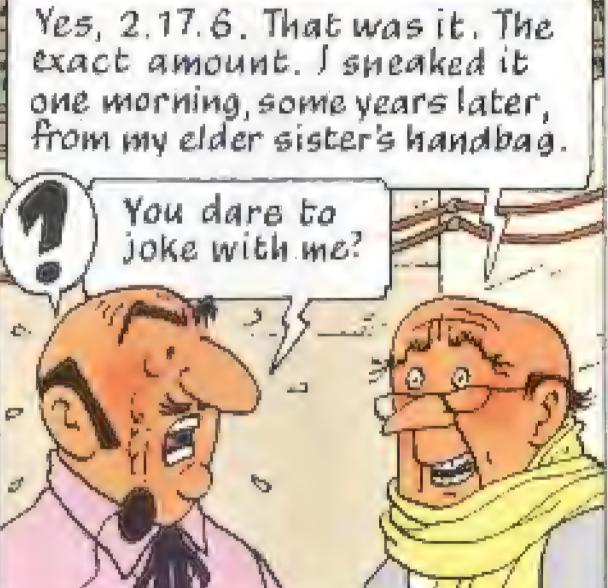


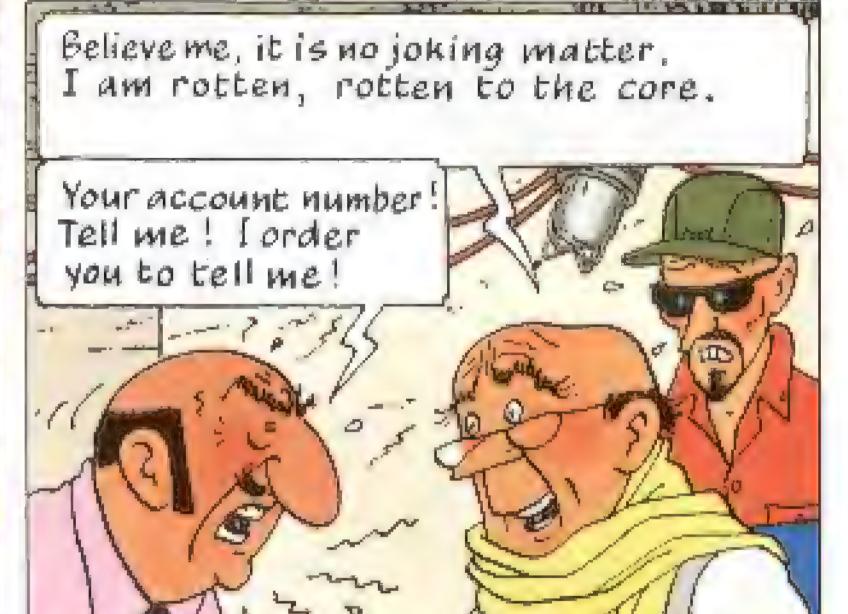


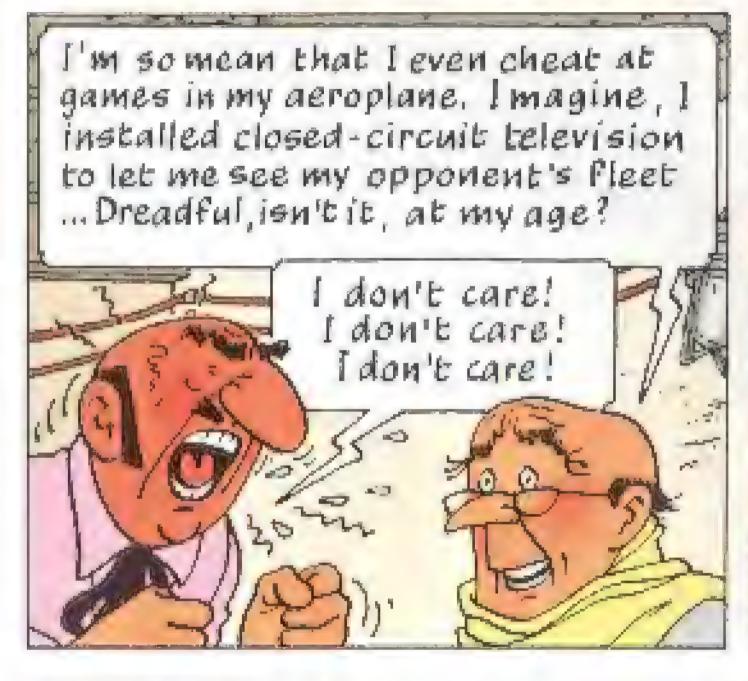


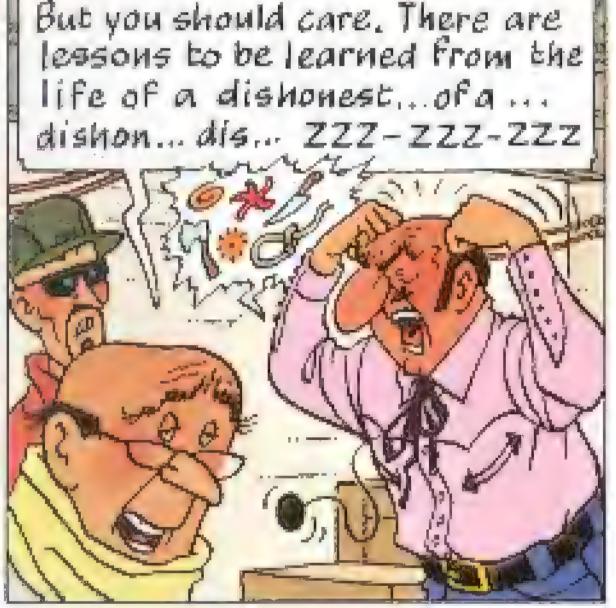


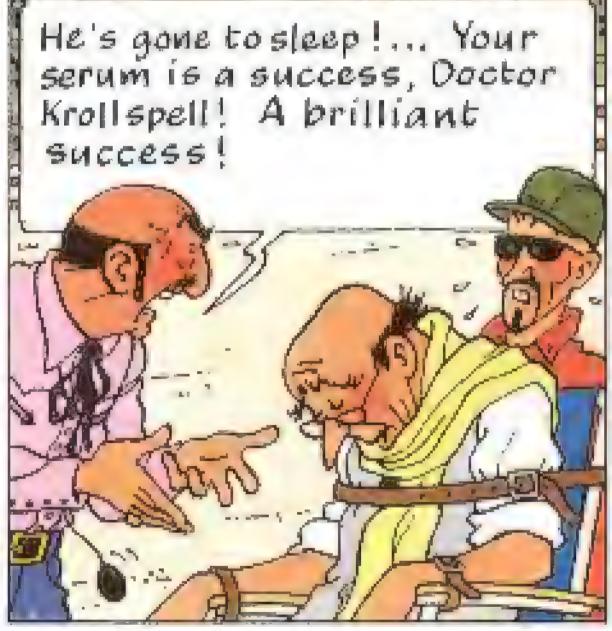


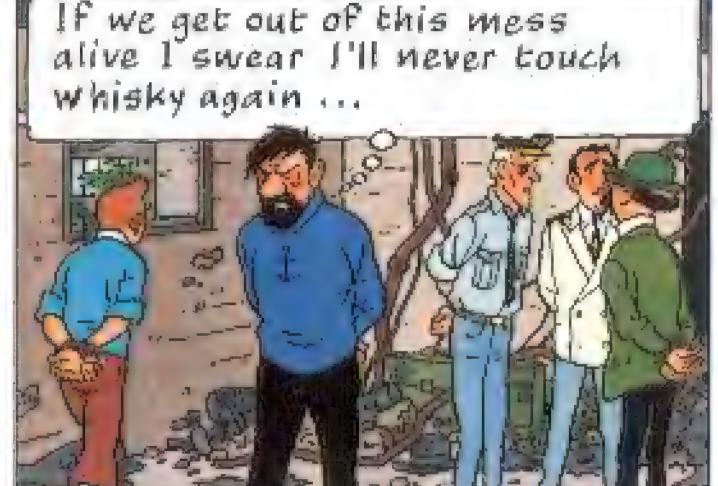












Meanwhile ...

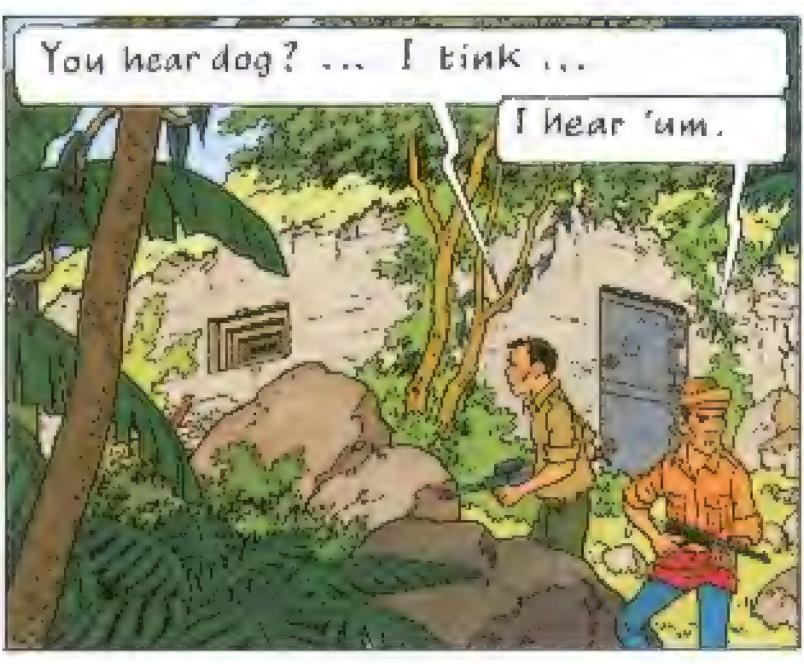












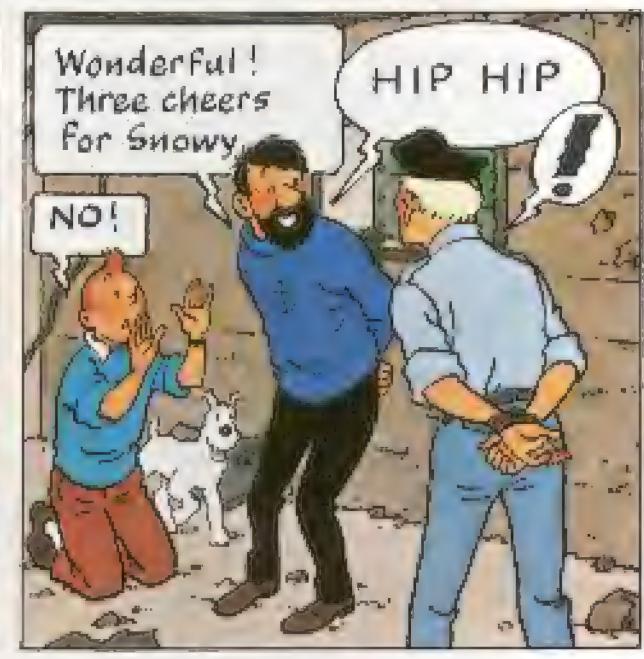






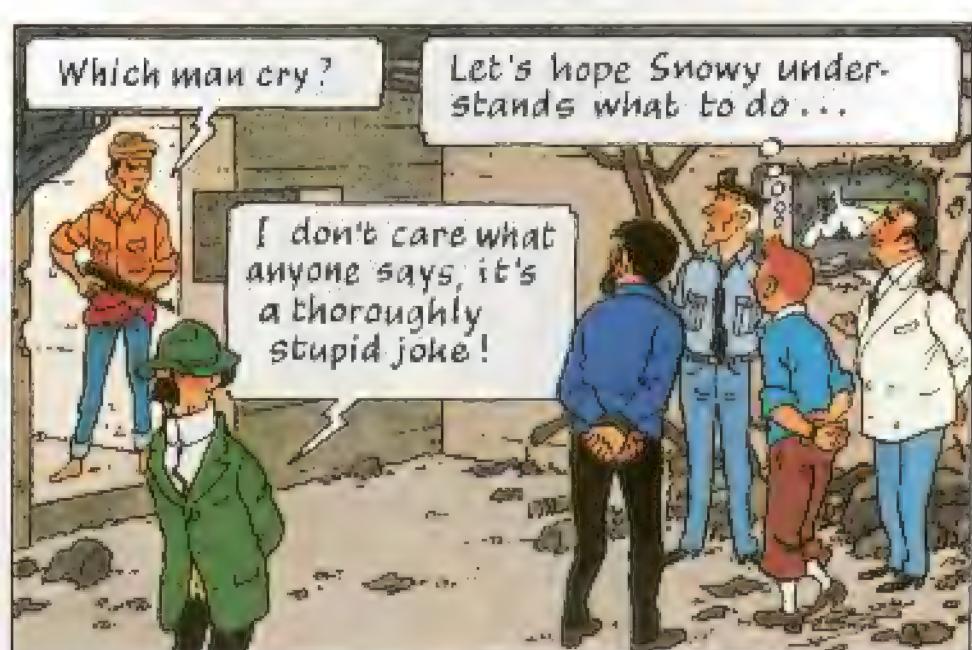


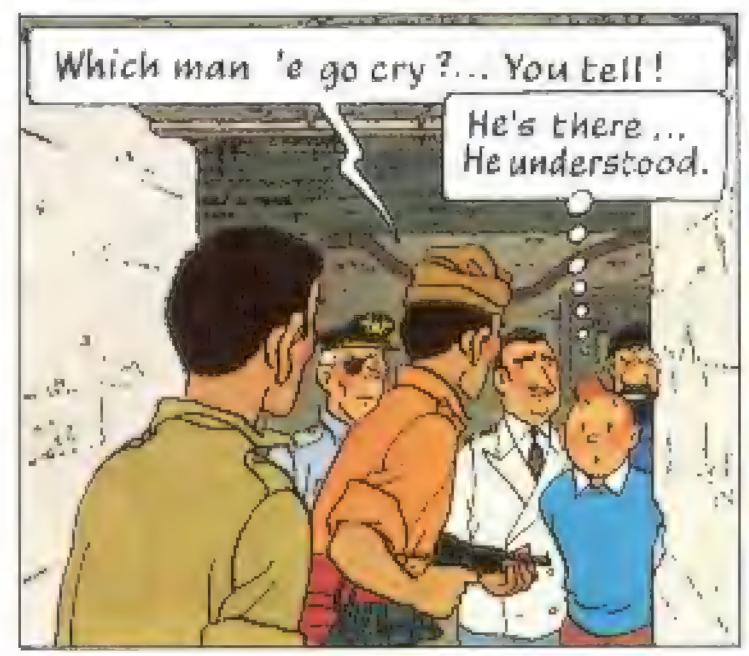




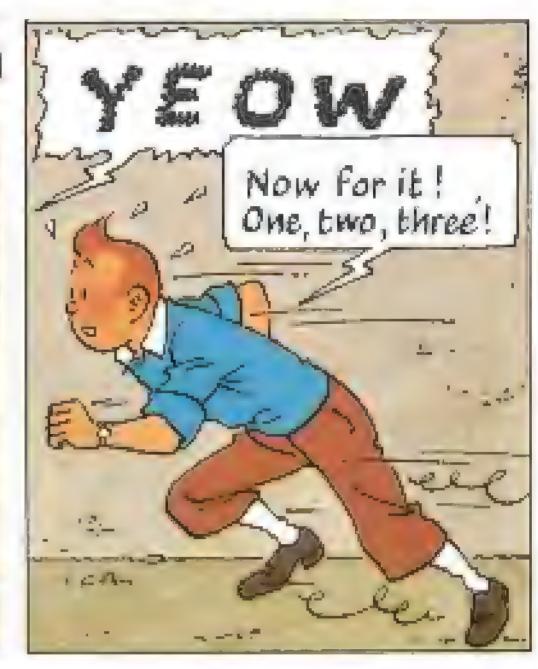




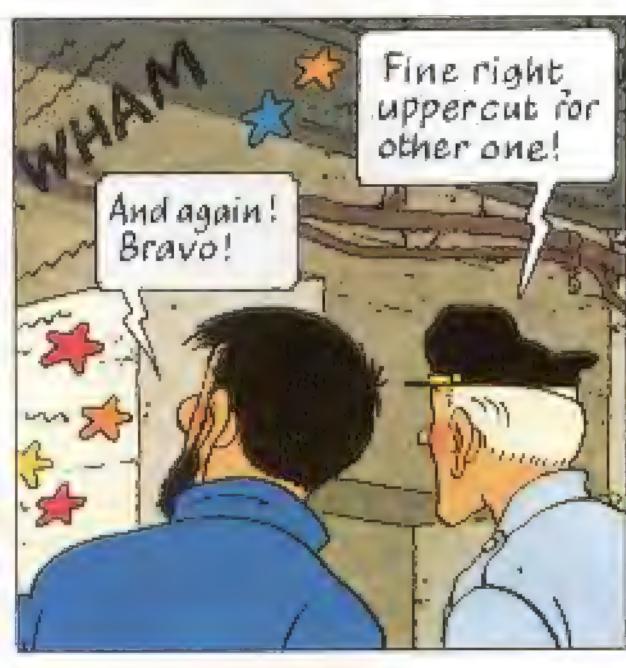


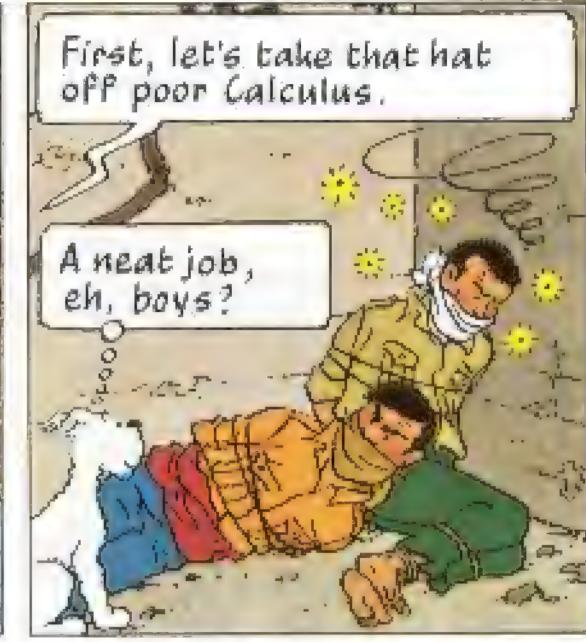


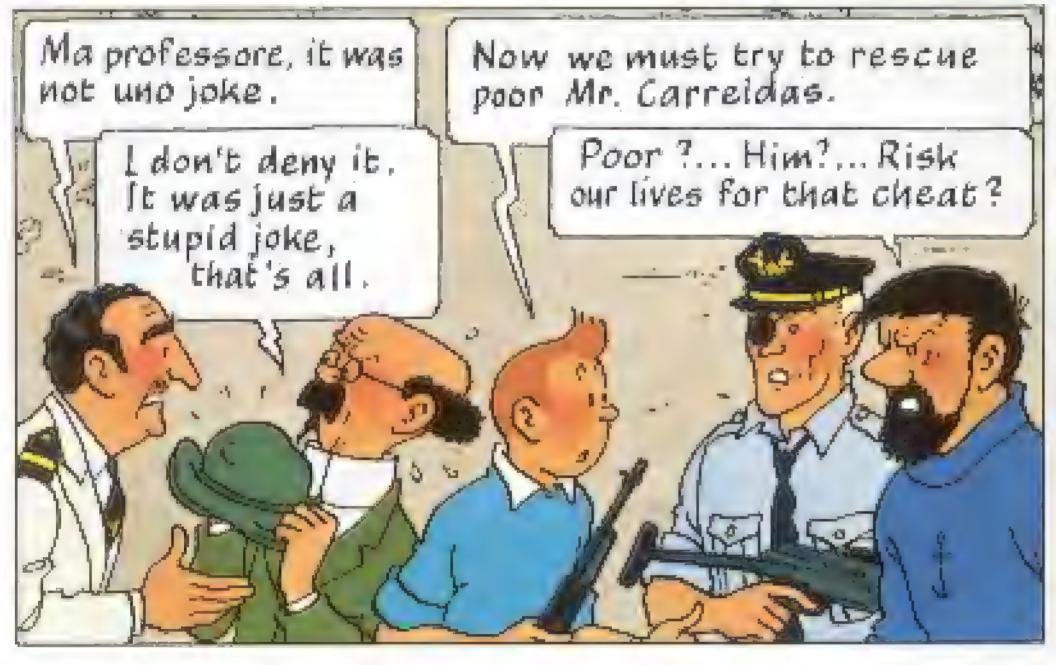


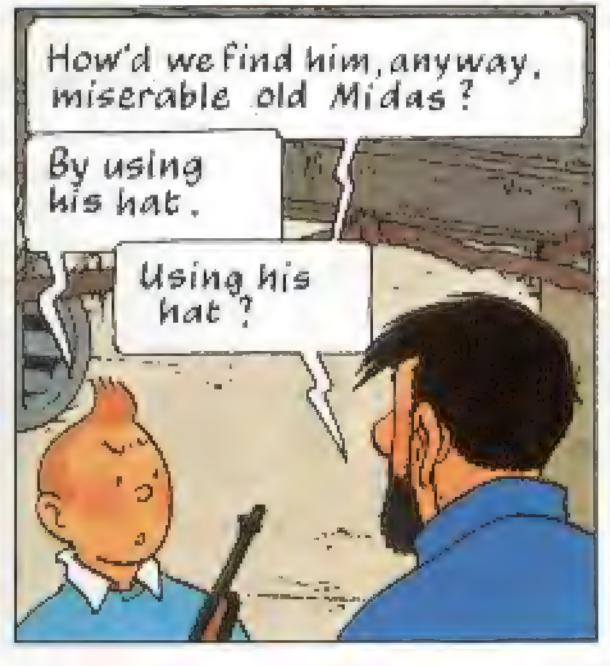
























Anyway, thanks to Snowy at least we're free, and can look for Mr. Carreidas.

> I know, but rescuing him is another matter

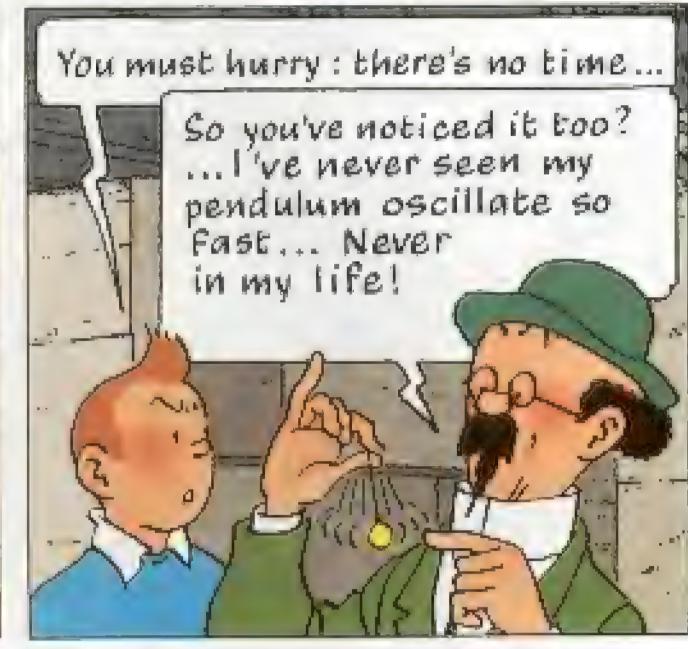


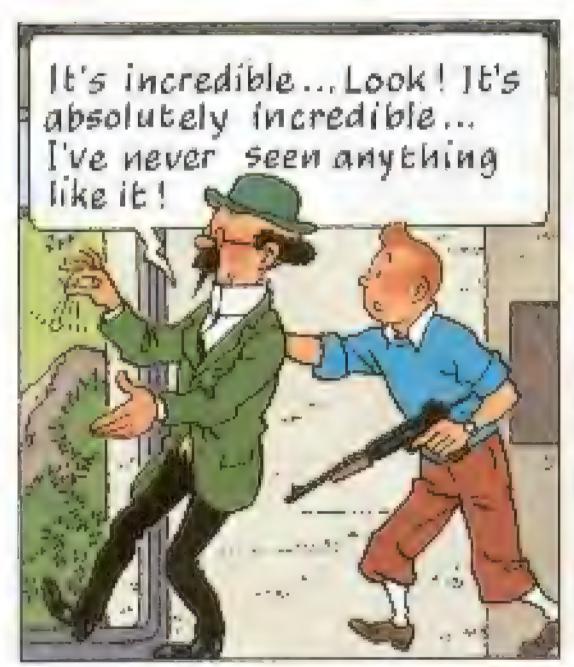
I've got a suggestion. The Captain and I go in search of Carreidas. You, Skut, take the Professor, Gino and the prisoners, and hide somewhere near the bunker. Keep out of sight, and wait till we come back. Is that all right?

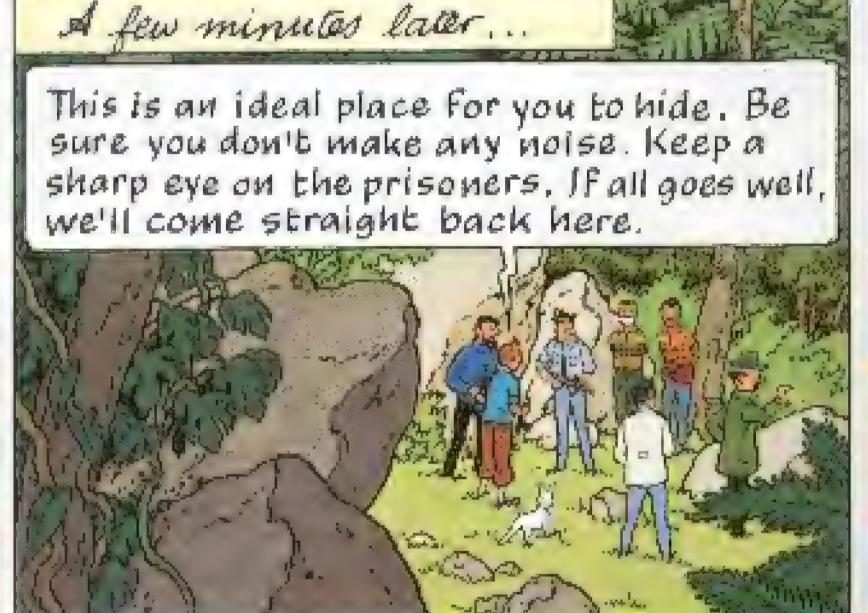


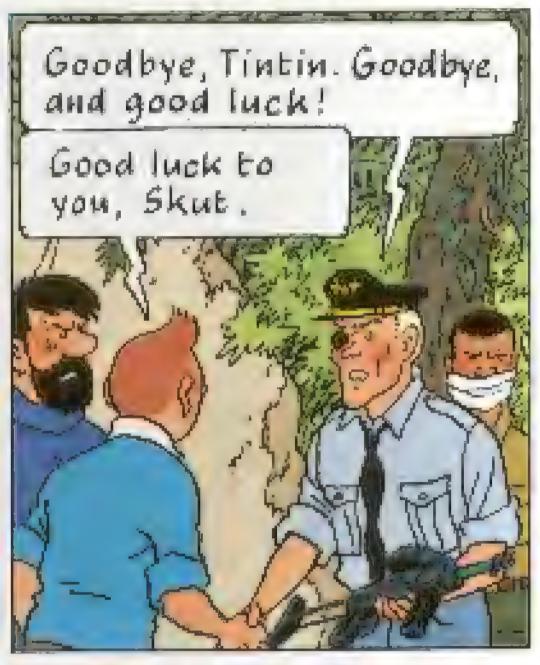


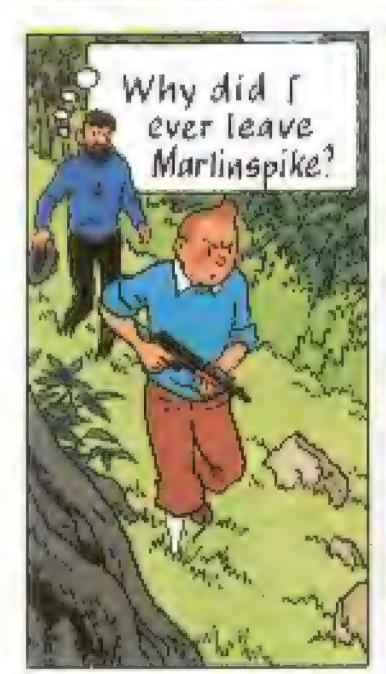


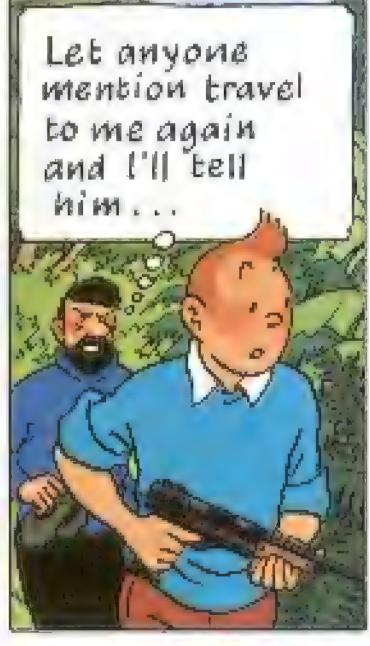






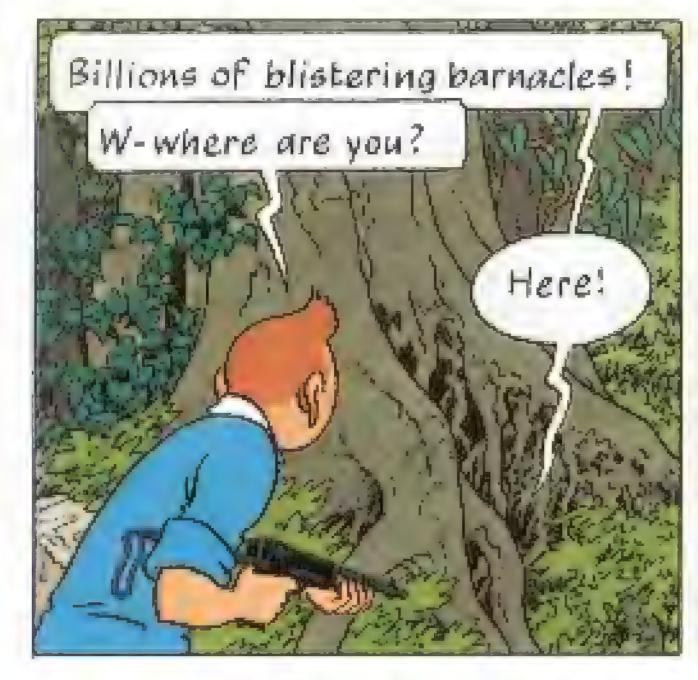


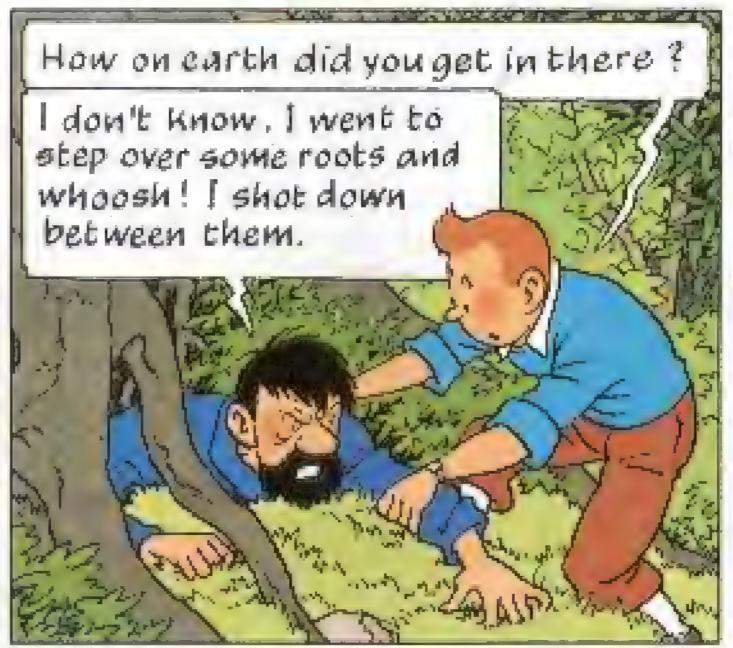


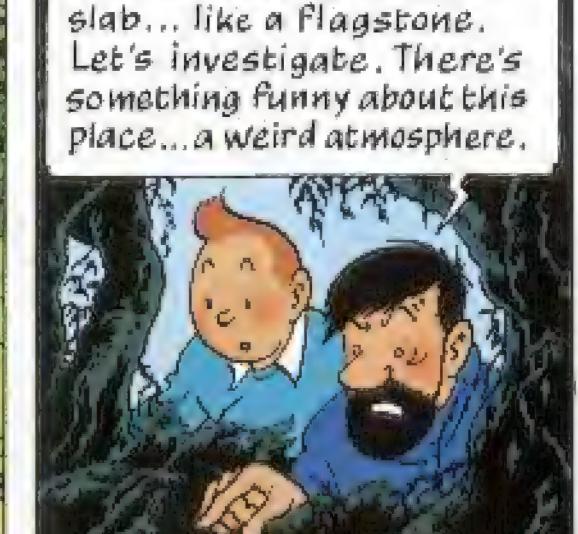




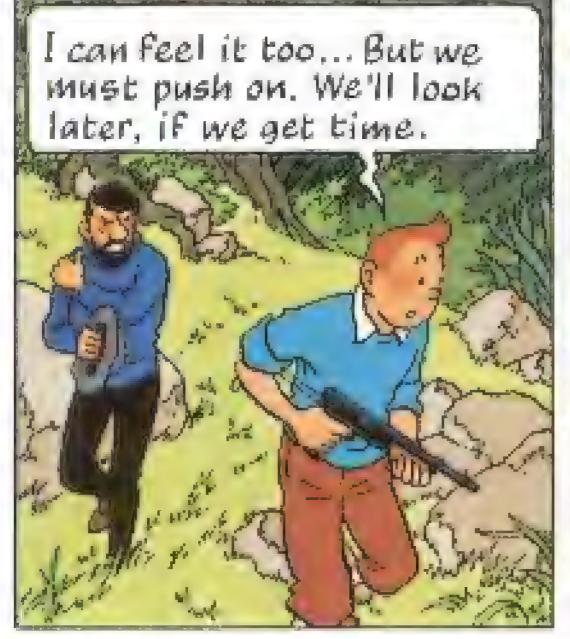


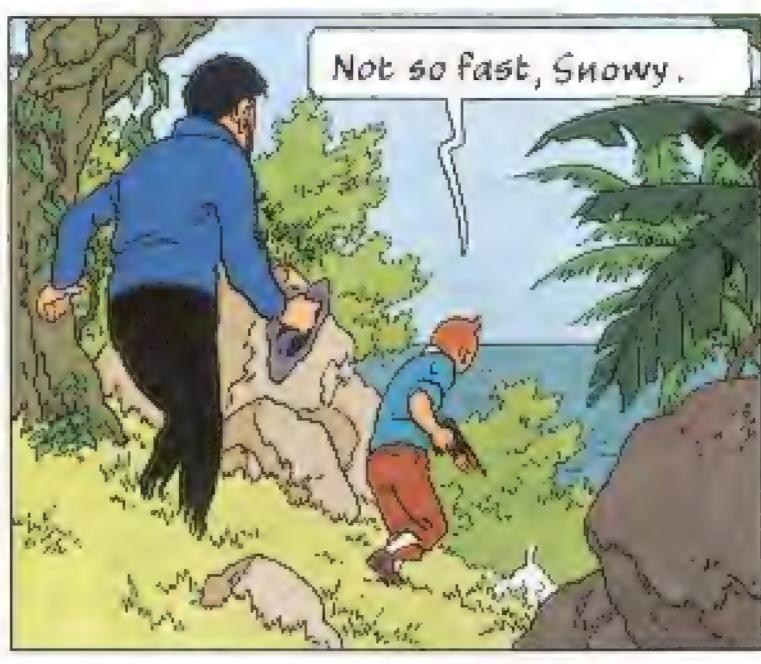


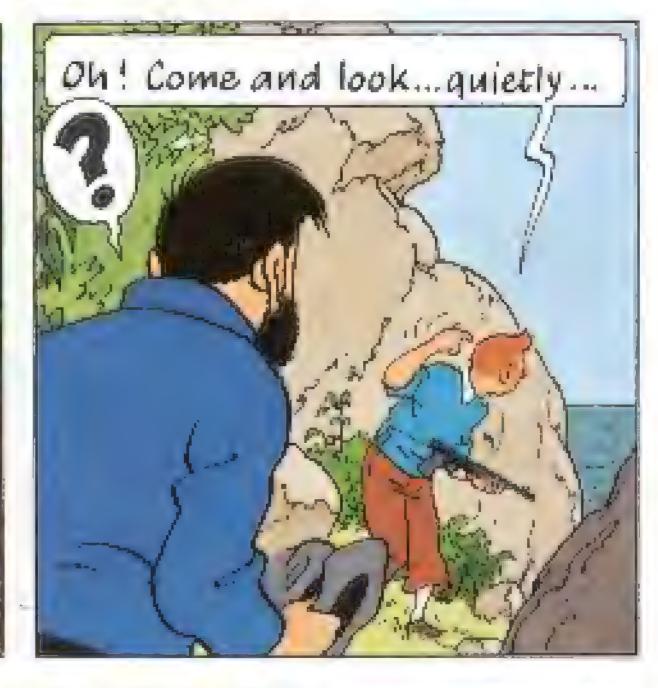


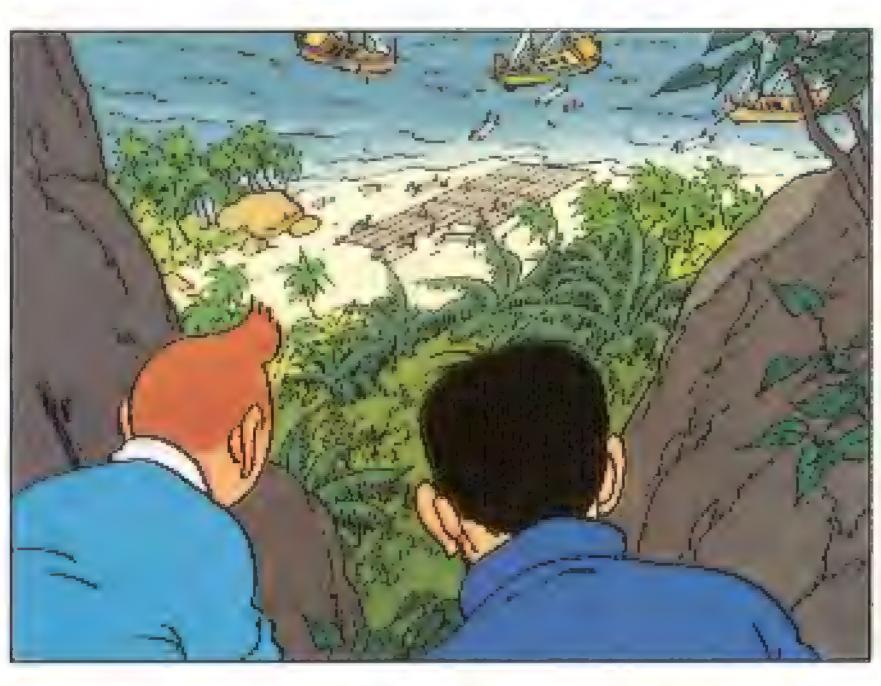


I fell on a sort of smooth



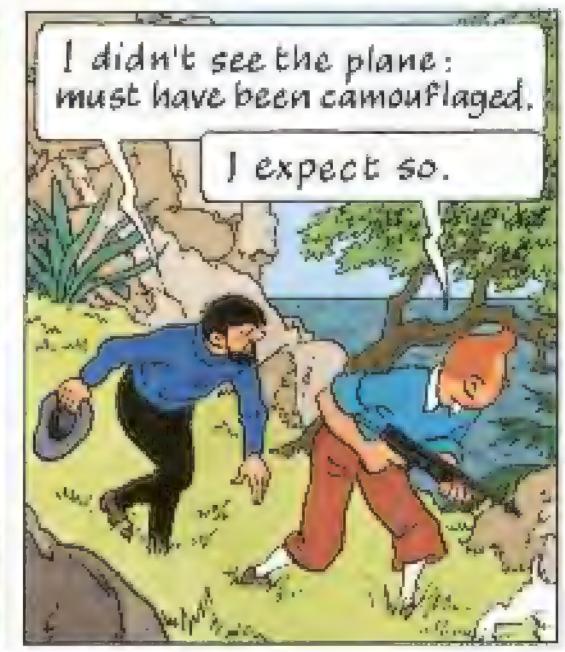






Rastapopoulos wasn't exaggerating: the safety net's gone and the run-way's almost disappeared. I must admit, the operation was organised down to the last detail.





We must be getting near: look at Snowy. He's on to something.



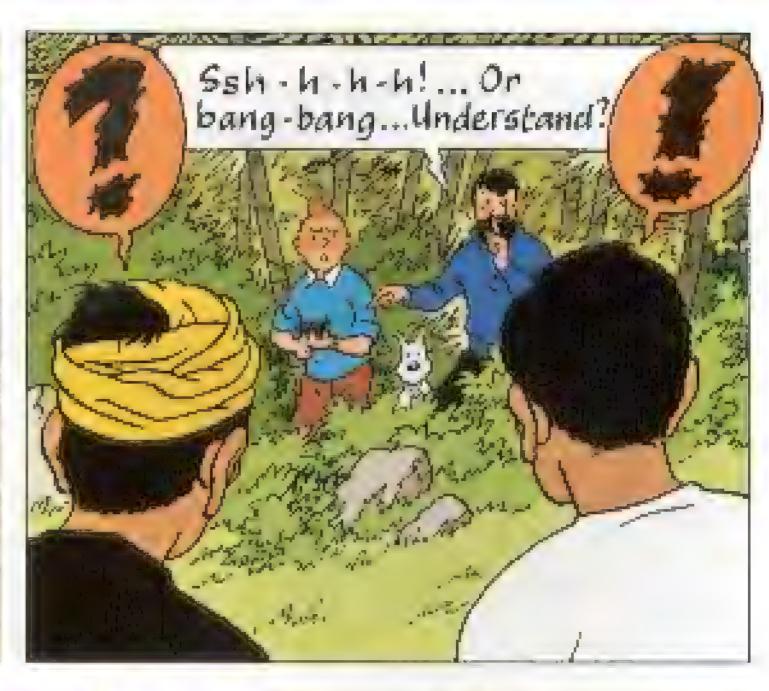
Crumbs! Another bunker, with two guards outside. That'll be where they're holding Carreidas.





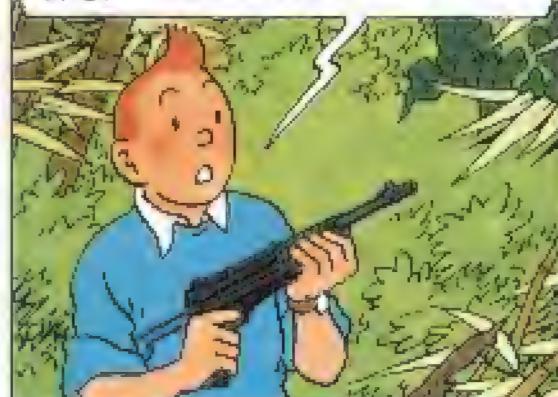






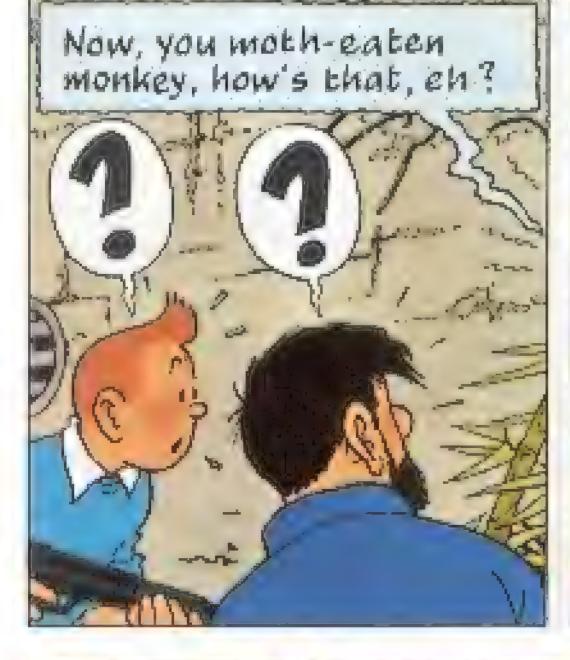


Disarm them first, Captain ... Good... Now, tie them up, quick as you can. Better gag them too. You can use their own shirts.



Sorry, old man, but you know how a sailor has a passion for knots!





Have you decided? Will you co-operate, or do luse stronger measures? Are you going to talk, you little reptile?



A little reptile... that's what I am. It can't be said too often. There's no excuse, either. Think of all the good examples I had when I was a boy. My grandfather, for instance. Think of my grand-father

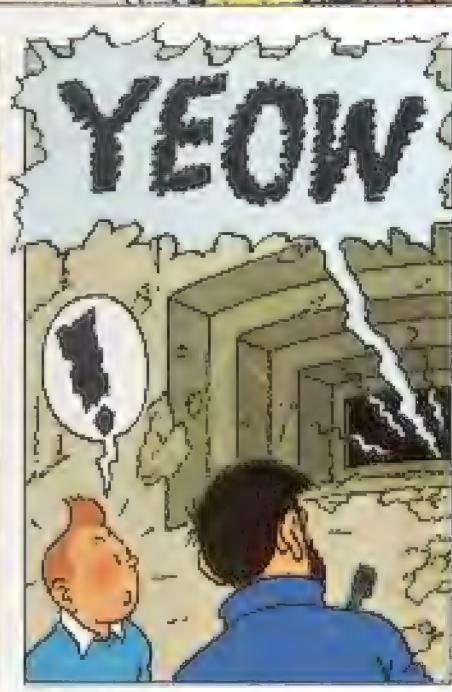


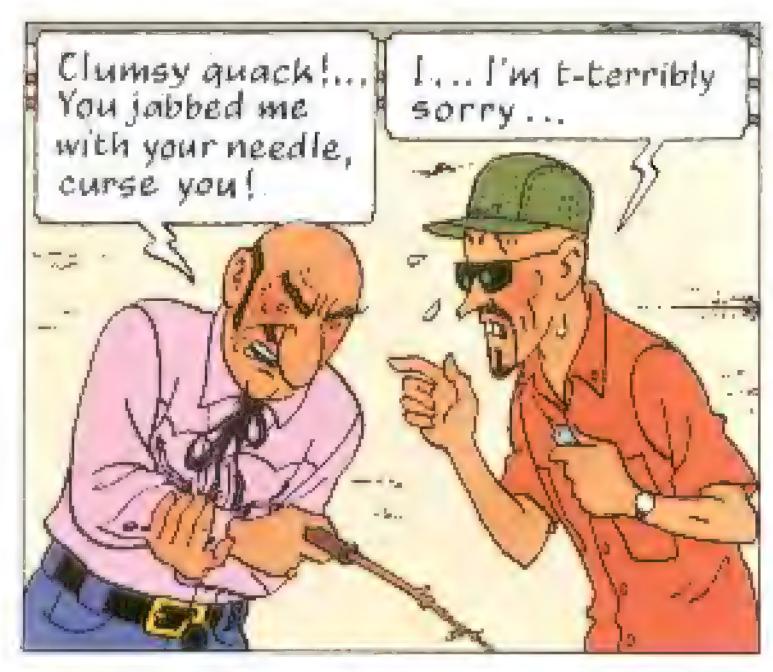
... my maternal grandfather...just a humble confectioner, a maker of Turkish delight in Erzerum. A simple, honest man. "Laszlo", he used to say, "Laszlo, remember: an ill-gotten camel gathers no gain..."

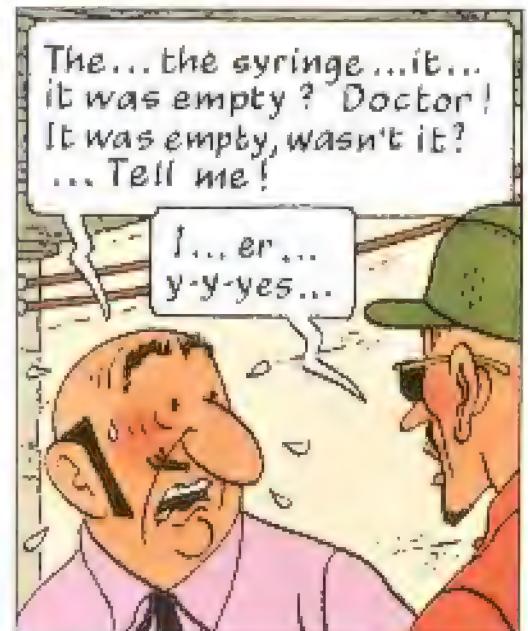


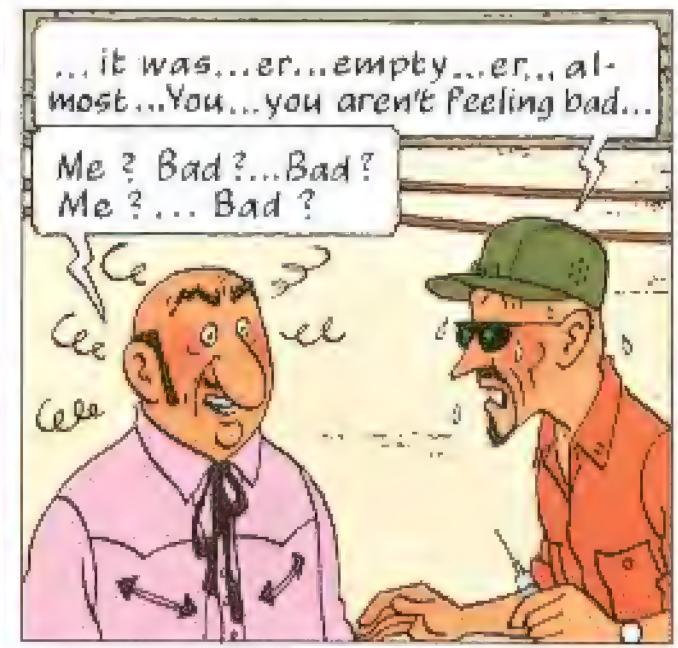
It's all your fault, charlatan! You'll pay for this!

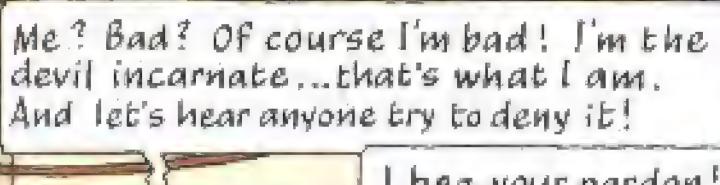


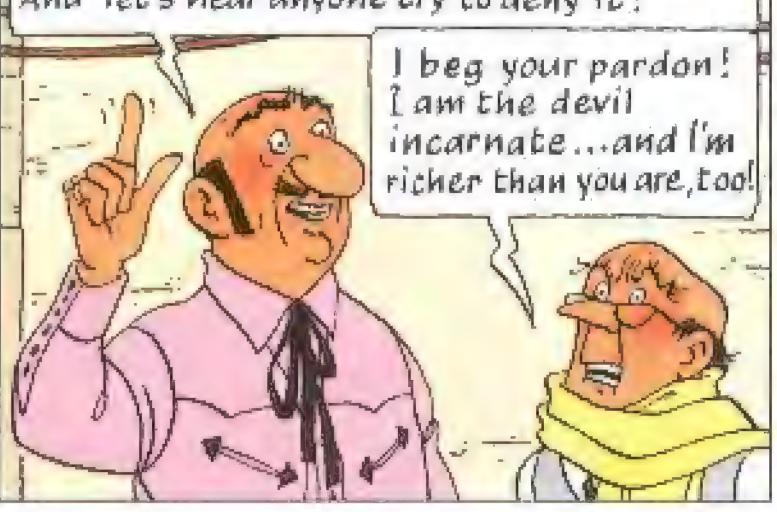












So what? Listen to this! I ruined my three brothers and two sisters, and dragged my parents into the gutter. What d'you say to that, eh?

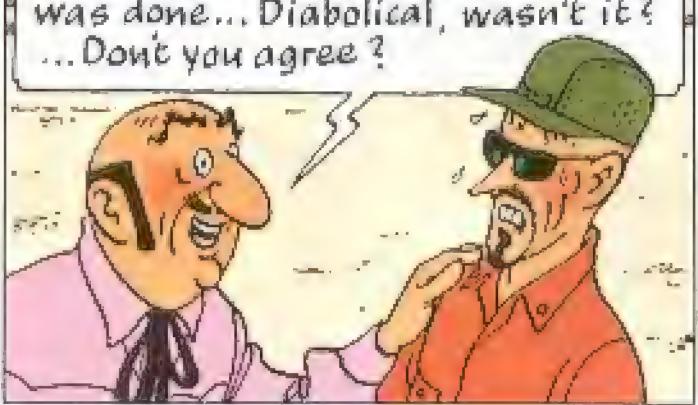
Peanuts! Kid's stuff! My areat-aunt was so ashamed



Amateur! You're not in my class. Think of my scheme to kidnap you...that took a man of real cunning, a man without a shred of decency...a fiend!



You, doctor. I promised you forty thousand dollars to help me get the account number out of Carreidas. And all the time I'd made a plan to eliminate you when the job was done... Diabolical, wasn't it?



And the Sondonesian nationalists ...poordeluded fools. I lured them into this. I said I'd help them in their fight for independence. Ha! ha! ha! If only they knew what lies in store for them!



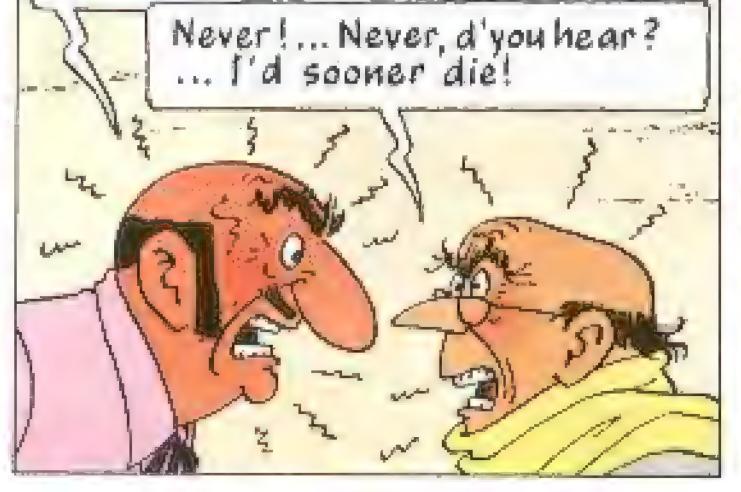
Their junks are mined already. They'll be blown sky-high, long before they see their homeland.



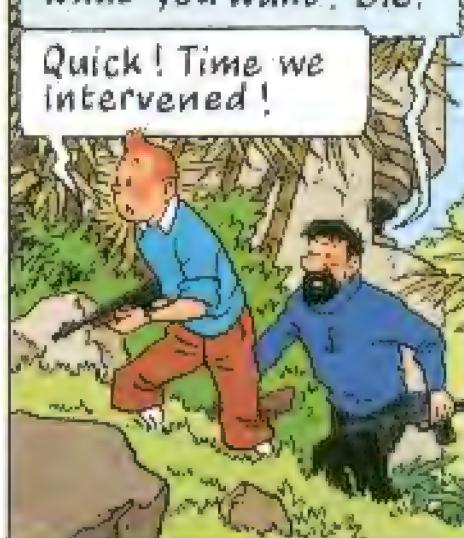
The same goes for the others... Spalding, and the aircrew. Rich men, that's what they think they'll be, with the money I flashed under their noses. But they'll be disposed of when I'm ready. Ha! ha! ha! The Devil himself couldn't do better!



Now let's get this straight. Yes or no! Do you ordo you not admit that I'm wickeder than you?



All right, if that's what you want! Die!



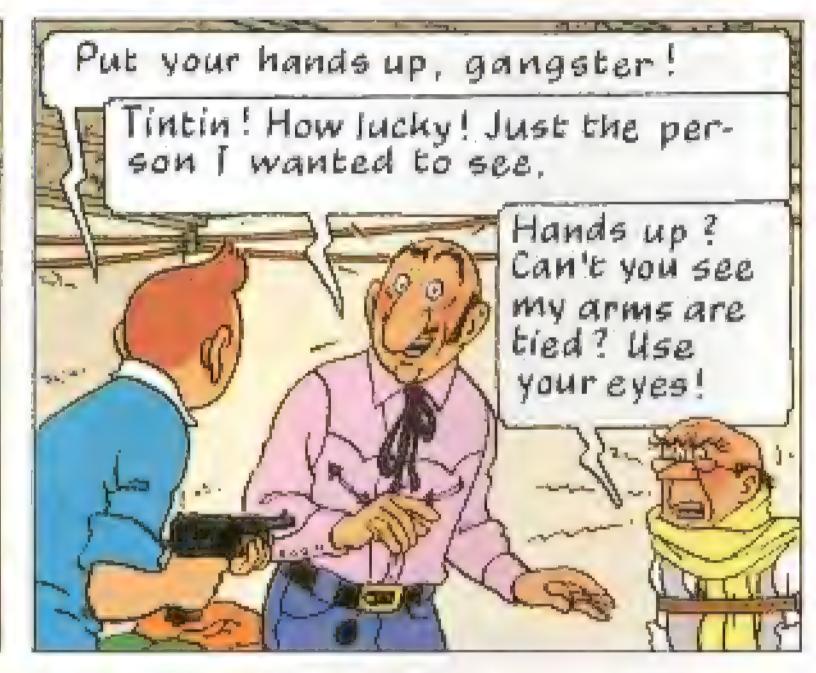


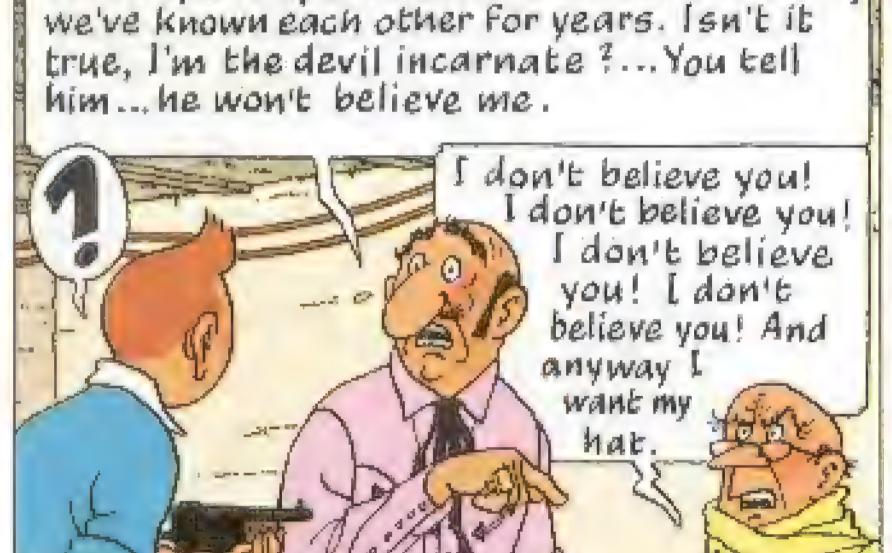








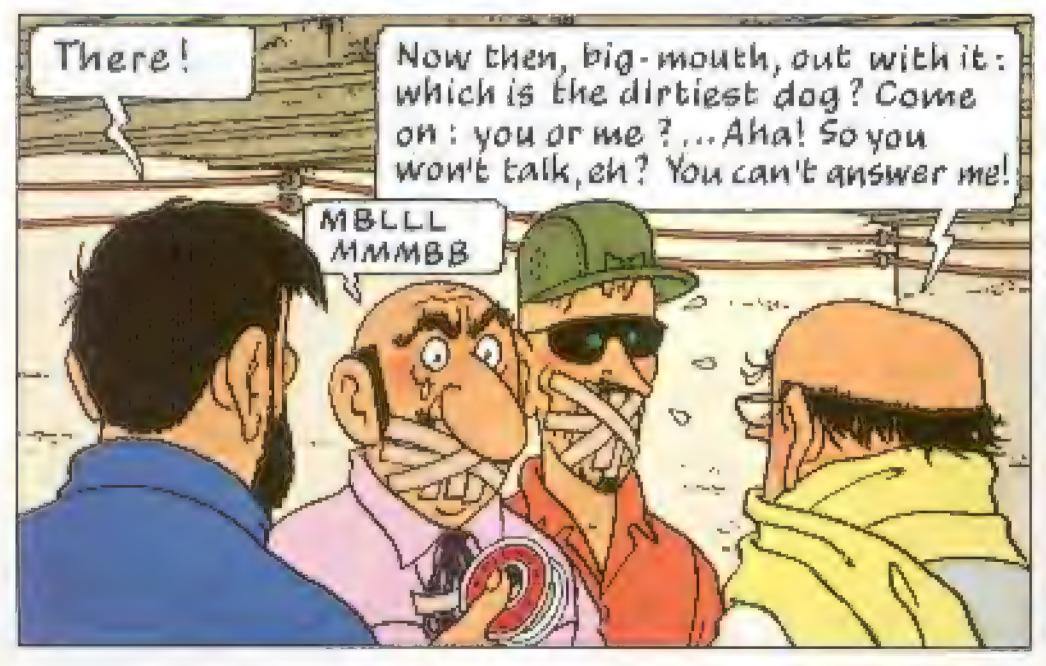


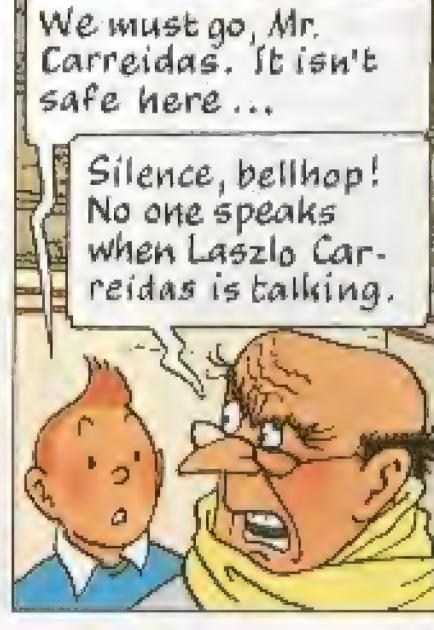


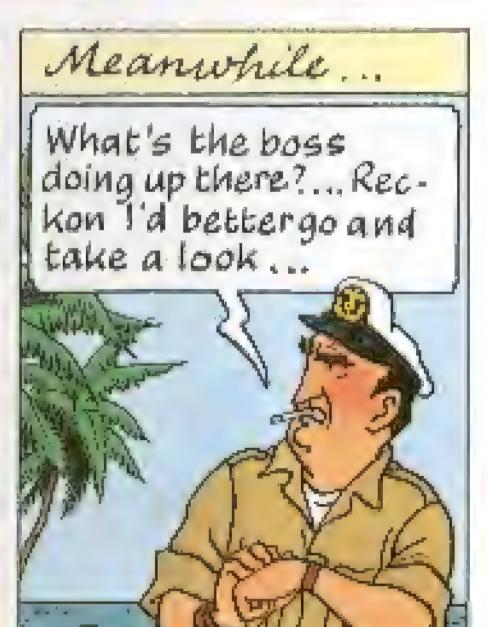
You'll speak up for me... You're an old friend,

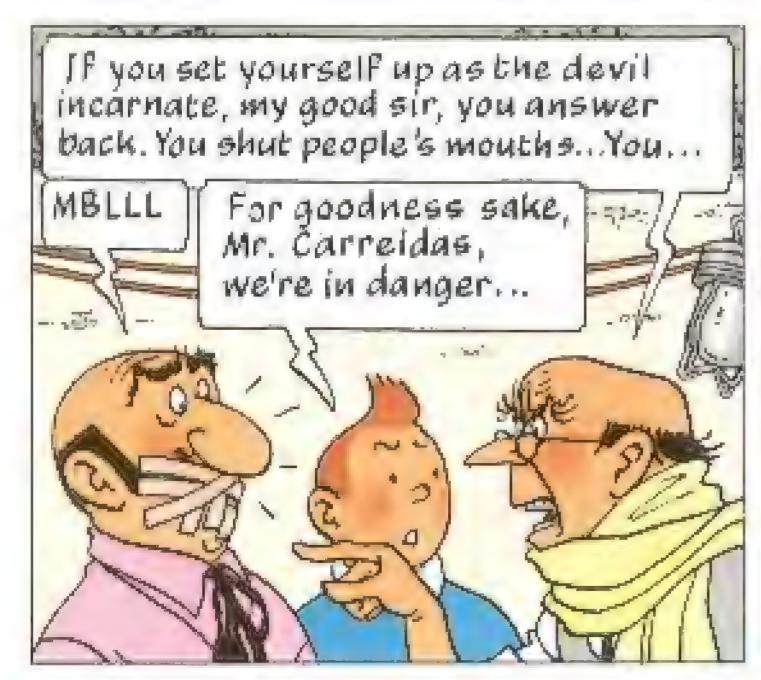


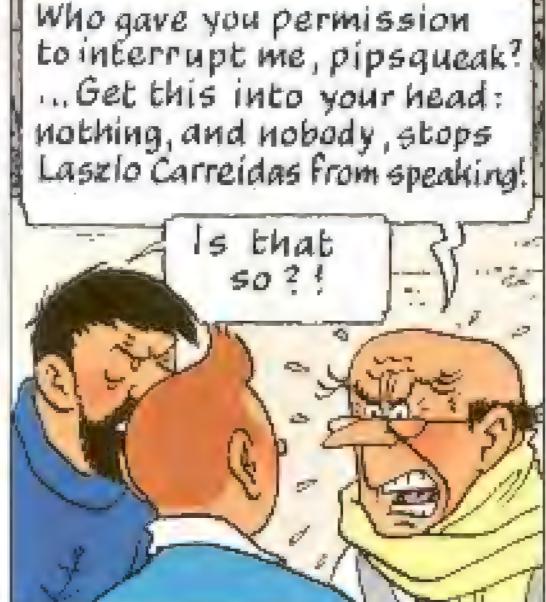


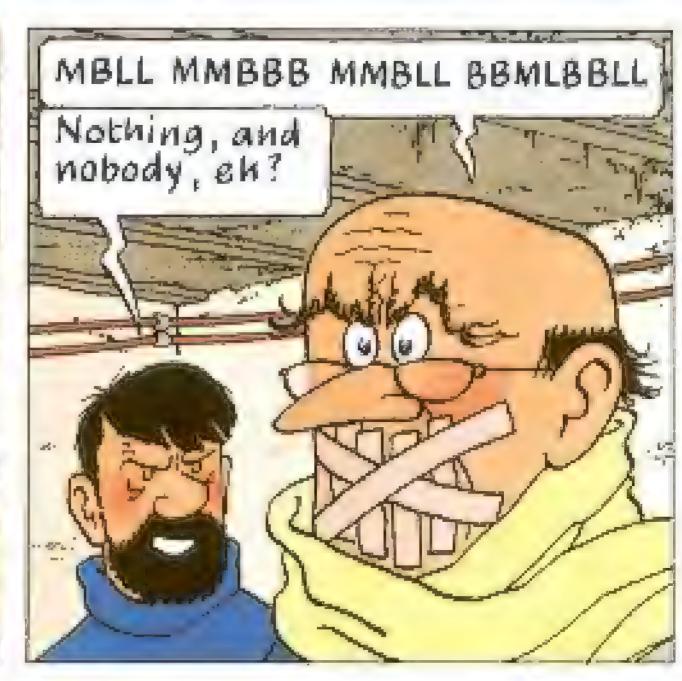


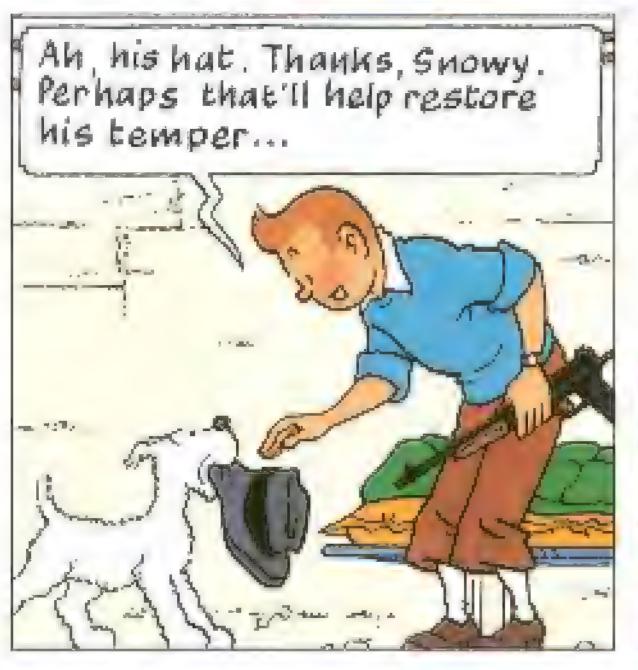


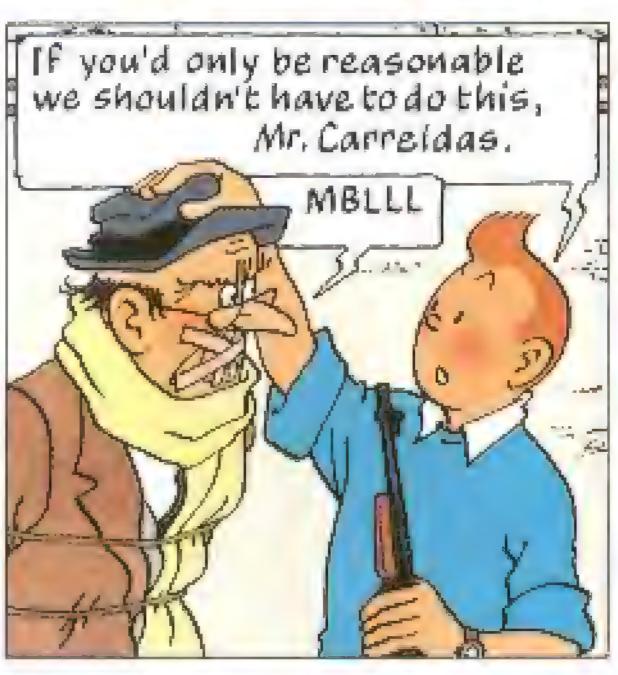
















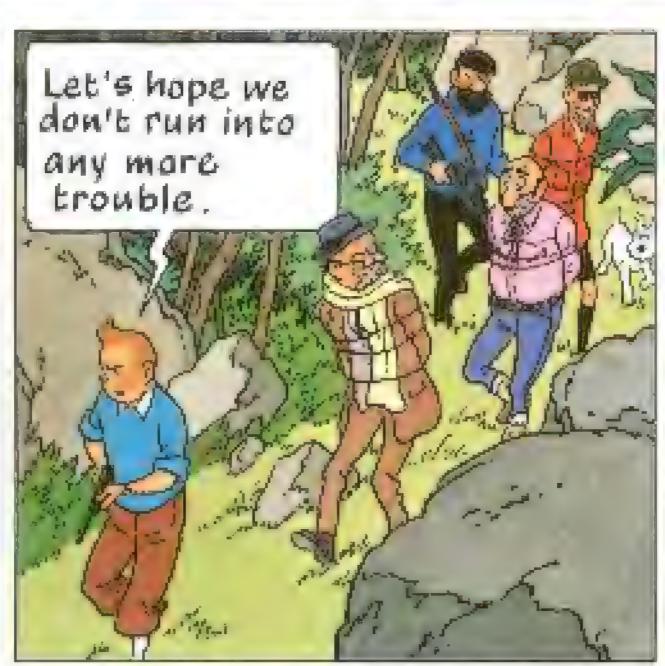




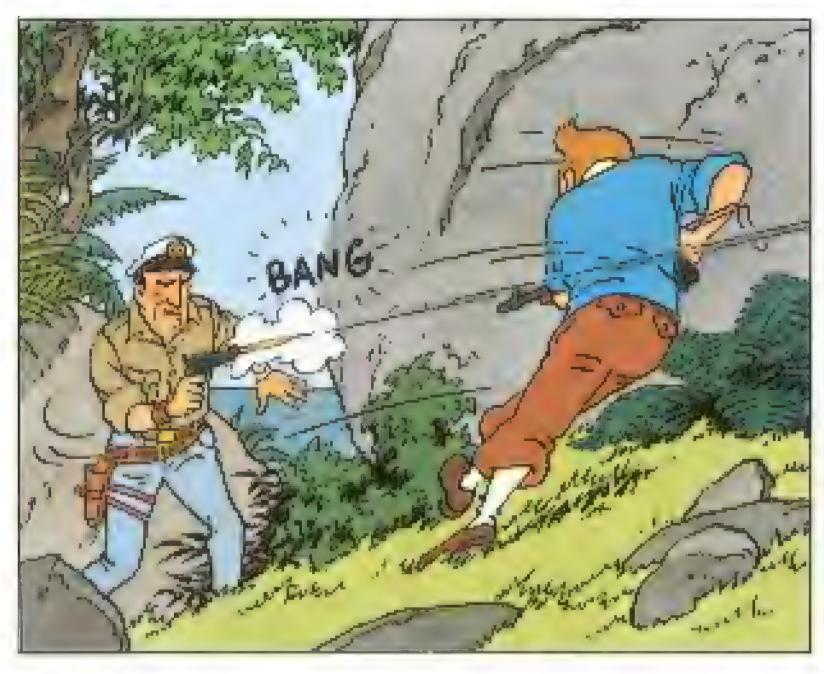


I'm sorry.... | had a spot of

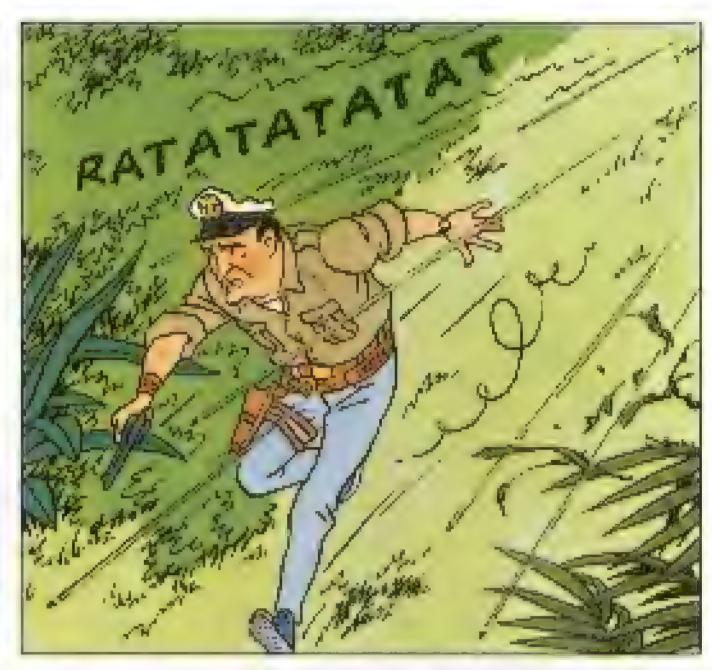














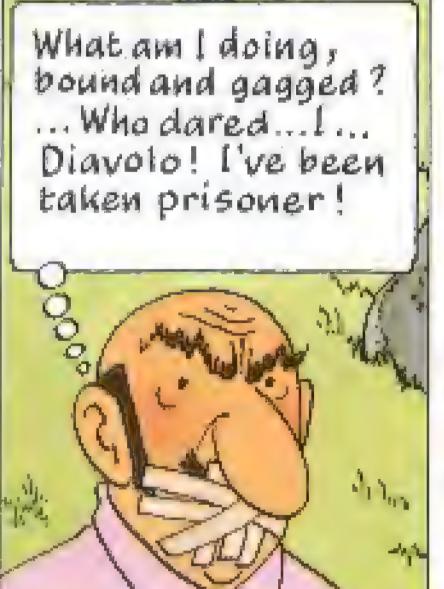
We'll have the whole gang on our backs in less than ten minutes. Quick, we must rejoin the others.

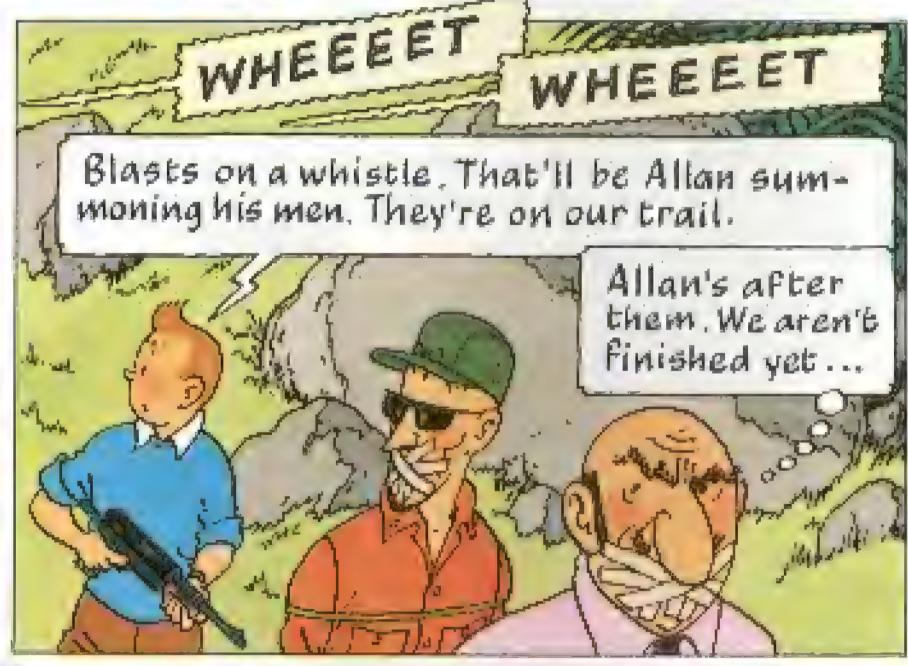


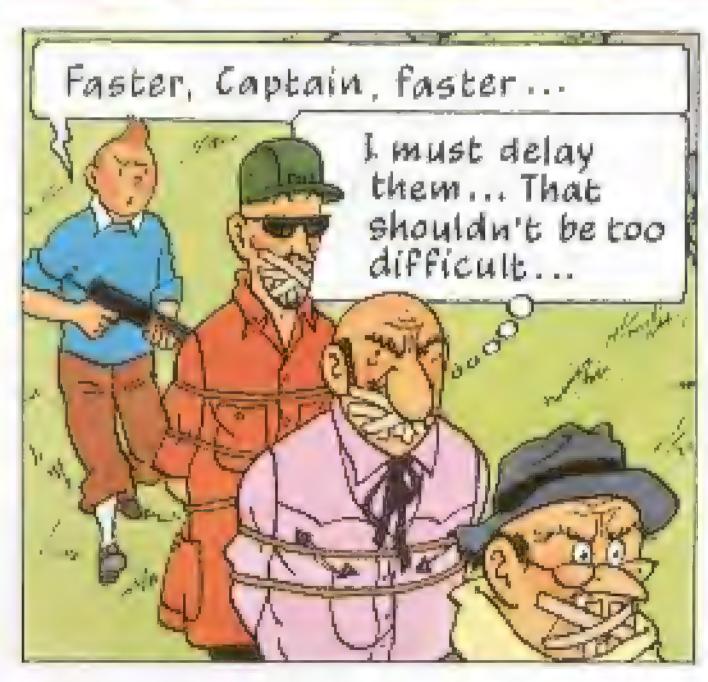


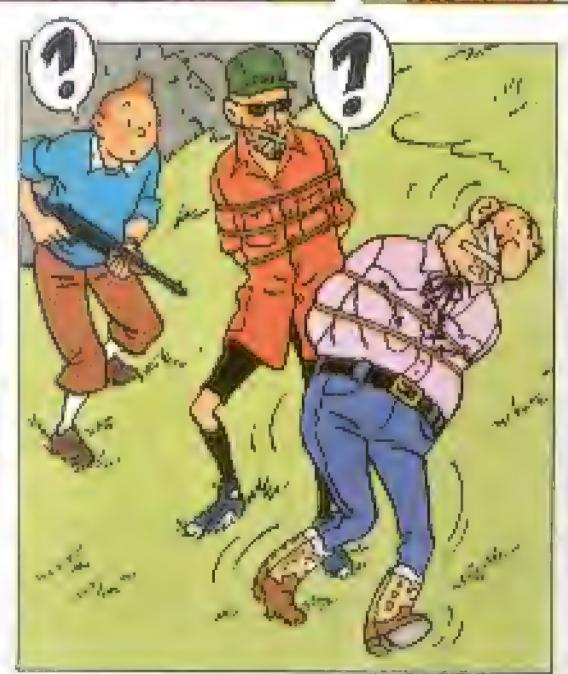


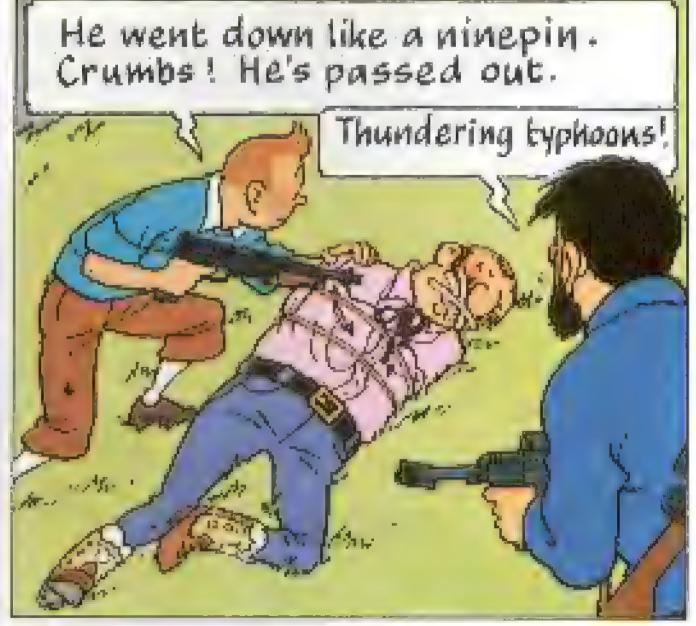




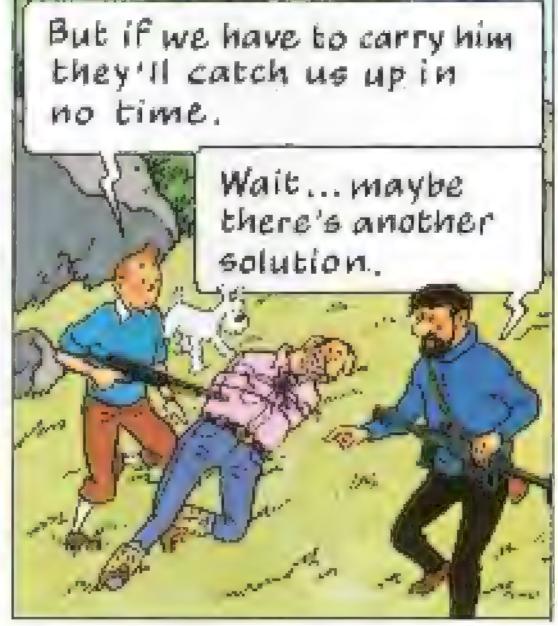












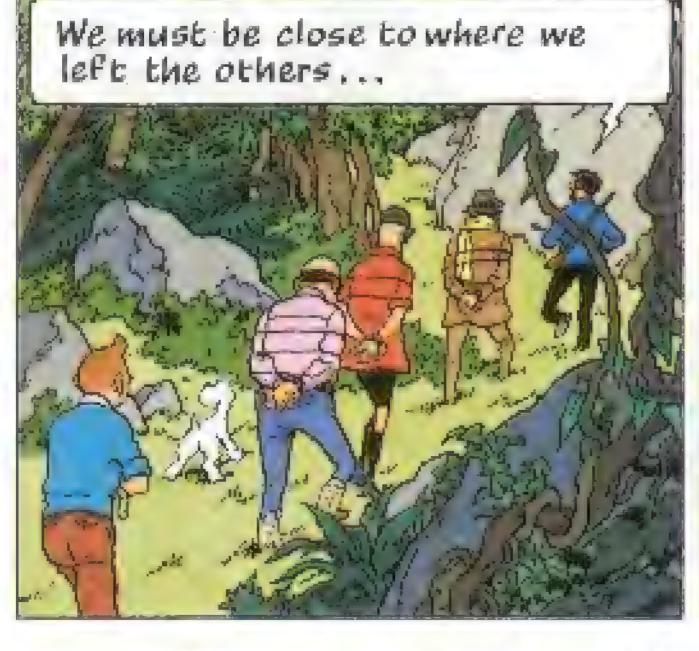






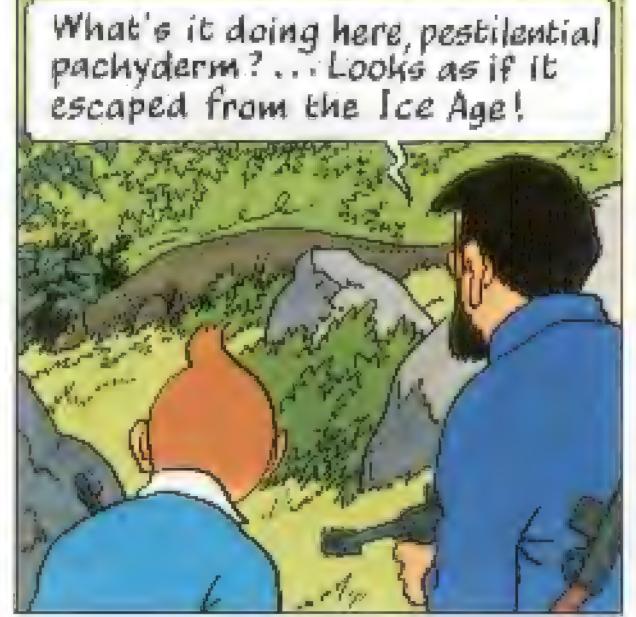




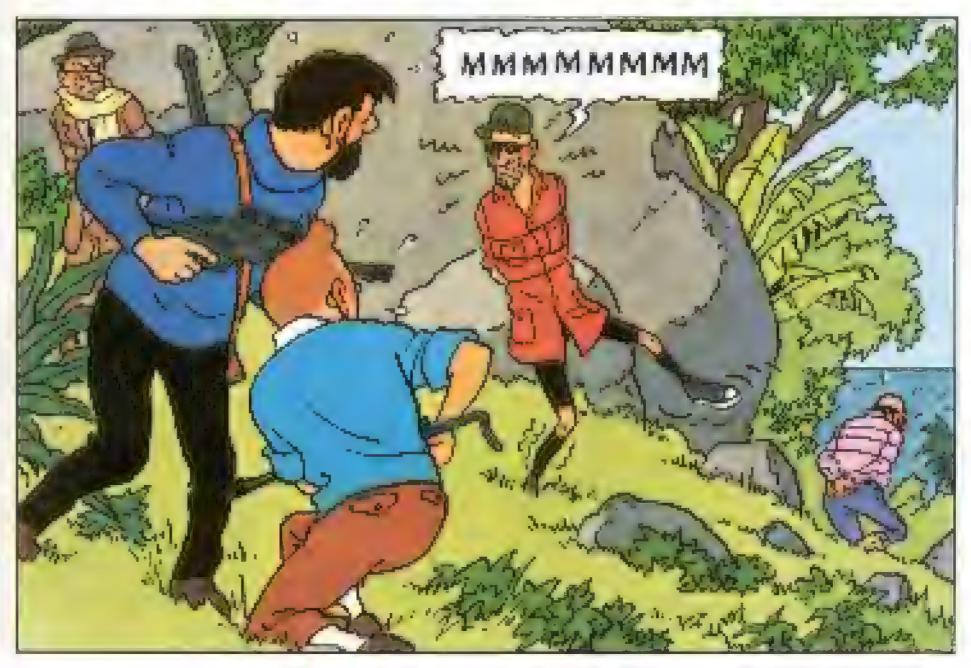




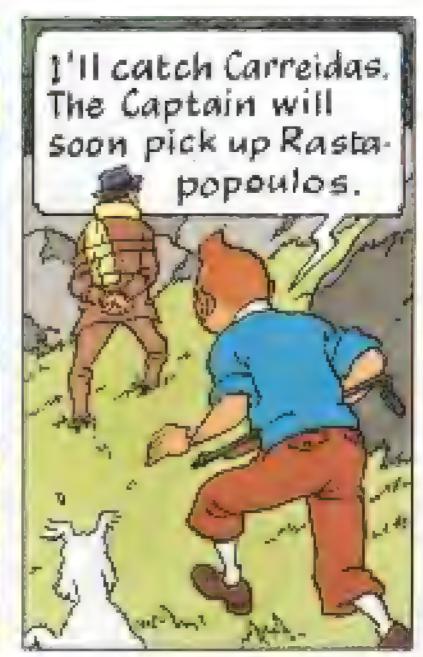




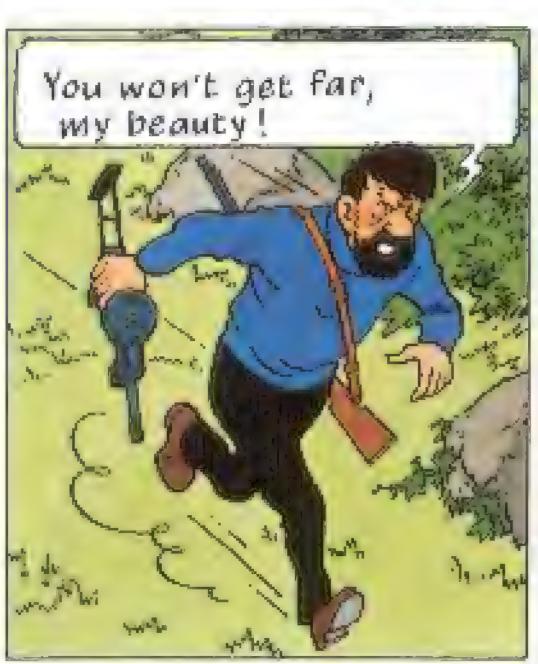


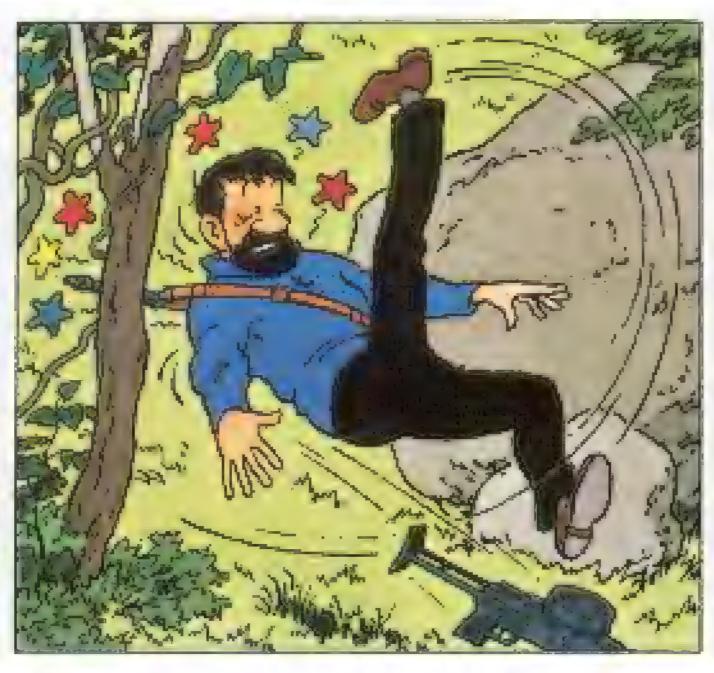


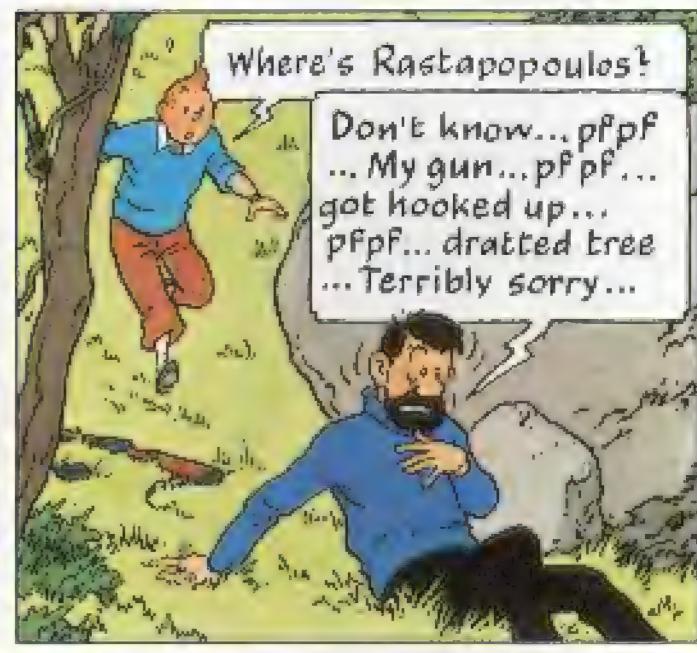






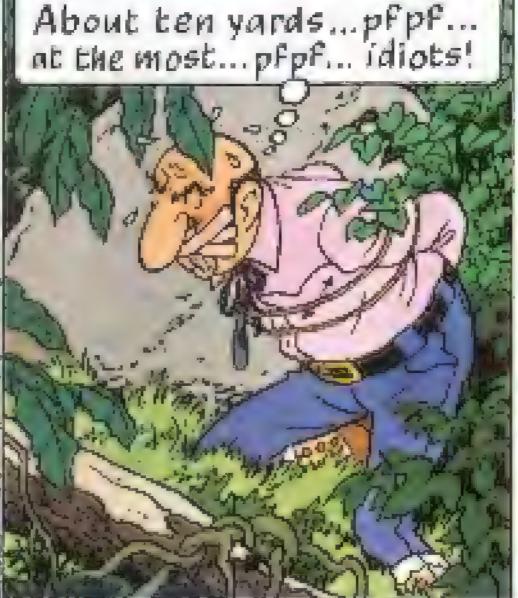






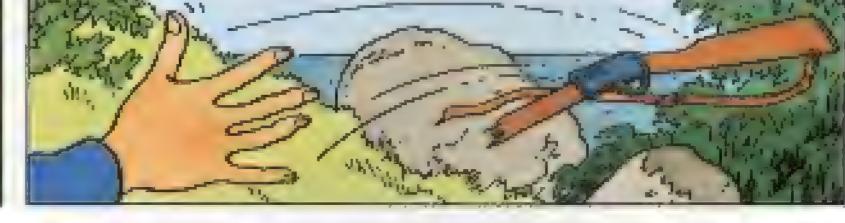
Not your fault, Captain. A pity, all the same... Still, let's move on. No use chasing after him: he'll be miles away by now.





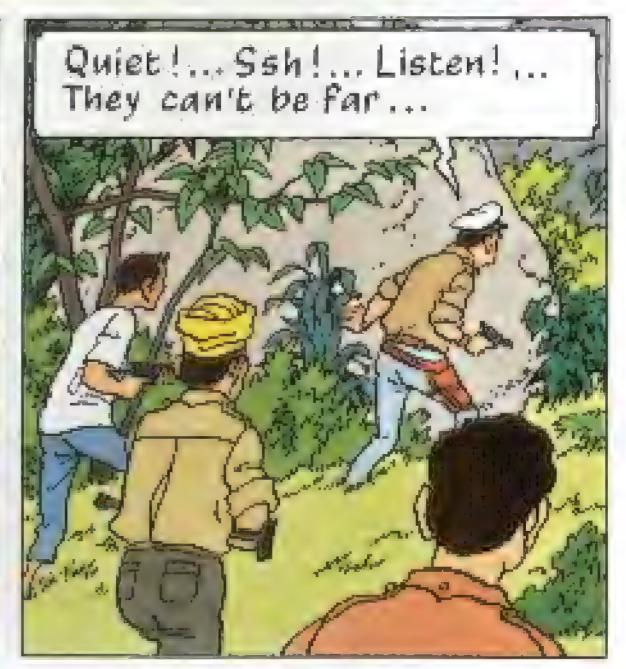


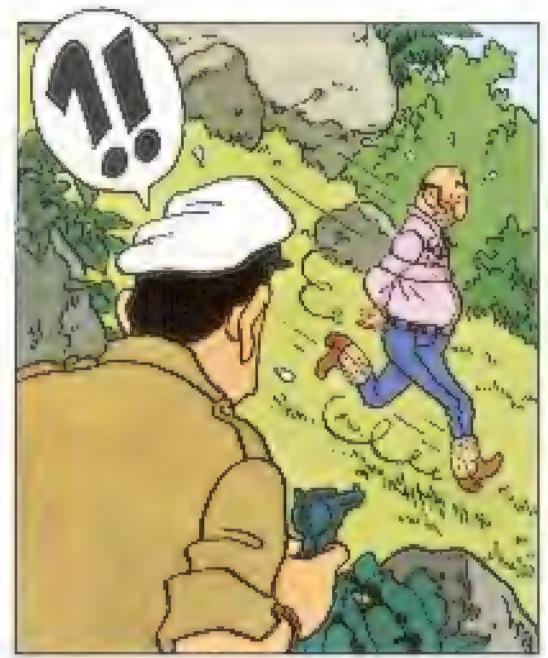






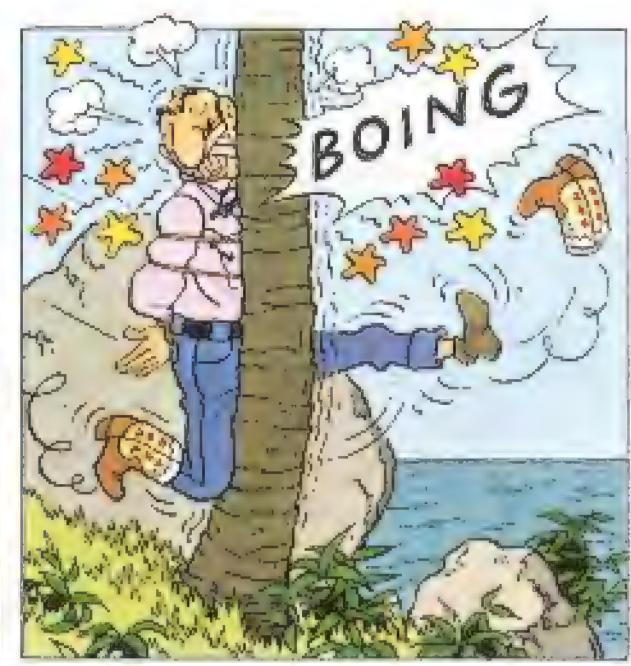




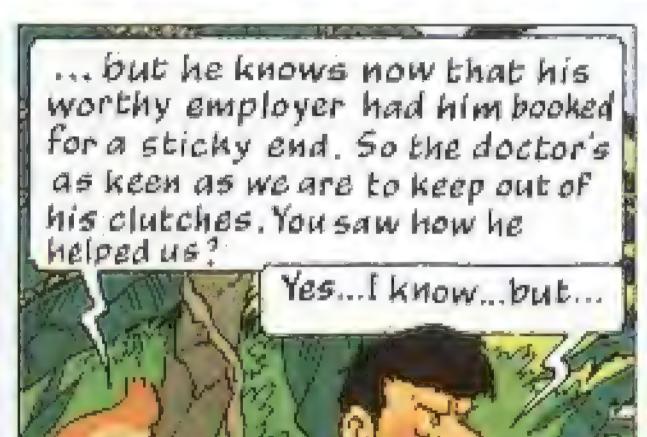


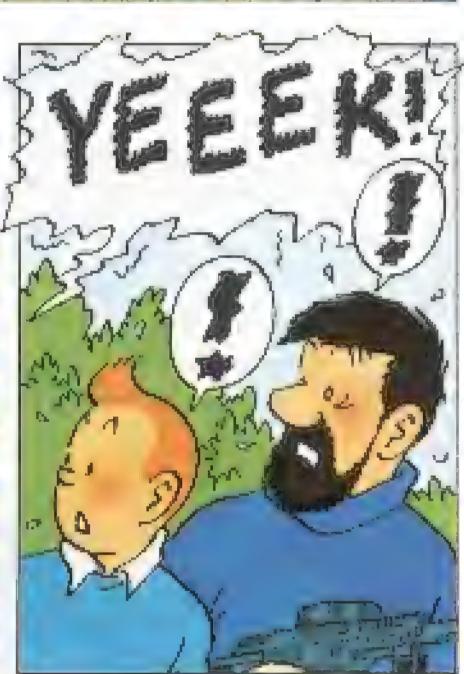


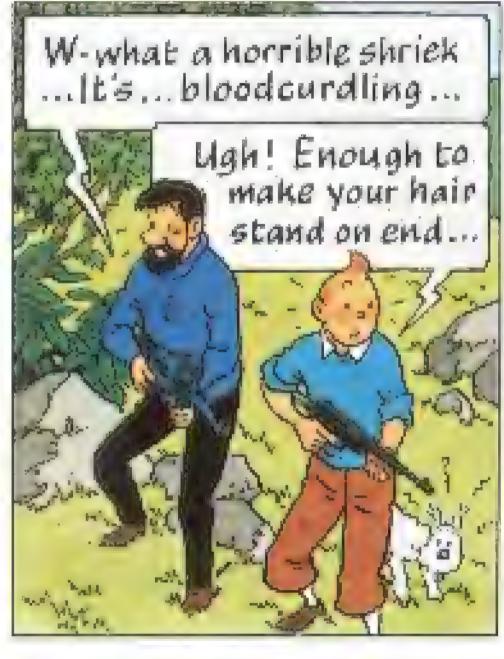


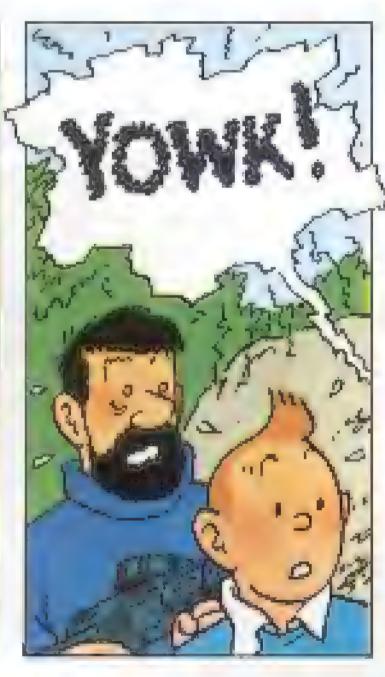




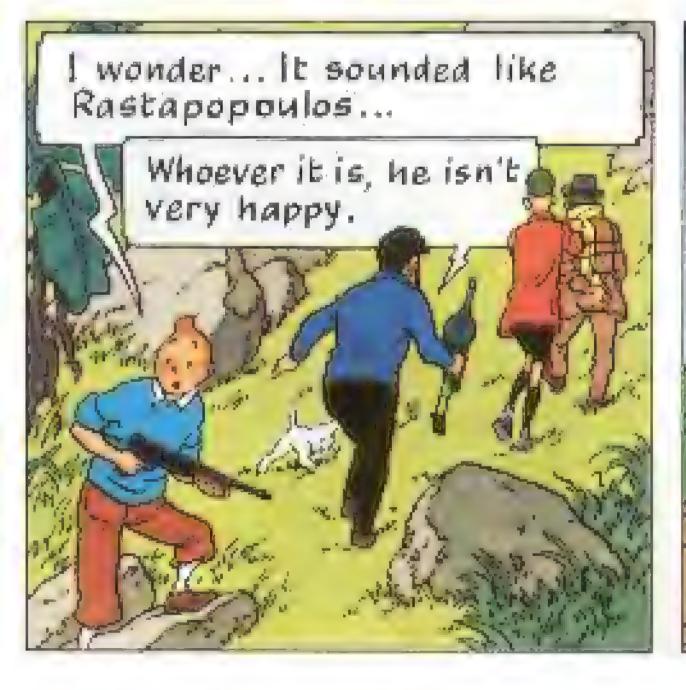


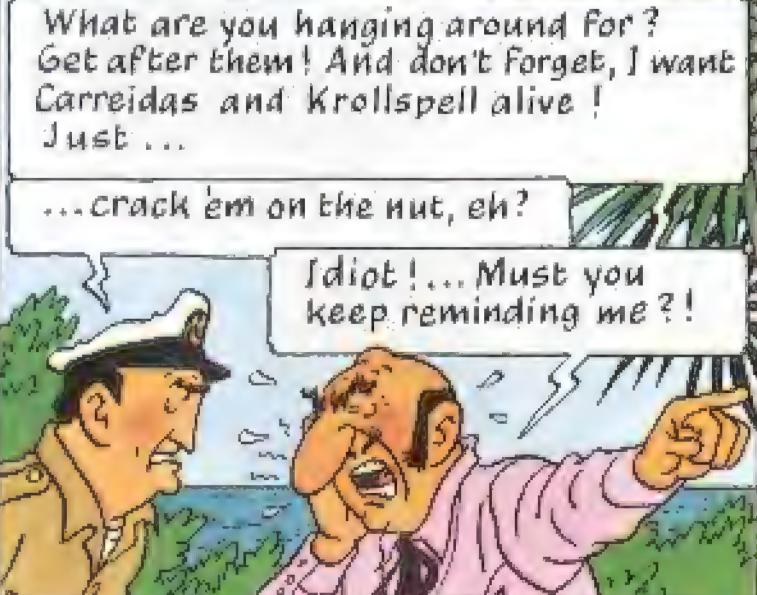


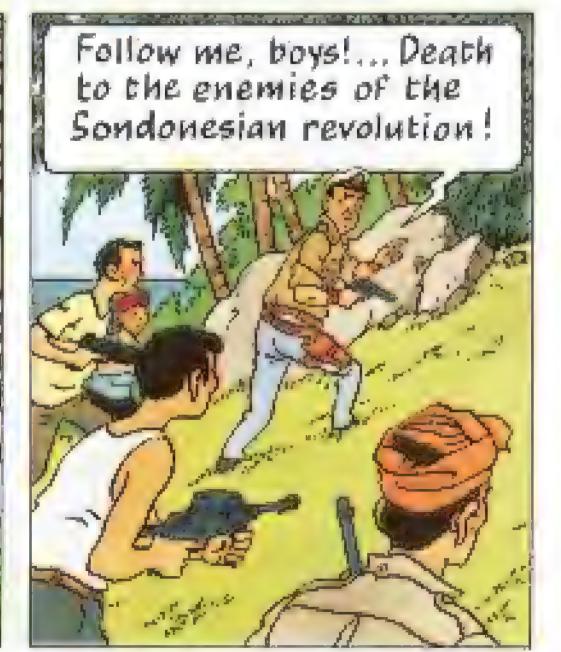


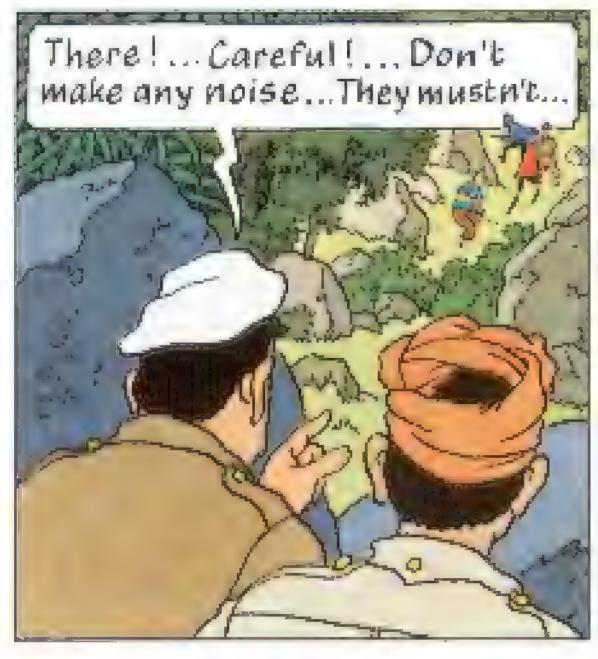






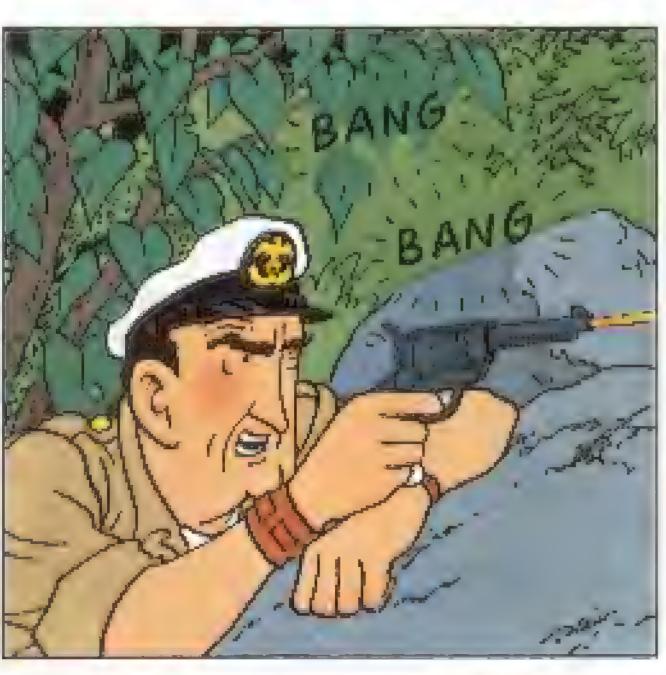








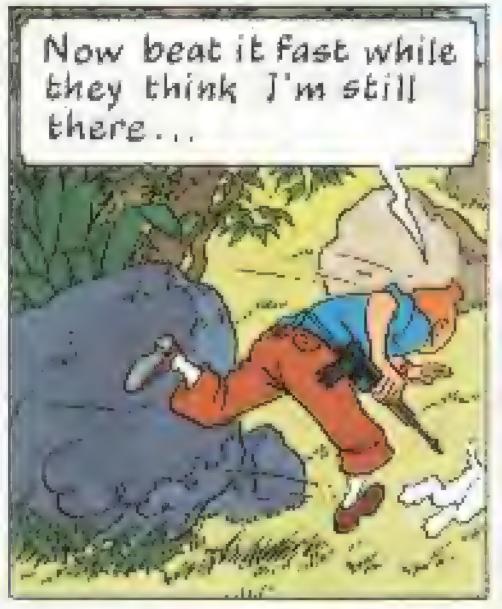


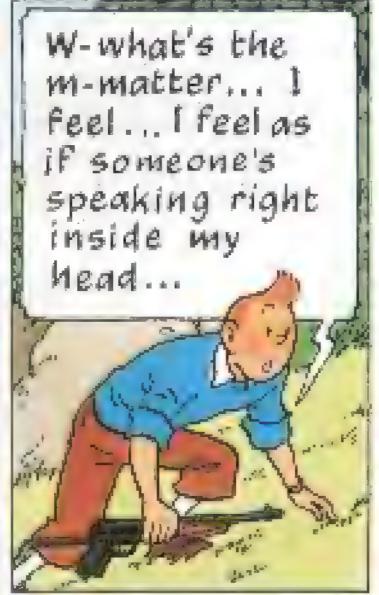






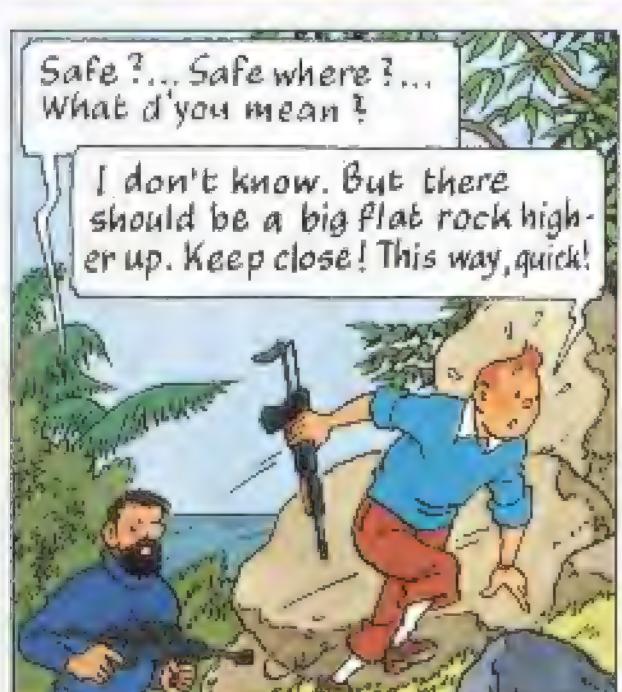


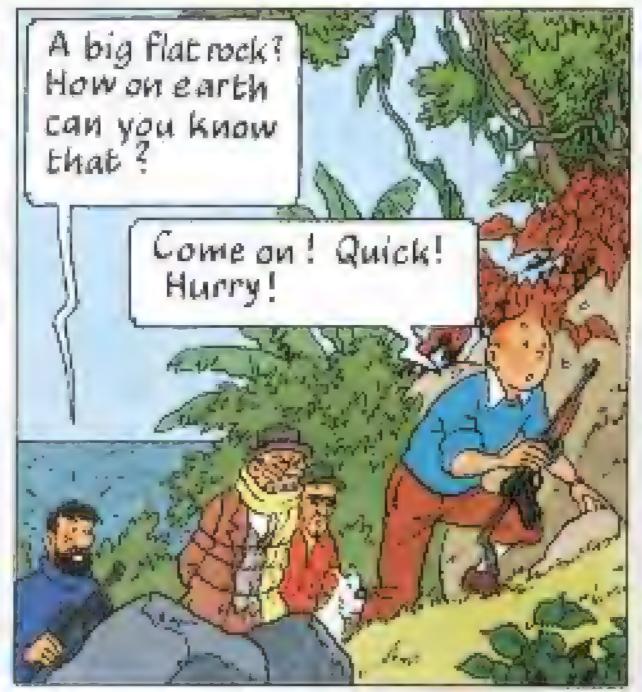


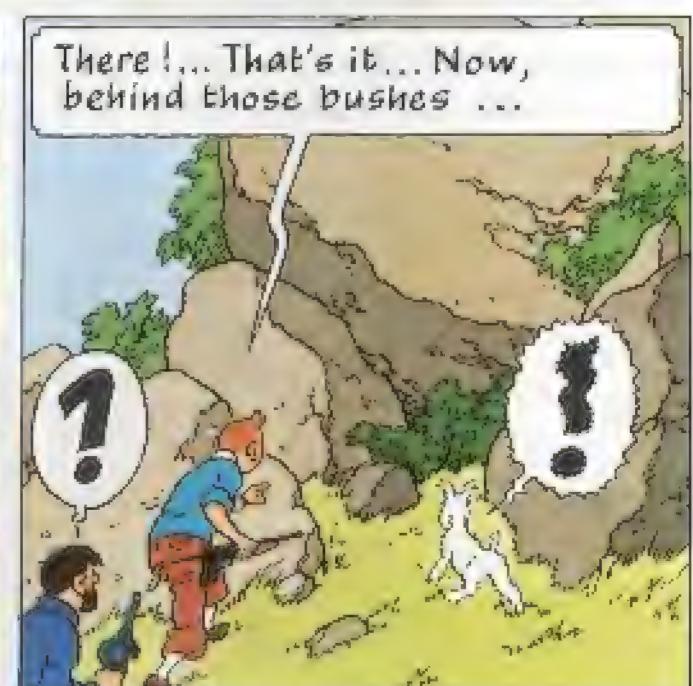








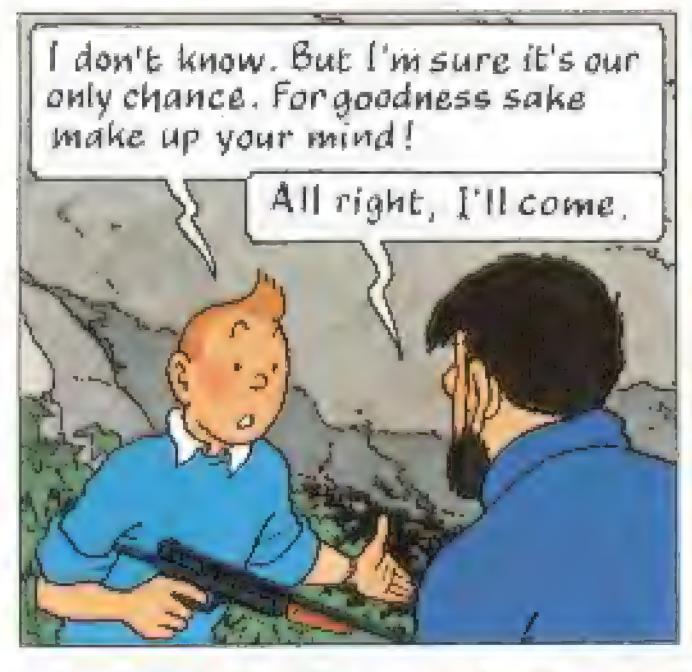










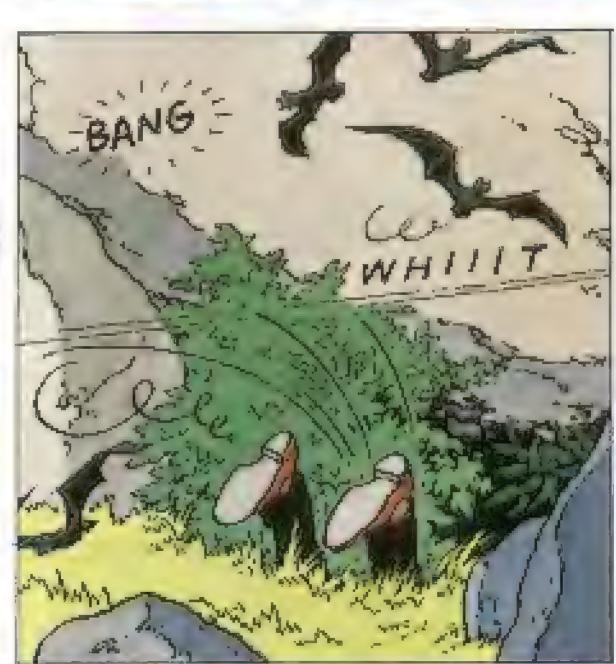


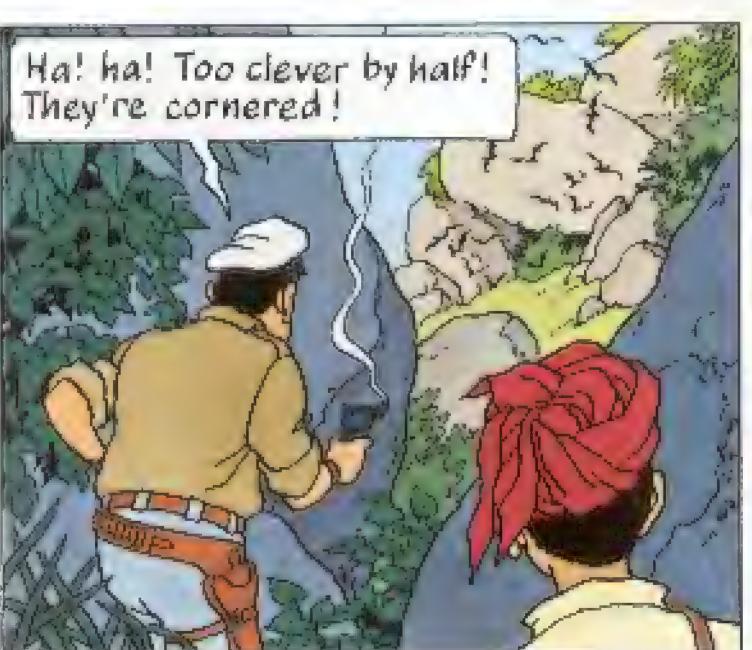


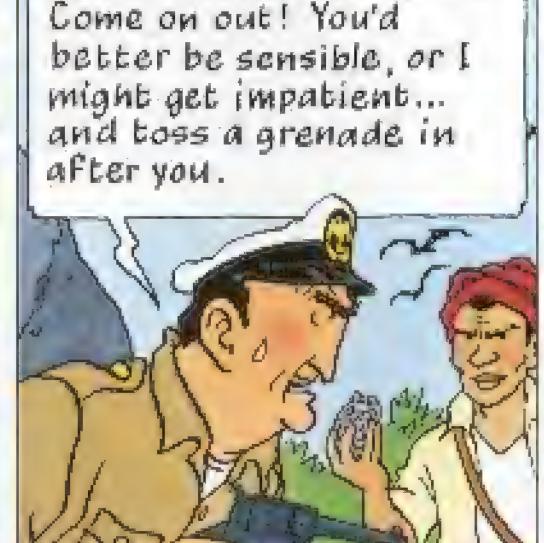












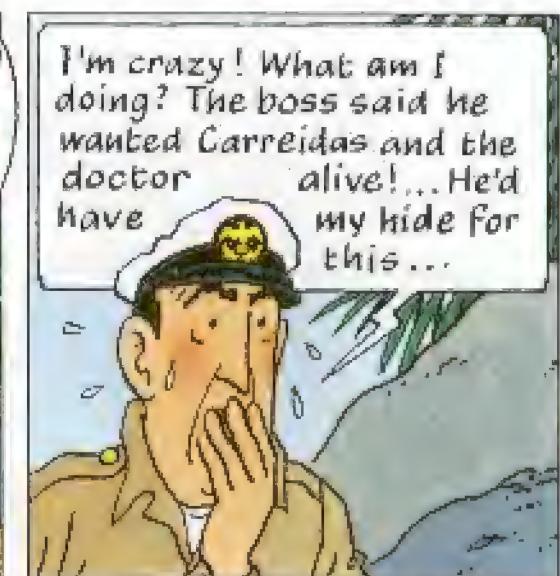
Tintin! ... This is Allan...

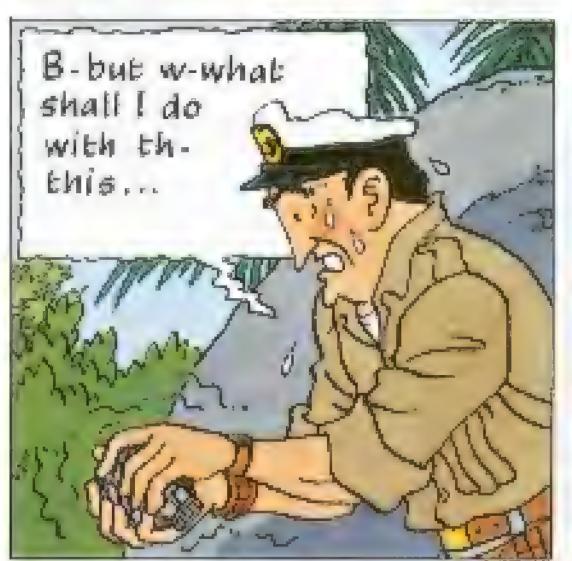


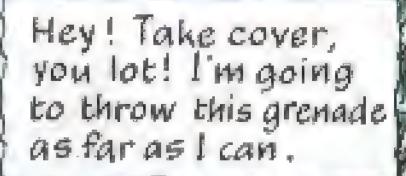




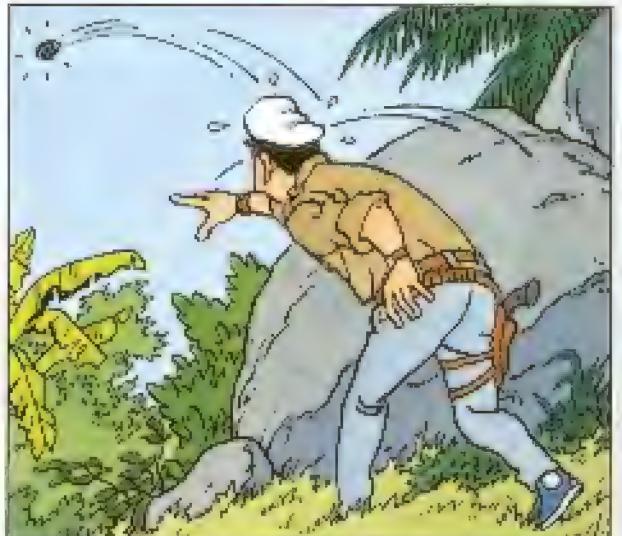




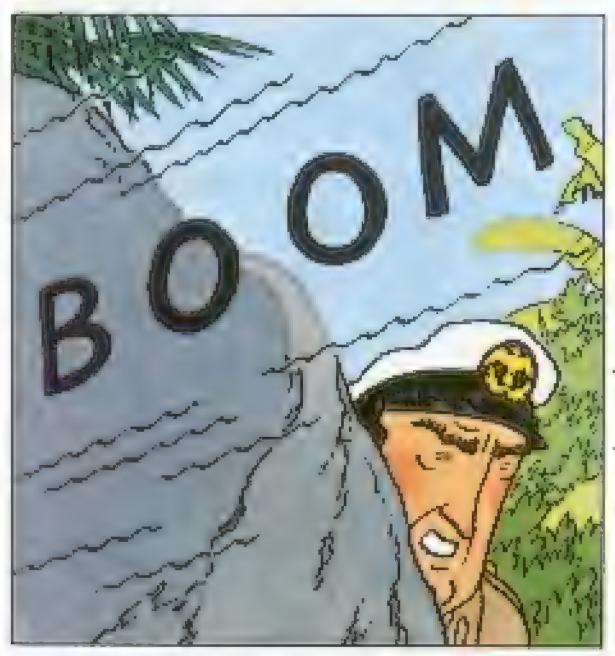


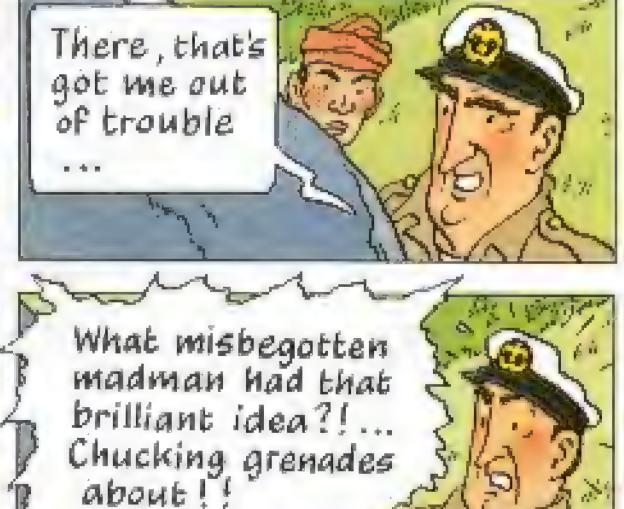


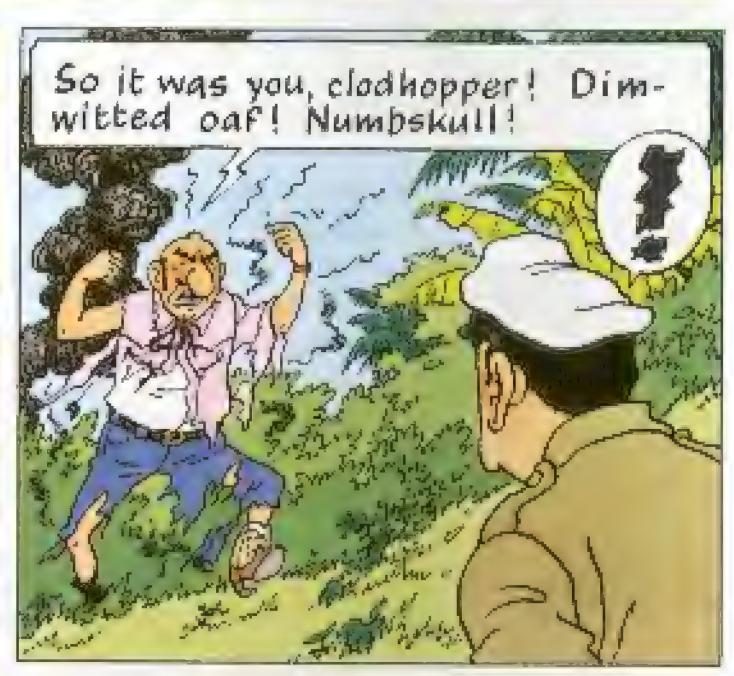












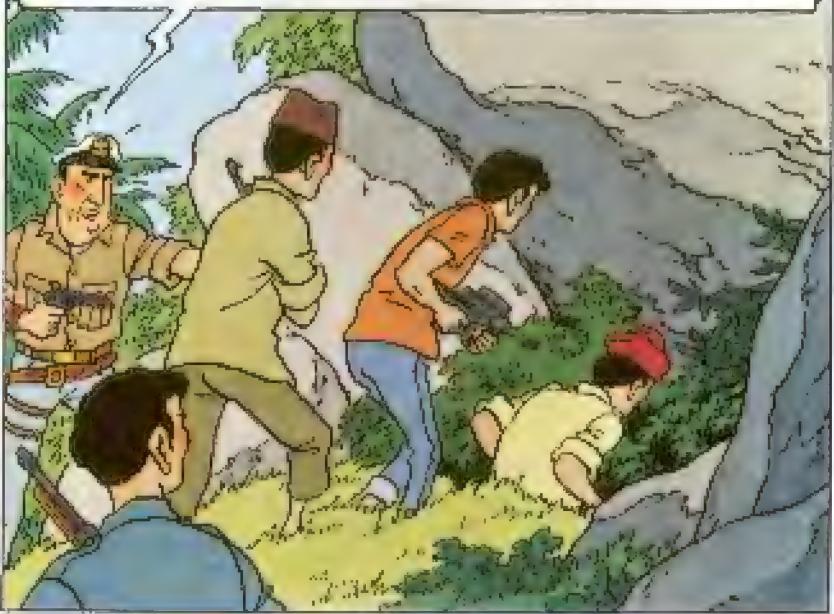




Thick-there...In the c-c-cave! In the c-c-cave! In the stopping you from getting them out of the c-c-cave; eh?... What are you waiting for!



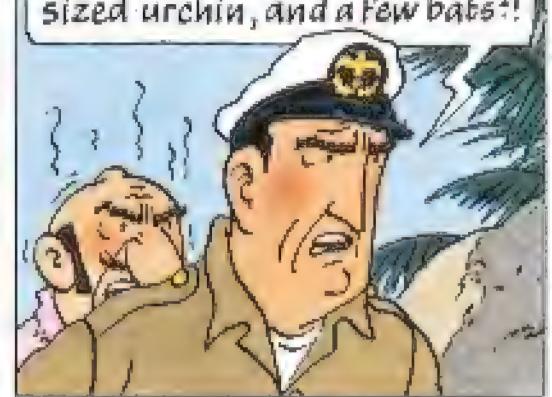
Well? Get on with it!... What's stopping you from getting them out, eh?... What are you waiting for?







Well, what is it? What's the matter? Are the brave soldiers of the revolution afraid to tackle a drunken sailor, an undersized urchin, and a few bats?!



No, no master. We no gree go down dark place. We no be allowed go down dark place, master. Look 'um that sign, master—Gods they put 'um dere...They come from sky in fire lorries. If we go in they punish us proper proper, master.



What are you babbling about?... What's this nonsense... Are you disobeying my orders? You'll pay dearly for your cowardice, you dogs!

No, boss!...We must keep calm. We need them...And remember how frightened they were last night when we saw that strange light in the sky...Let me handle this.

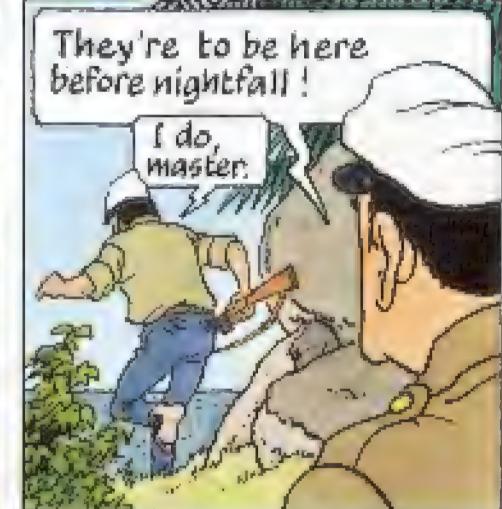


All right, now. You there, go back to the beach as fast as you can and tell the two airman we want them. At once!



Tell them to bring torches, a rope, and their guns, of course.

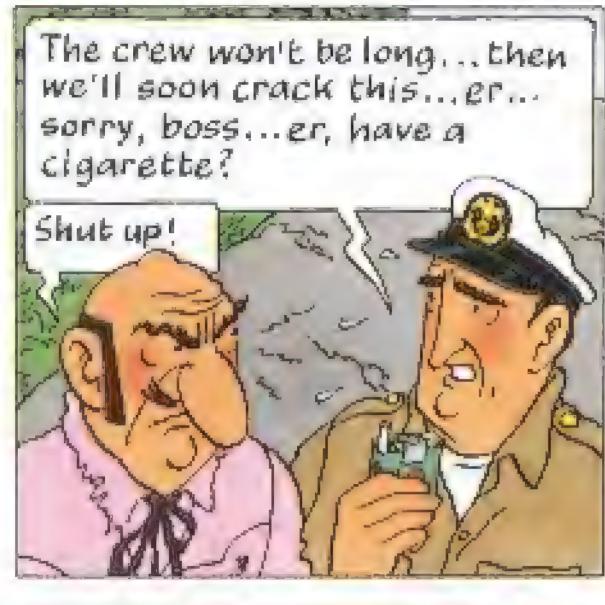


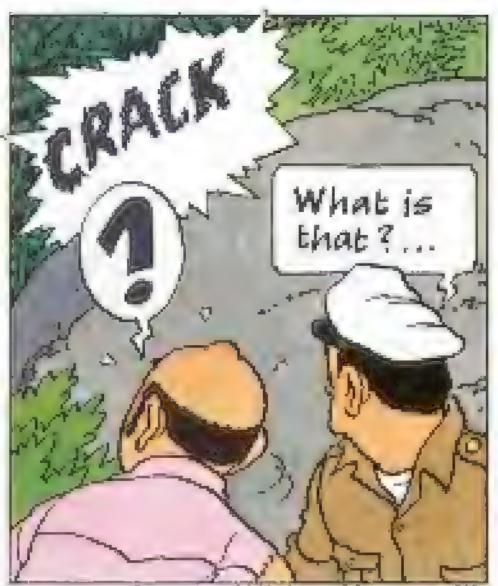


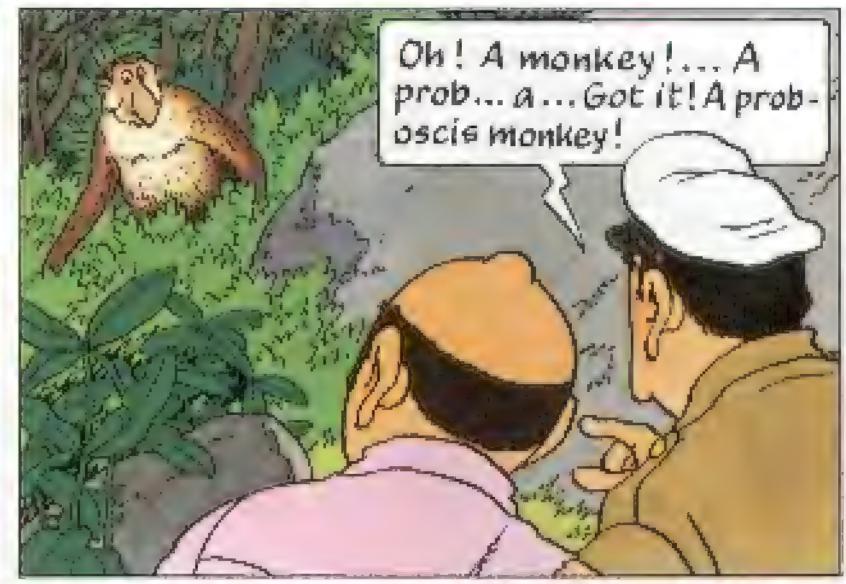
Fine!... Now, it's you I'm talking to, Captain Grog-blossom, you and wonderboy! If you don't come out of that rat-hole quietly, with your hands in the air...

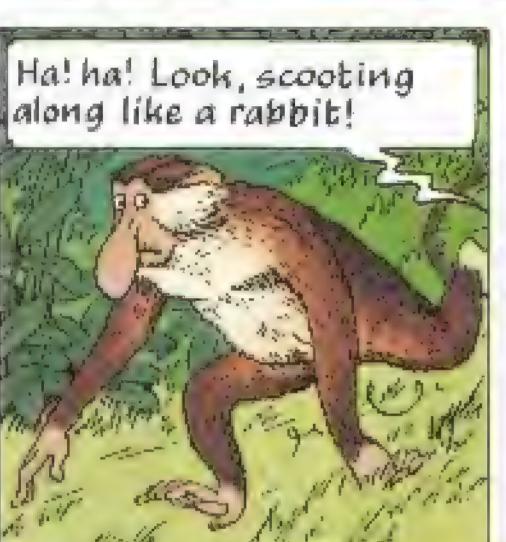


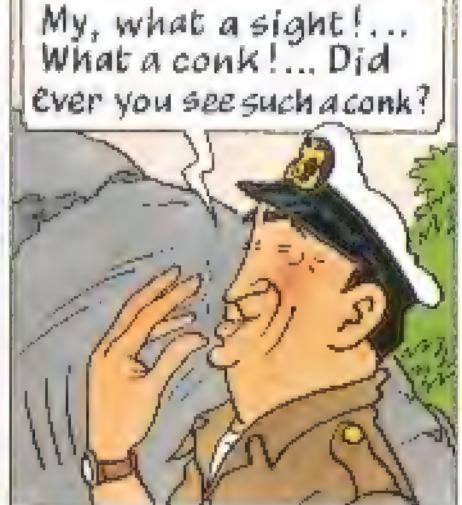




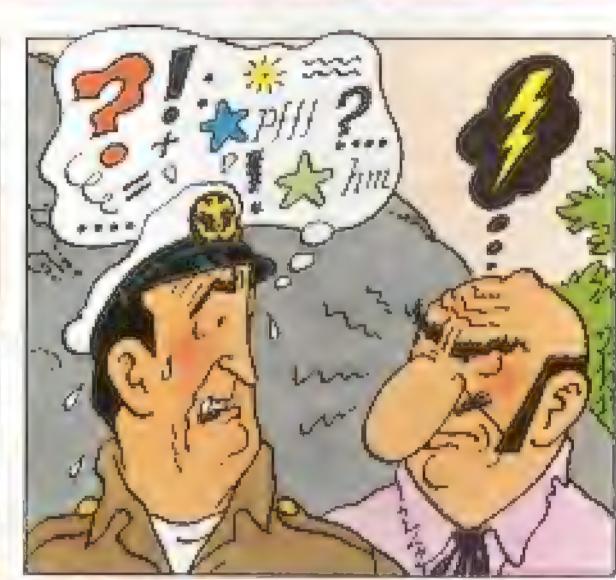




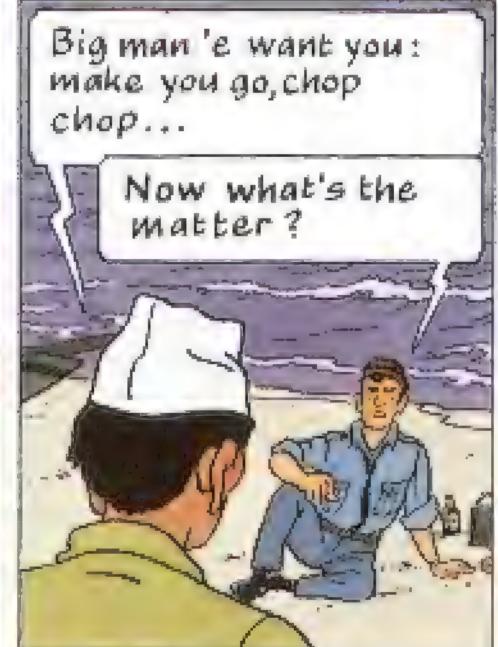


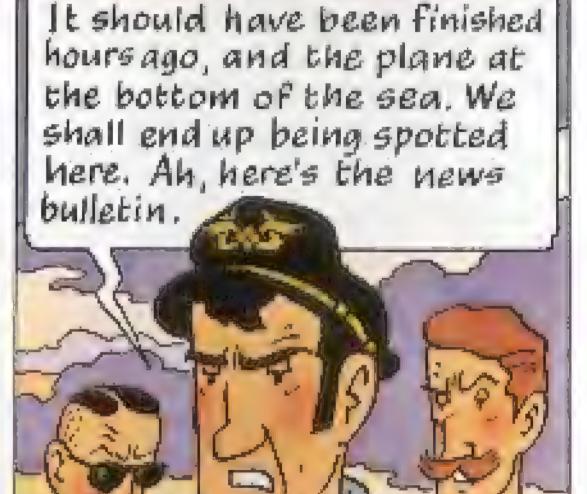


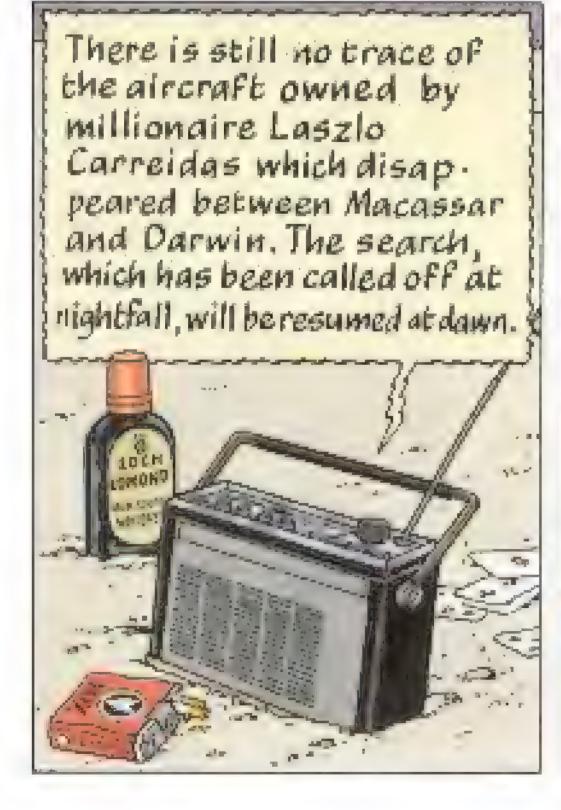
















And another thing: how is it we can see our way down here? By rights it should be black as the inside of a cow.

I know. It's queer. It reminds me of that strange light in the Temple of the Sun.



But I think we've nearly reached our destination... Yes, there's the statue I was told about...

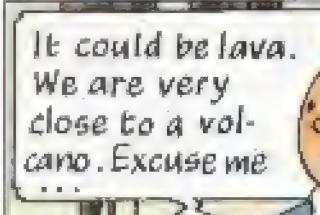


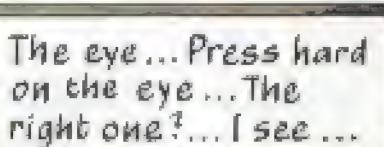
His lordship's "voices" have described the statue to his lordship, of course. Perhaps they've also been gracious enough to explain why it's so hellishly hot down here!

Like a Turkish bath!

I don't know. Perhaps there's a spring of boiling water nearby ...



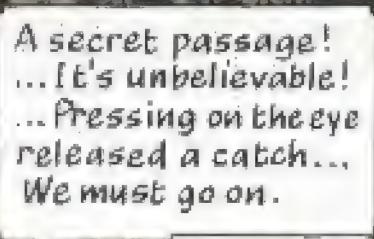






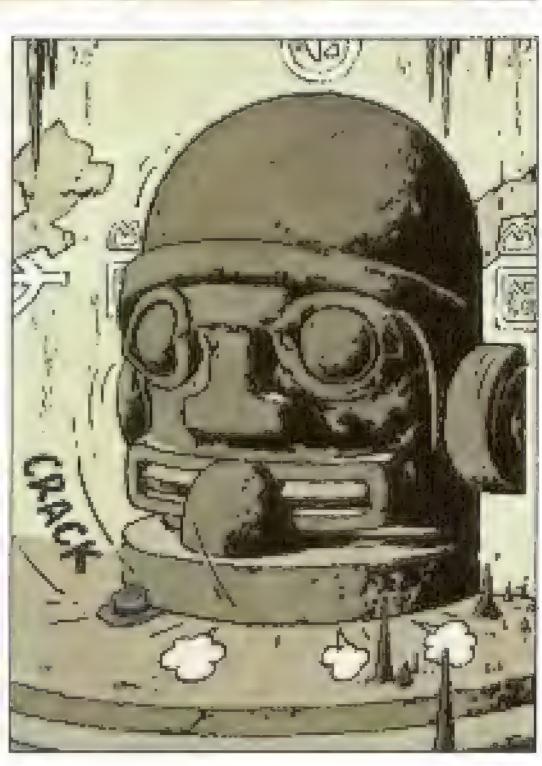










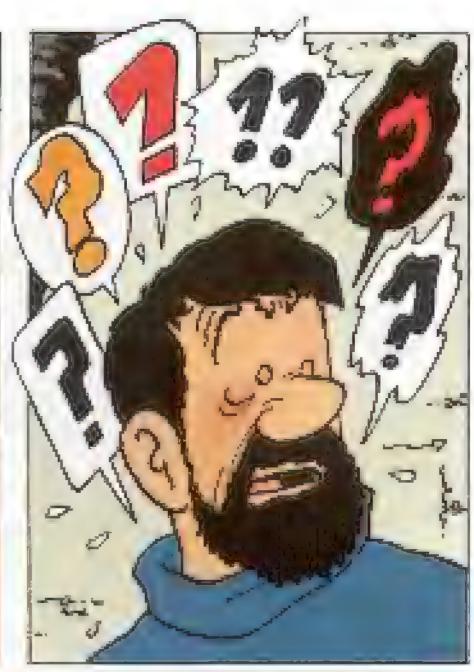


I bolted it behind us as I was told to do: I believe we're safe now, if I've really understood the instructions from what you call my "voices".



Voices here! Voices there! I suppose you think you're Joan of Arc, eh? I've had enough of this tomfoolery. Thundering typhoons, the joke's over! Tell me how you knew this place existed. Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles, tell me!





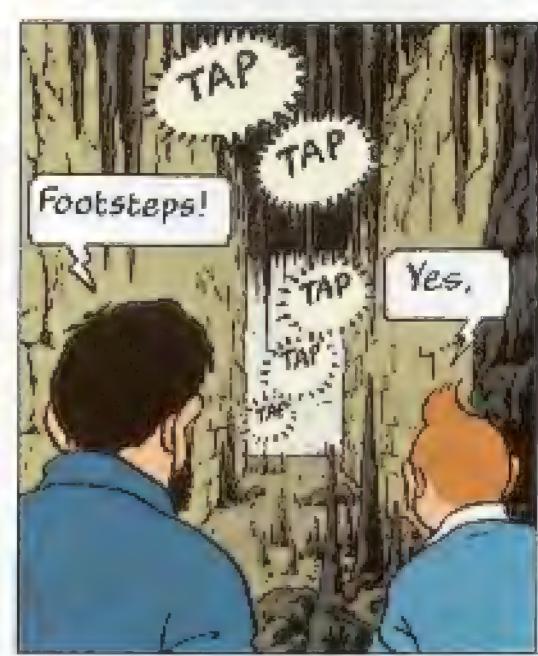
W-w-who?...Wwho's speaking? ...What did yousay? ...I'm not to make so much noise?..N-nno, sir.



imagine what... It's ... it's as though someone was talking on the telephone, ringing me up inside my head!... You can laugh, but that's what happened, just like [said...



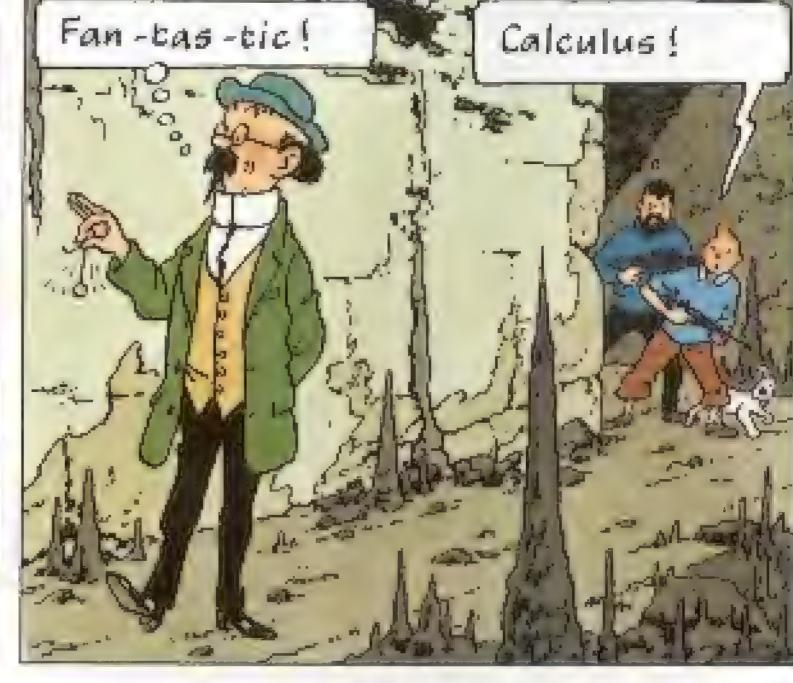






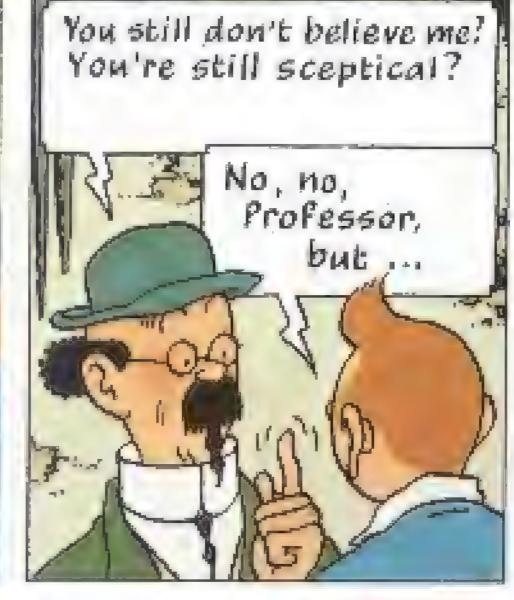
D'you understand? It was just like a loudspeaker, inside my head!...! can't believe it ... It's absolutely ...





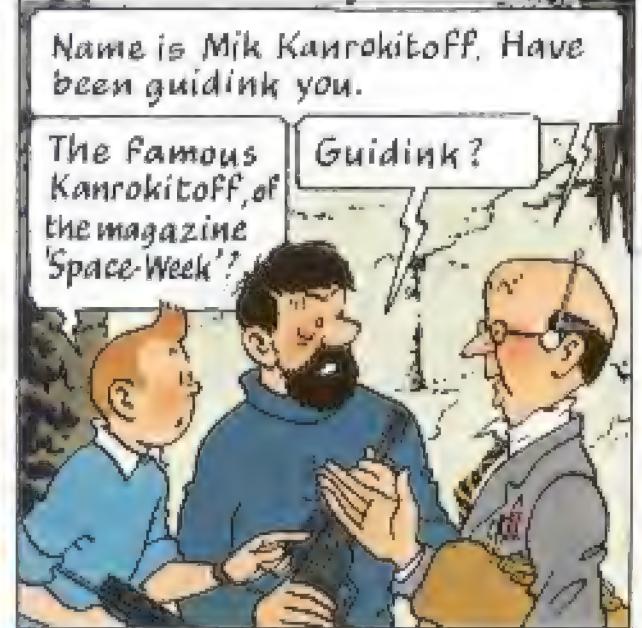
Professor!...Where have you come from?...And where are the others?

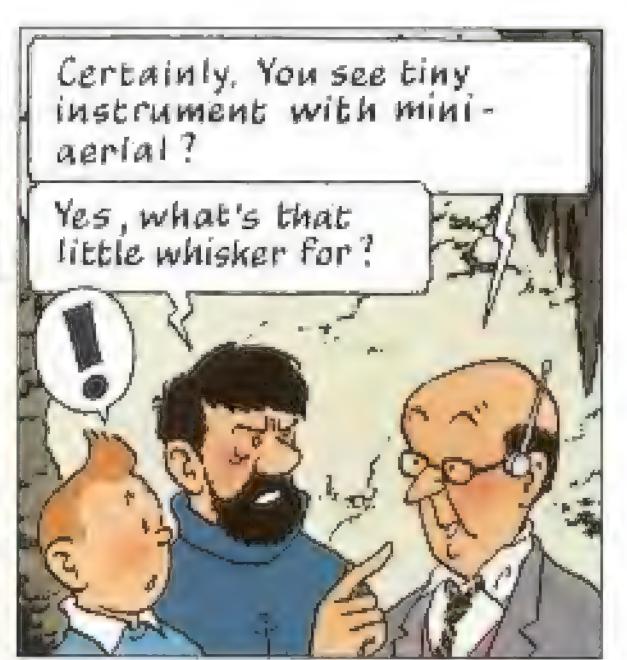
You see! I was quite right, wasn't 1?







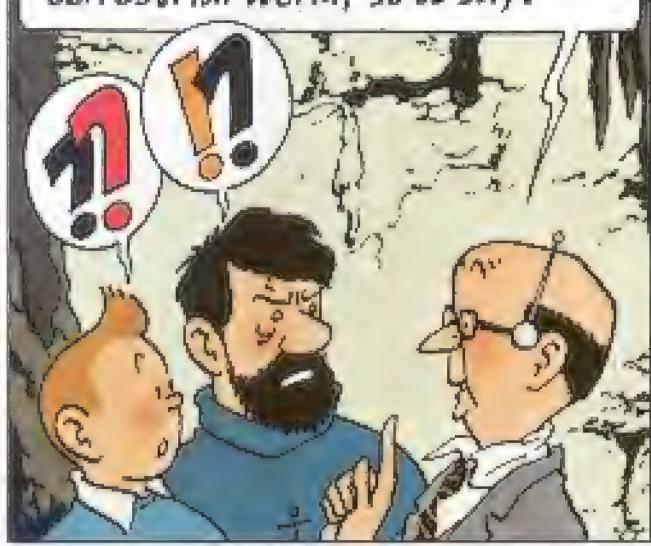




Thought transmitter... Telepathy is phenomenon attraction very little study in world of science... human world of science, zat is. In other world of science, thought transmission has been common for many years.



What other world?... Extraterrestrial world, so to say.



You aren't trying to make us believe that you... Niet!... Ordinary human beink like you.

I am initiate, so to say ... Zat is, like number of other men, actink as link between earth and ... another planet. My job to keep ... er... extraterrestrials informed on all aspects of human activity ... Understandink? ... Meetink with zem on zis island, twice a year ...

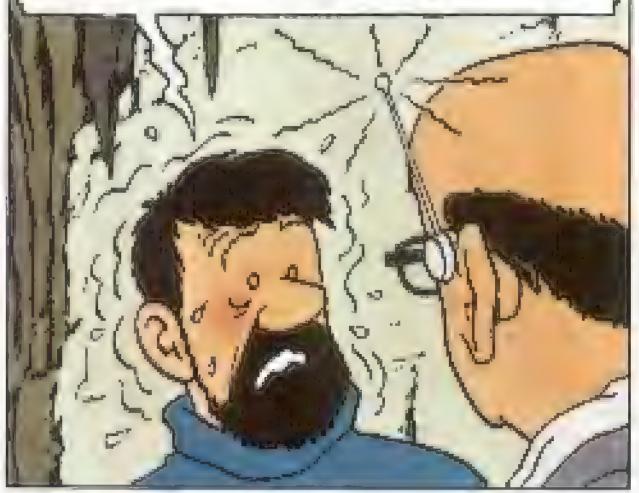
...in zis ancient temple forgotten by men, but not by ...er... others, who have been comink here for thousands of years ... You saw statue? Astronaut, yes?



I've had enough of you and your cock-and-bull story! I don't believe a word of it. You can't fool me with your astronomical asininities!



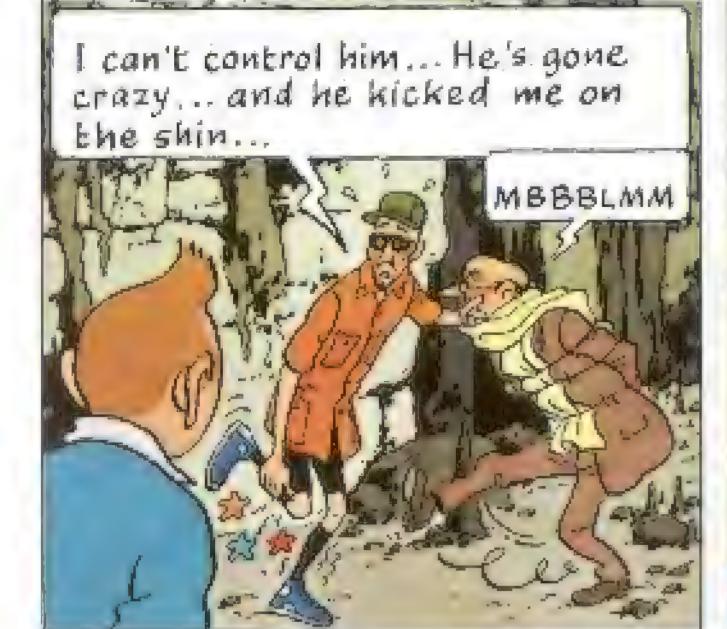
1...Yes, sir... No, sir... I won't speak again ... I beg your pardon? ... No, I won't interrupt...

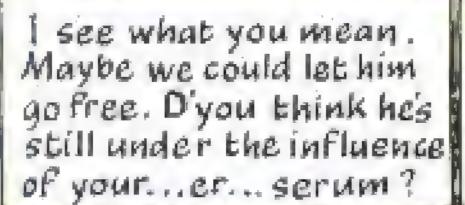


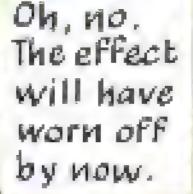
Nu, to continue. Astroship bringink me here last night. Zis mornink observed great activity on
zis island, which is usually
deserted. Am watchink extraordinary preparations, zen
aeroplane is landink. Have
realised zat operation is trap...















You'll pay for this. Never have I been so insulted!... And I want my hat!... Immediately!... Where is my hat?... Give me my hat! I demand my hat!



Someone go and look for my hat! ... Now, at once! ... It's a prewar Bross and Clackwell, I'd have you know! ... It's irreplaceable! ... My hat, I tell you!



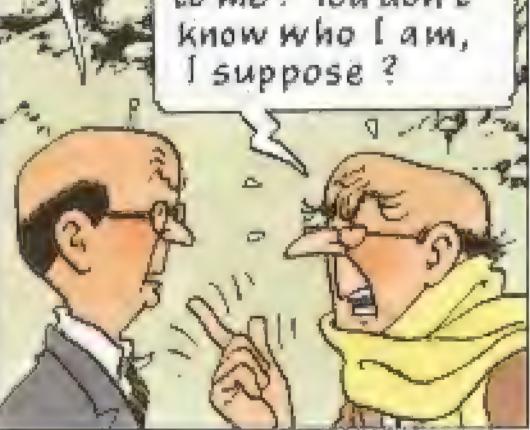
... to save him from himself we simply had to tie him up, and use a gag.

Is annoyink me ... shall deal. ?



Look straight at me!

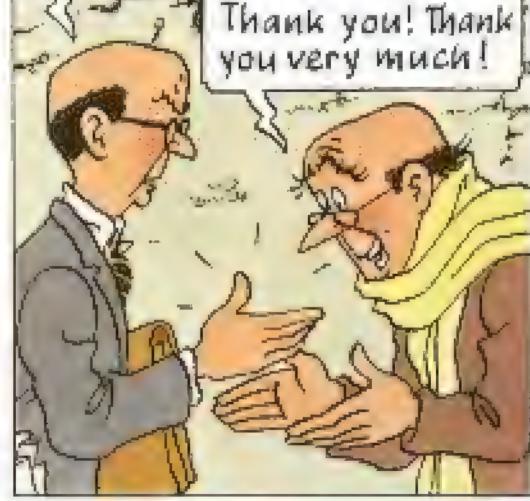
What?...You dare to use that voice to me? You don't know who lam. suppose?







Zere is your hat. Put on and be quiet.



My beautiful Bross and Clackwell!...It's all dirty...Ah, it's only a coating of dust.



'm so pleased to have it back. I always catch cold when my head's uncovered.

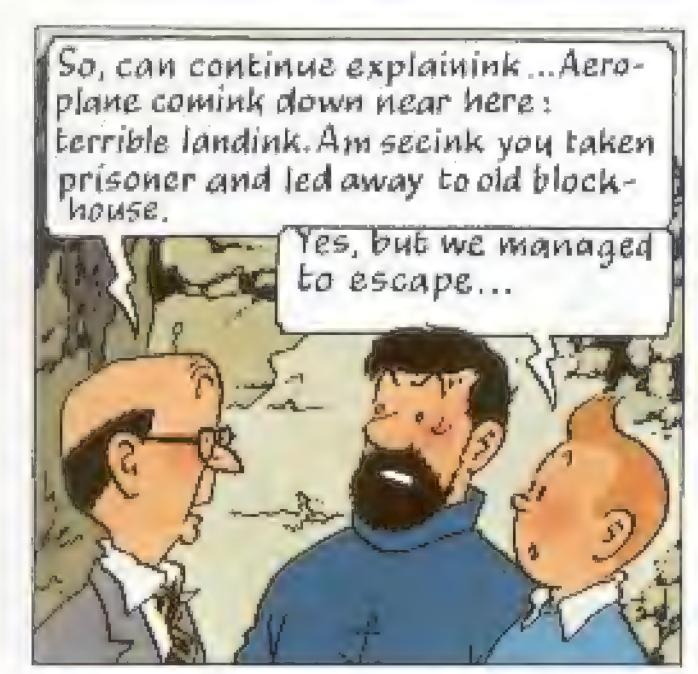


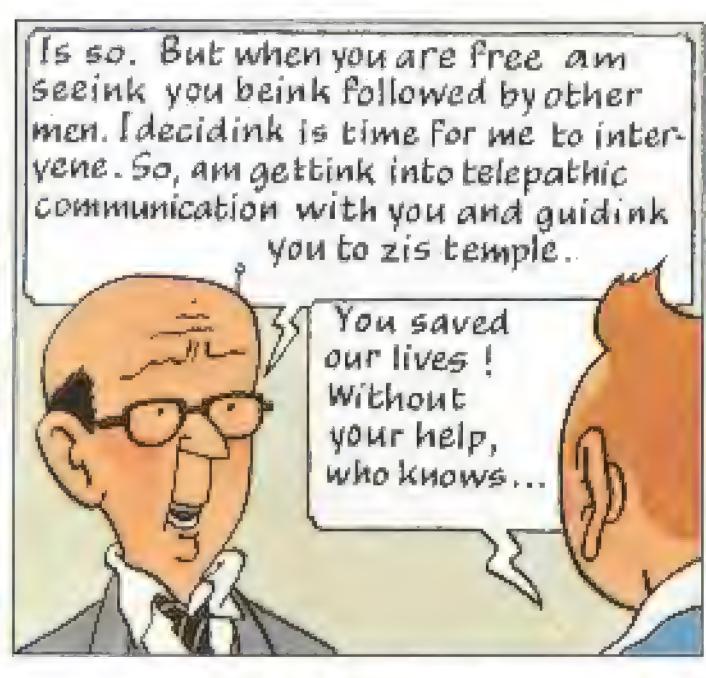
Is quite simple. Is hypnotised. Now believes is wearink his hat.

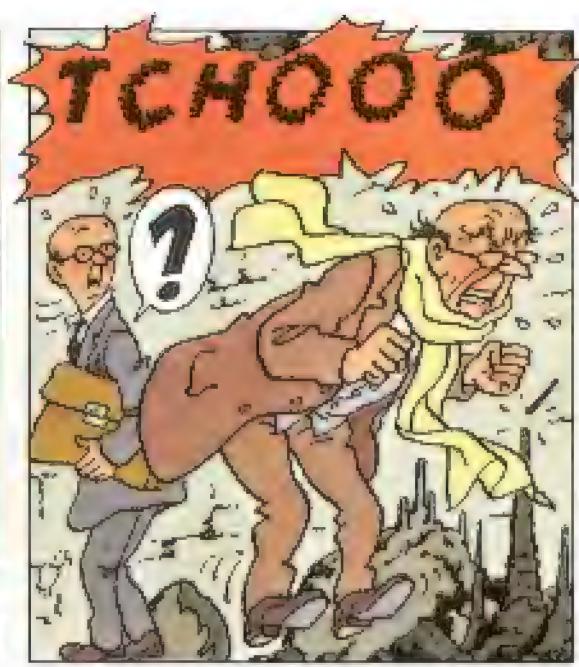


haven't got it back to front? ... No, quite



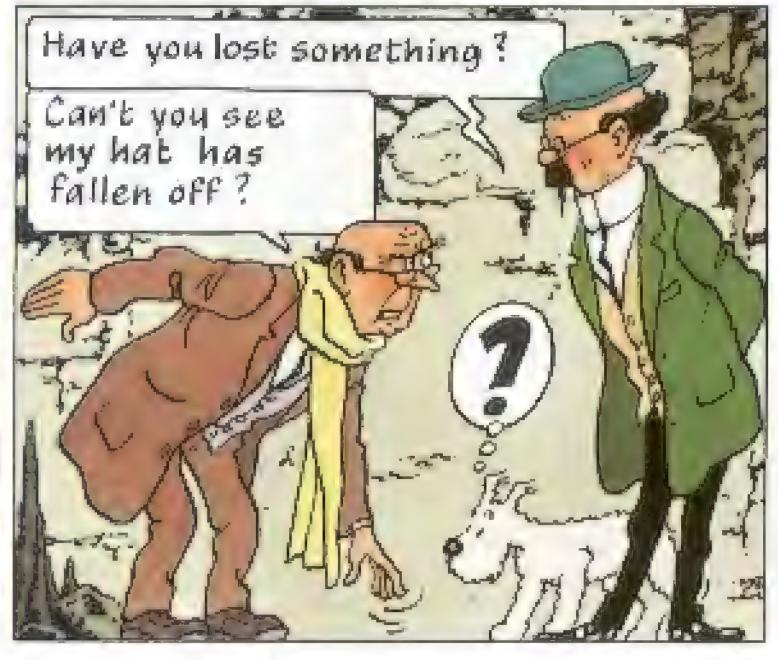


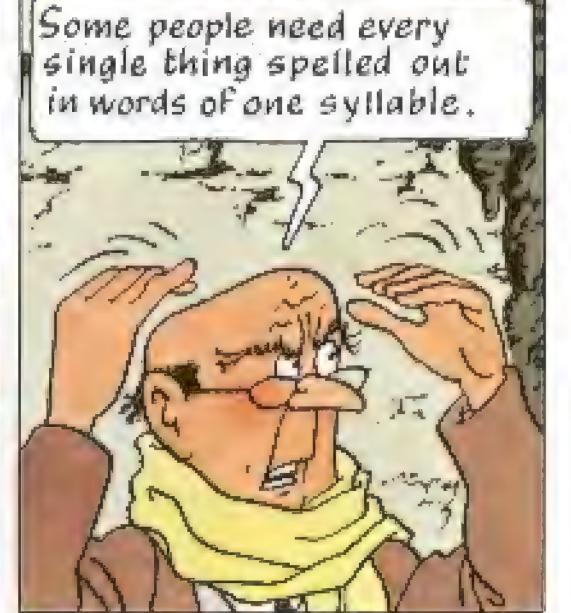








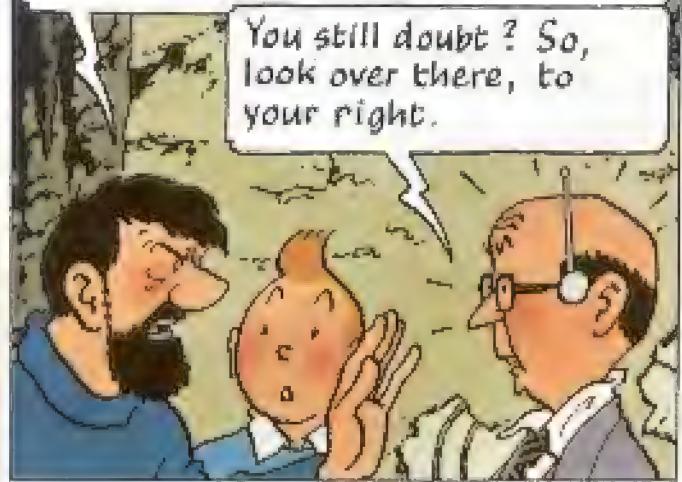




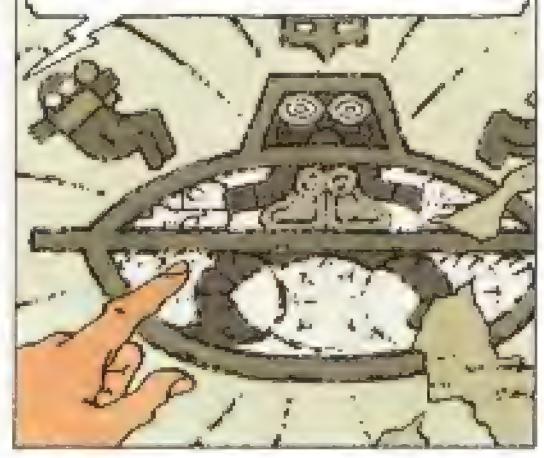
Now extra-terrestrials must be decidink what to do with you. Am expectink astroship very soon...You in your world say flyink-saucer.



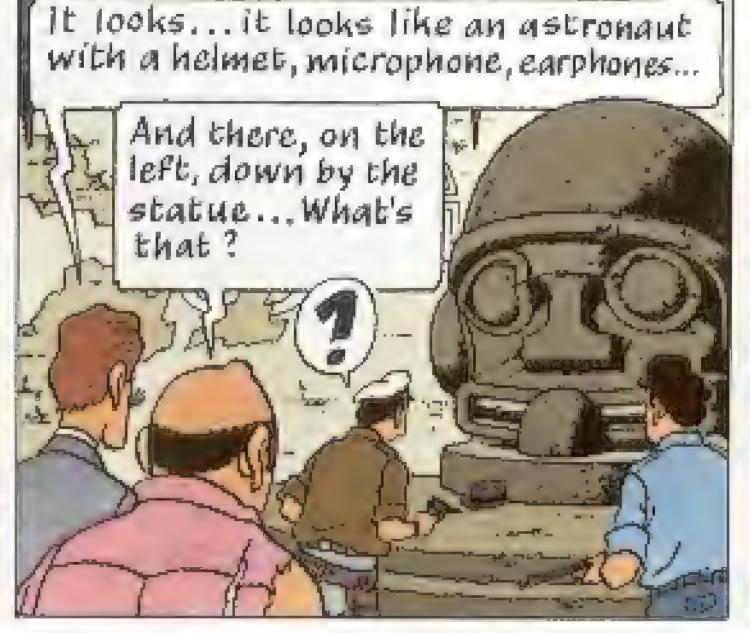
So now we've come to flying-saucers!
You're going too far: we aren't
as gullible as that!

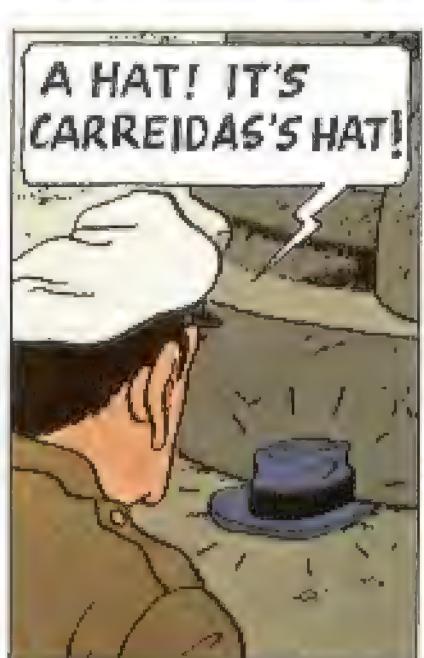


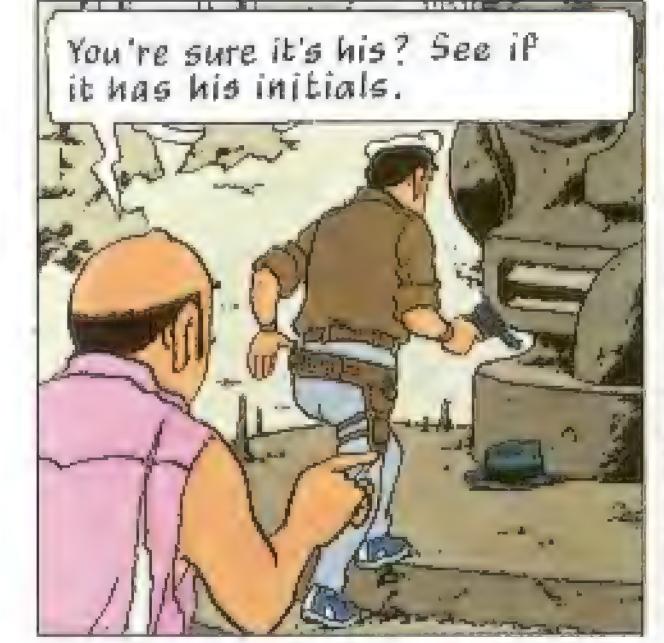
See there, on wall. Is certainly machine used by people from ... er... other planet.

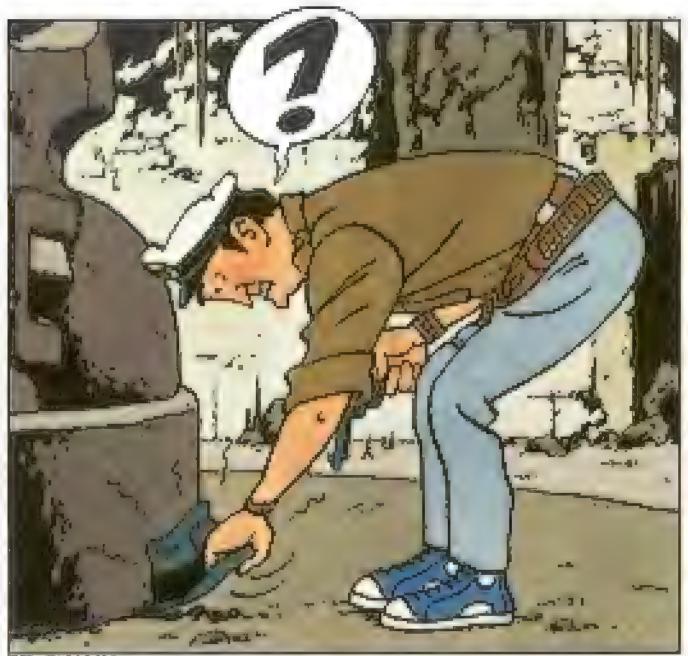


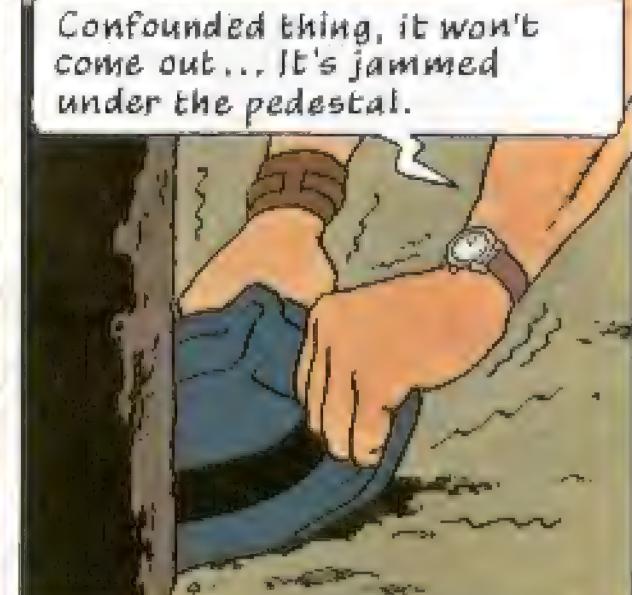
Thousands of years ago, men were buildink zis temple to worship gods who are
comink from sky in fire-chariots. In
fact, fire-chariots are astroships, like
zat one. And gods... but you have seen
statue: what are you thinkink
statue is resemblink?

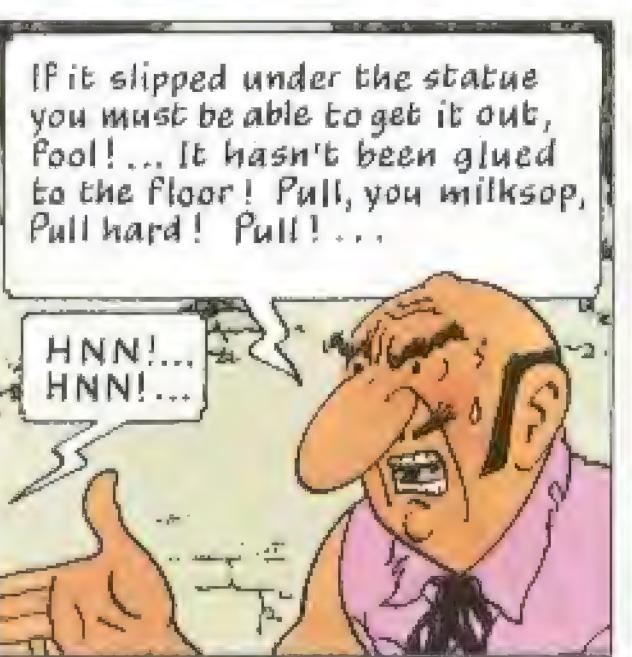




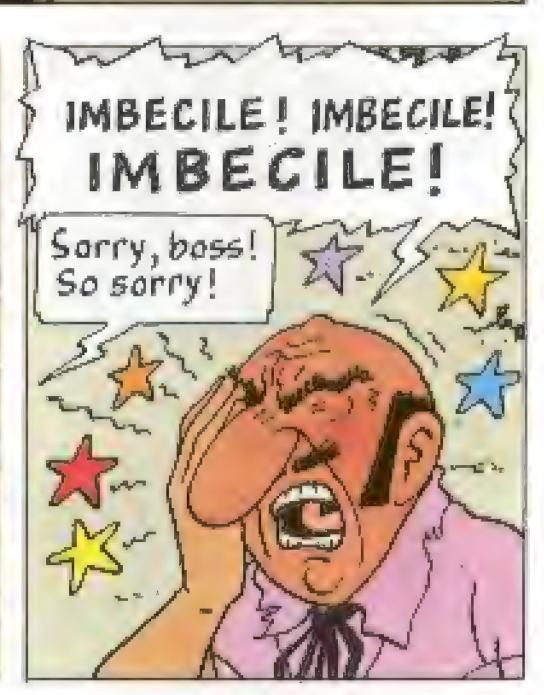


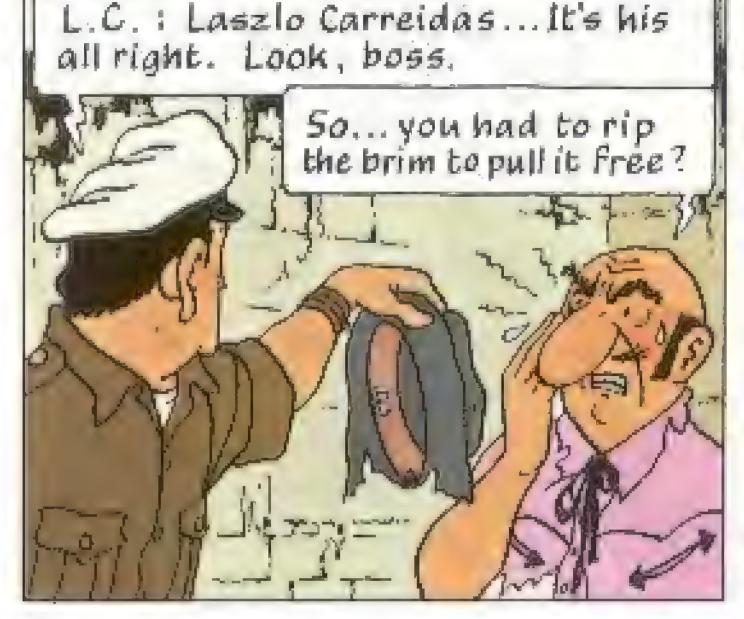






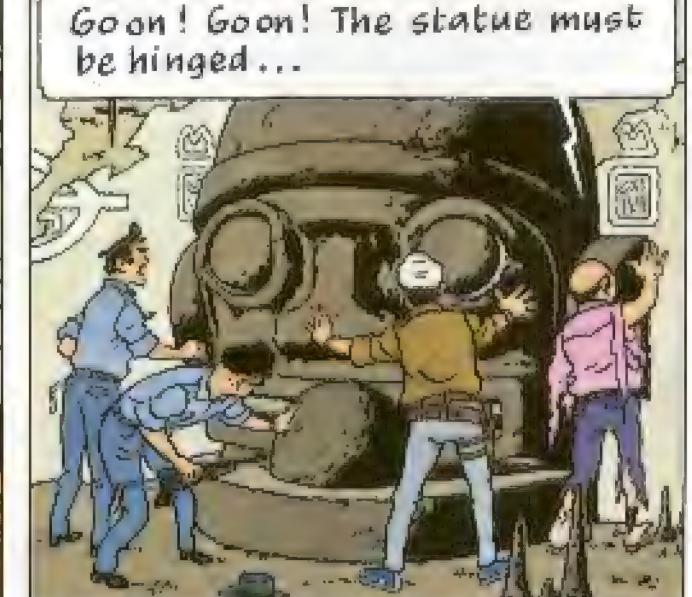






That means the statue was standing on it...In which case ... Of course, it's obvious: there must be a secret passage... So start looking! All of you!





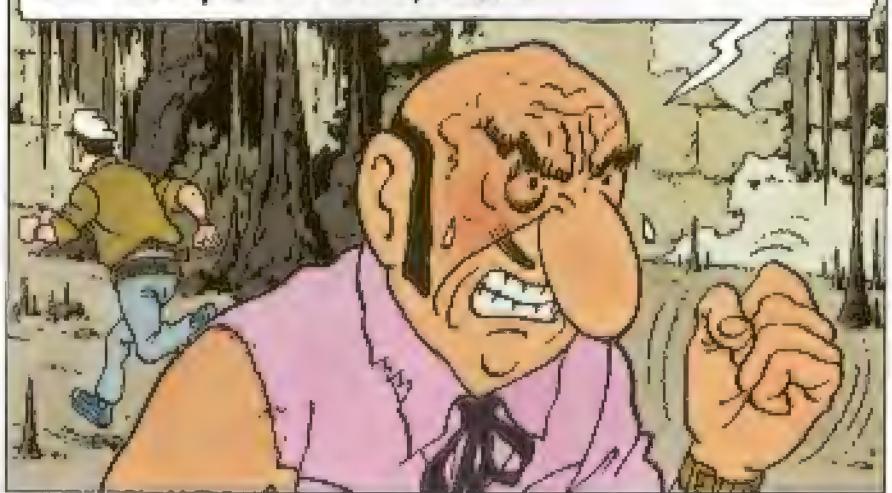
It won't shift, boss...If only we had some dynamite.

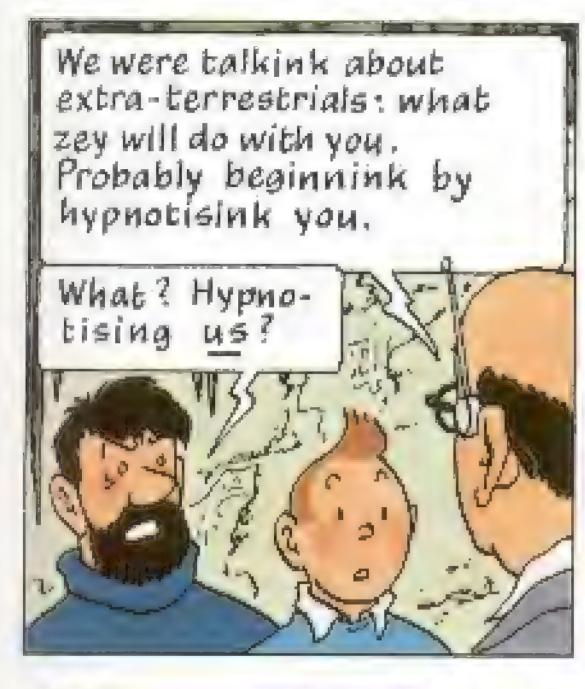
Dynamite?...We can do better than that!

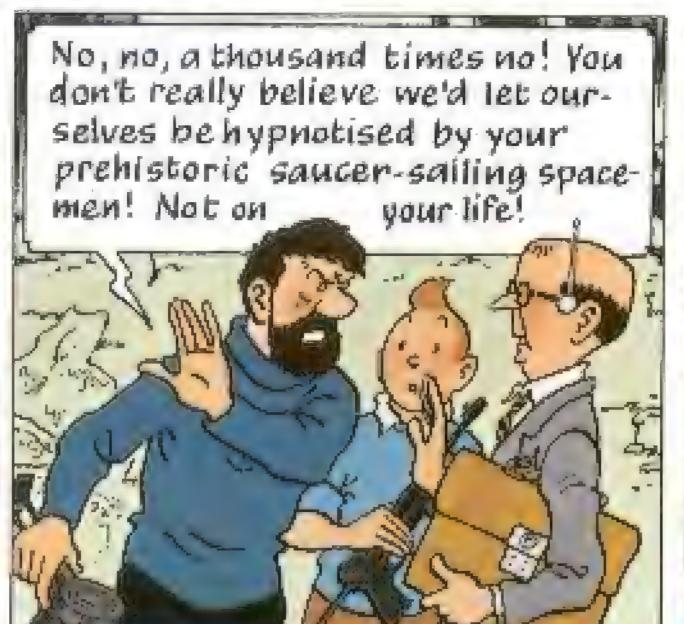
Quick, go back to our junk and bring all the plastic explosive intended for those silly Sondon-esians! Hurry!



Aha, my clever friends, you don't know Rastapopoulos...!'Il get you, if I have to demolish this temple stone by stone!







Is all right, is all right, you are comink to no harm. You will be hypnotised and are forgettink all zat you have seen and heard here, rememberink only flight as far as Sumbawa in Carreidas aircraft.



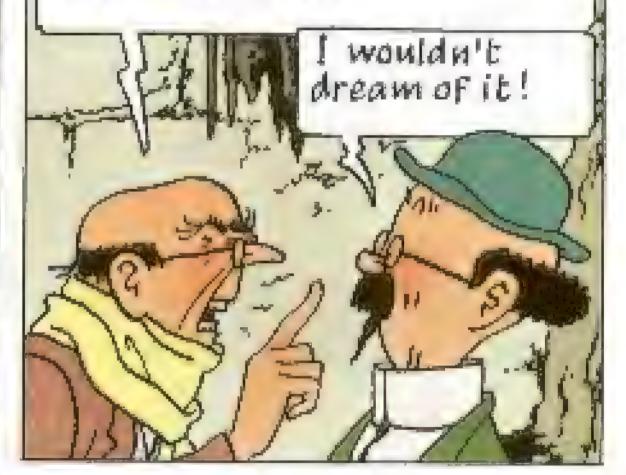
About Flight? How I knowink?...Nothink telepathic in zat. Your comrades Skut and Gino are tellink me...



Oh yes, am summonink zem, too...zey entered temple by another secret open-ink at same time as professor. Guards zat you tied up, I hypnotise zem too and set zem free. Zey are runnink back and spreadink panic amonk zeir comrades.

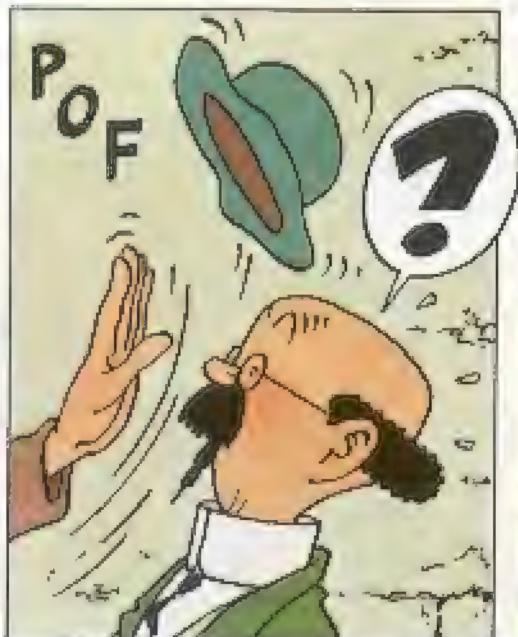


Young man, mind your manners! I took off my hat to you... You could at least raise yours in return!



I wouldn't dream of contradicting you, not for one moment, but I myself consider that the temperature here is a little too high.

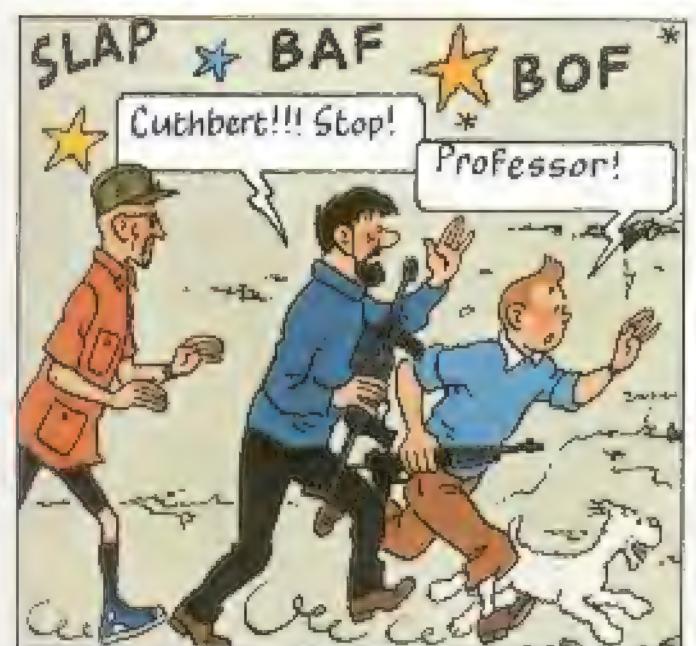


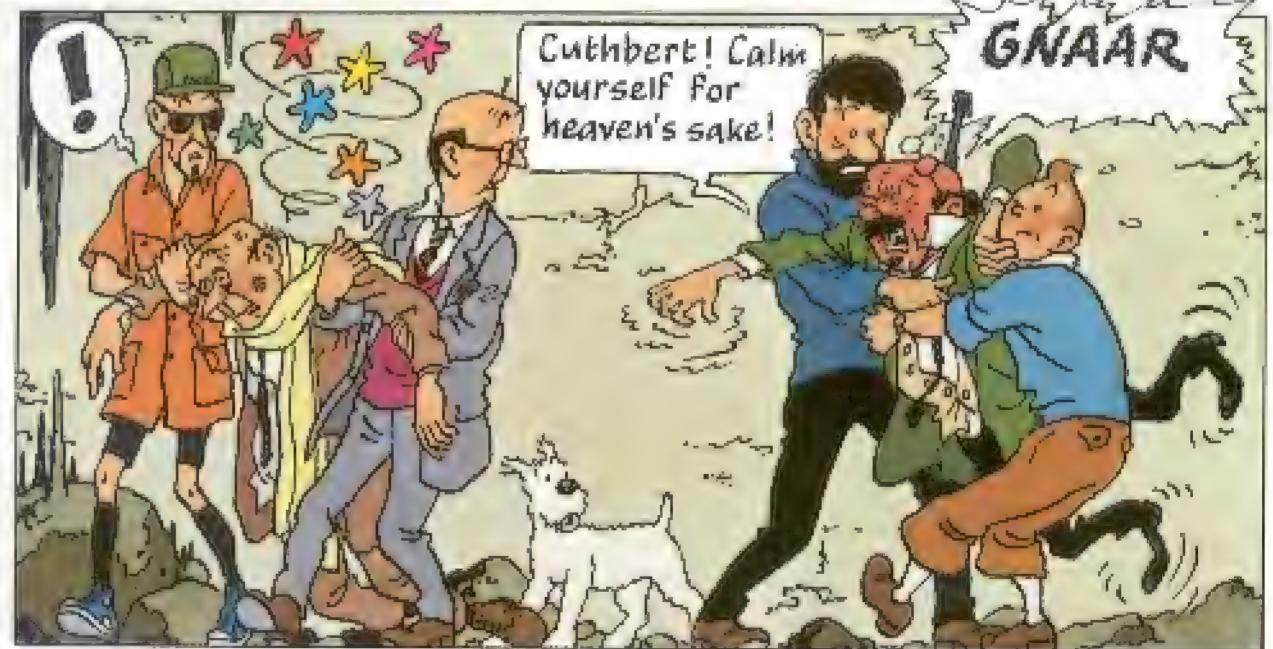


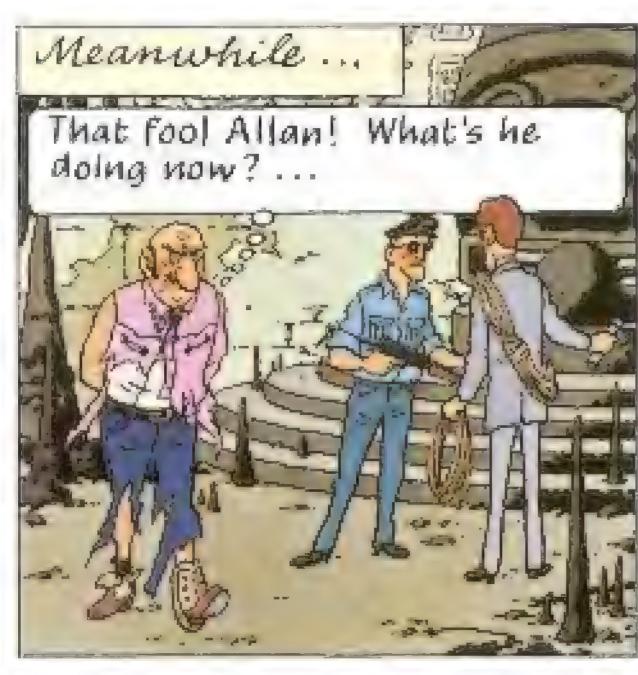


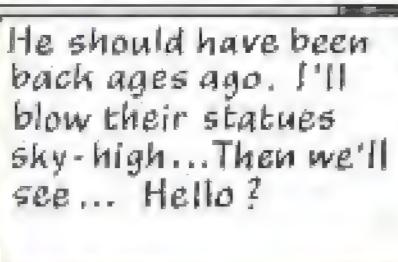




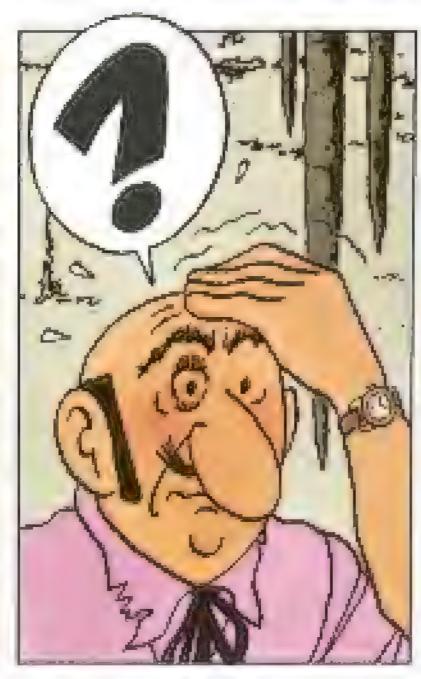






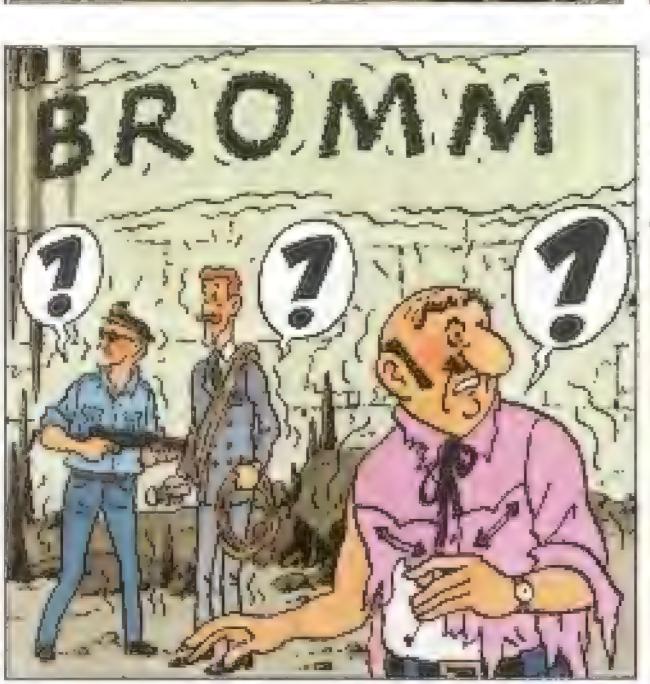




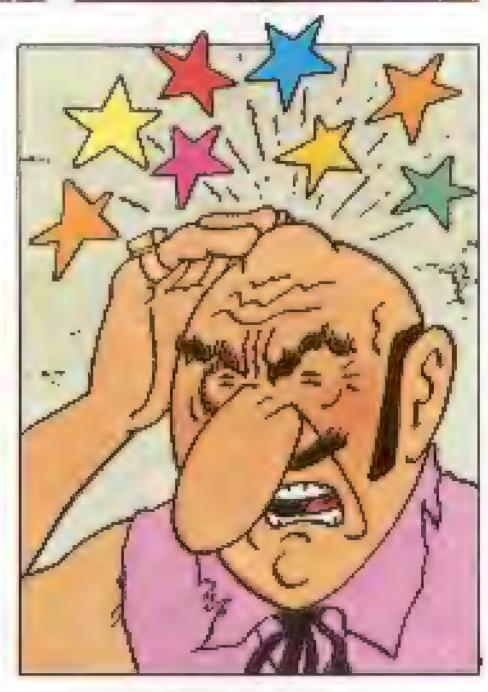


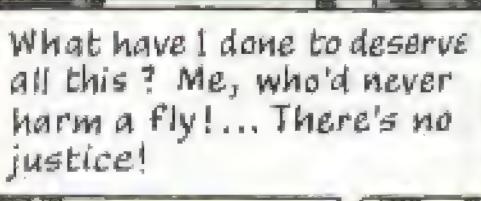
The bump on my head...it's gone!...
That's a good omen: it means my luck's changing!









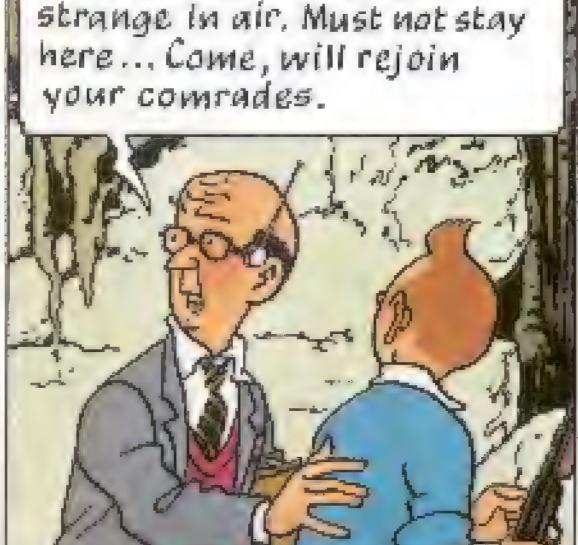










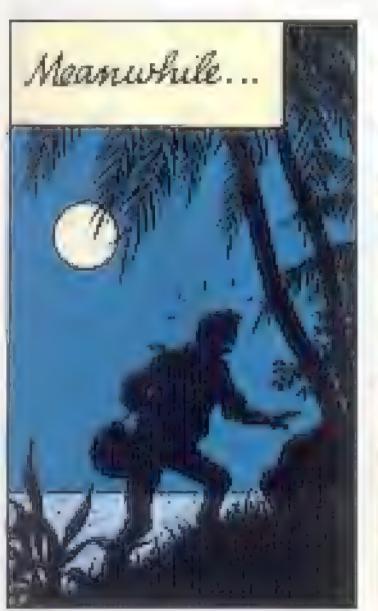


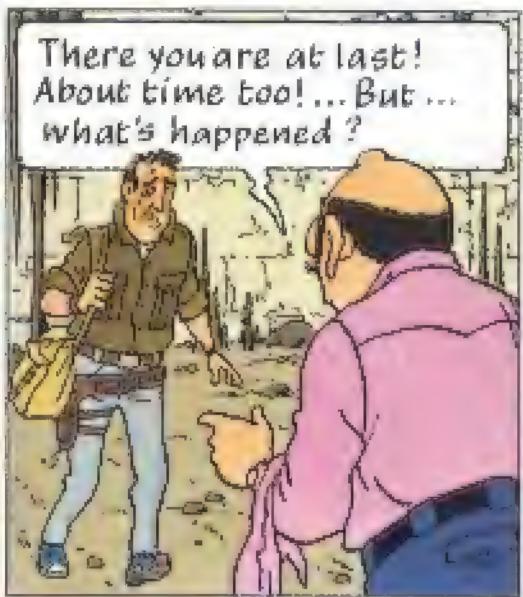
Yes, am sensink somethink

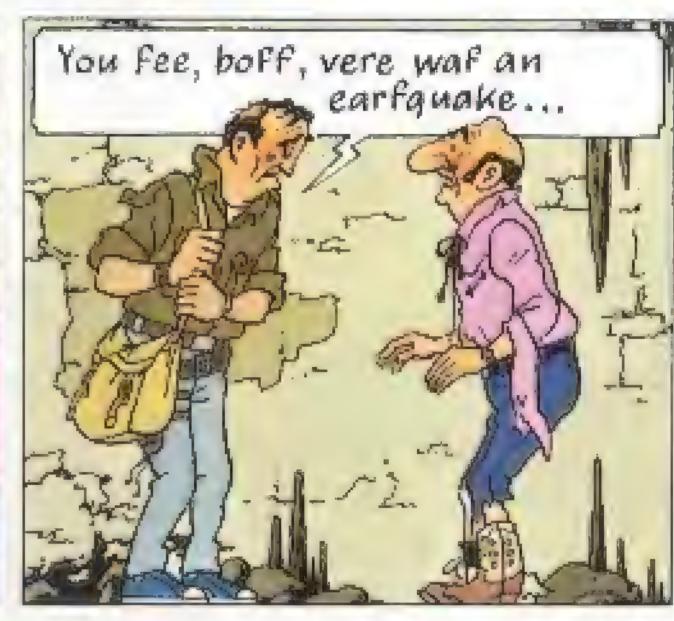


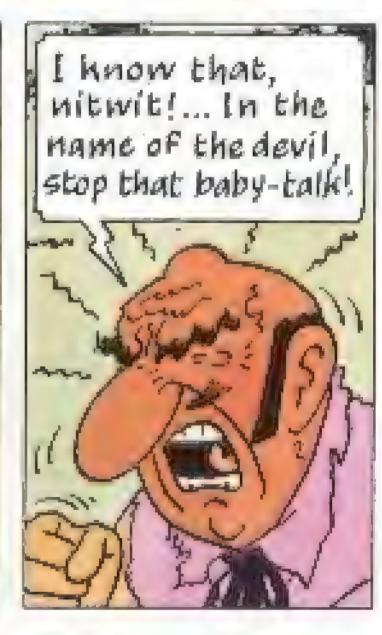


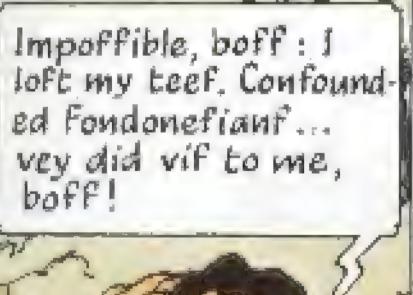


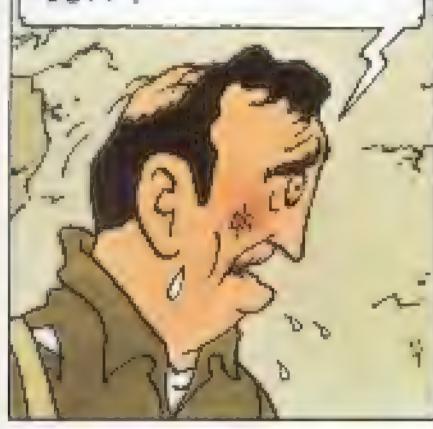










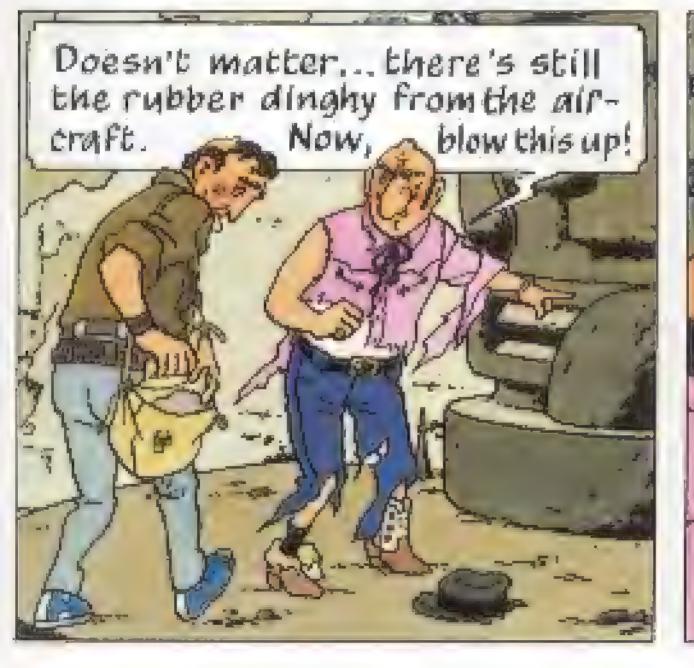


Ven I got vere, vey vere in a panic. Laft night vove ftrange lightf in ve fky. Tonight an earfquake. You felt it here... vey all ruffed back to veir junkf and make off into ve darkneff like frightened rabbitf.

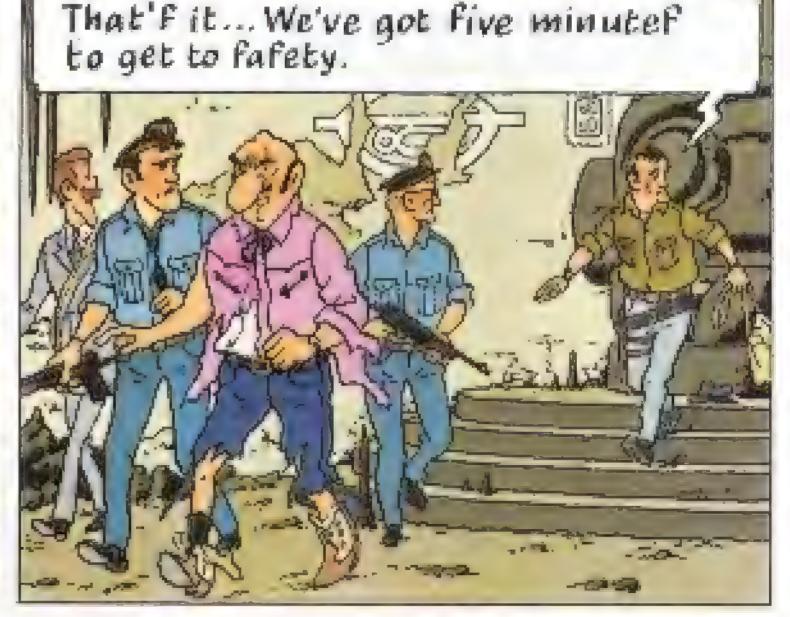


Yef, yef, boff: [did all I could to ftop vem efcaping. It waf hopeleff... like trying to ftop a ftampede. Af it waf, I waf very nearly maffacred.

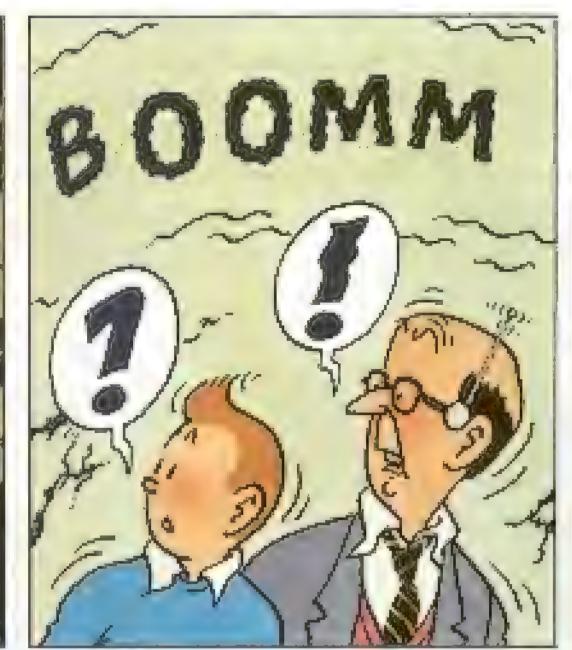




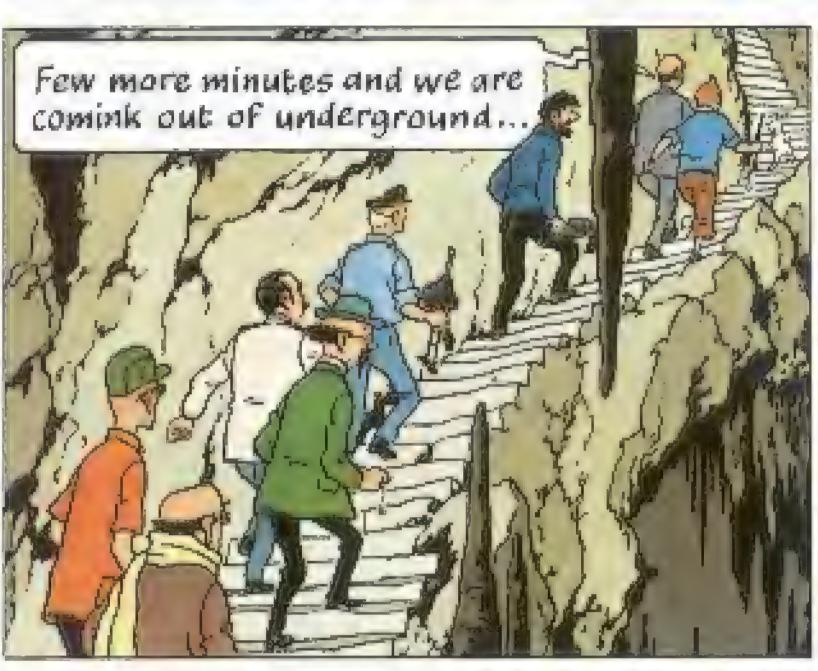








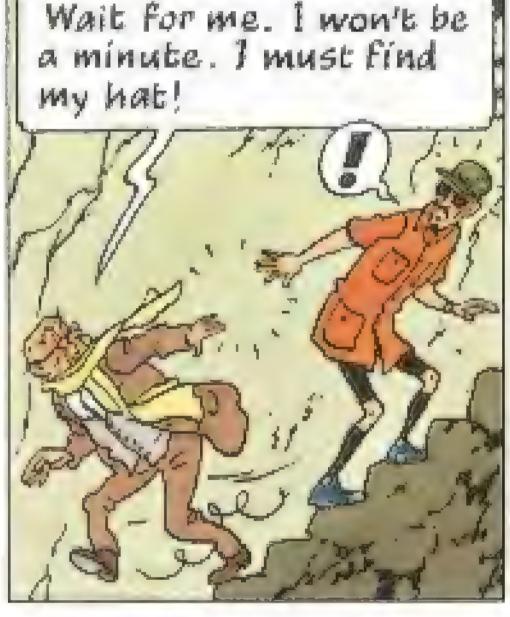








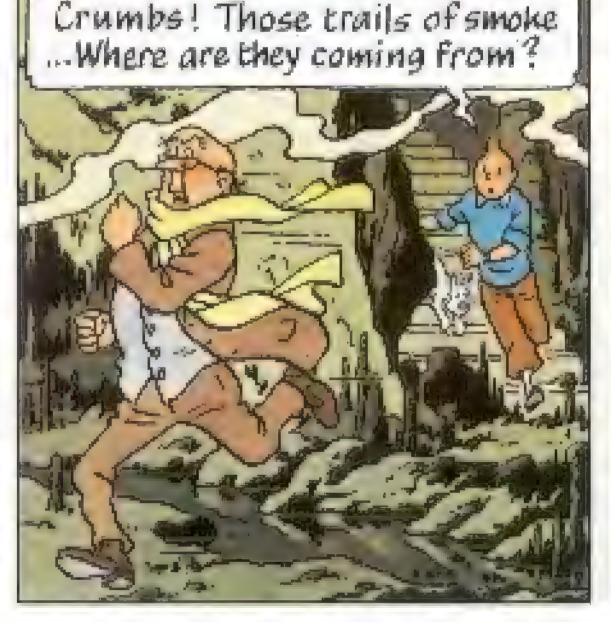






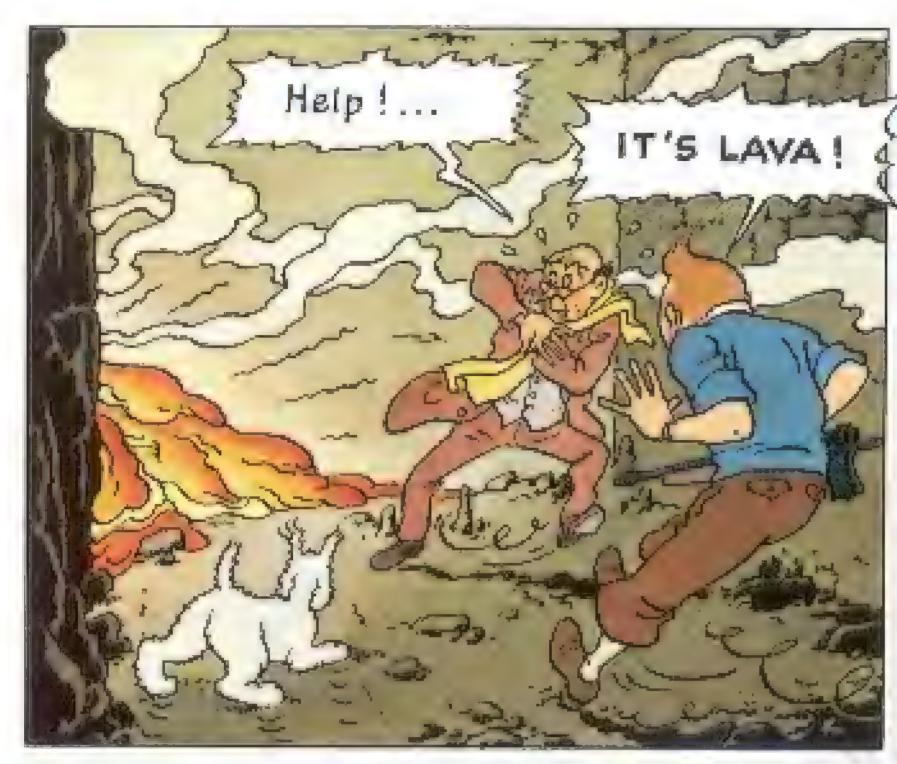




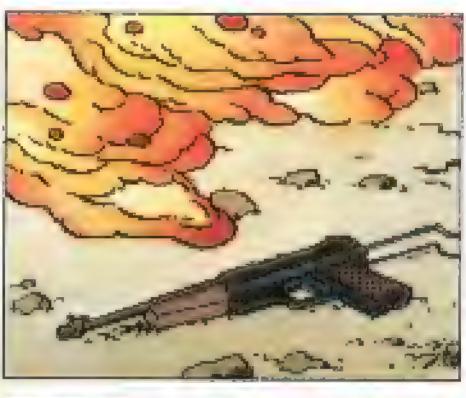


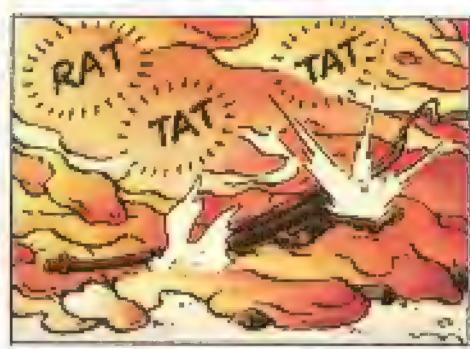


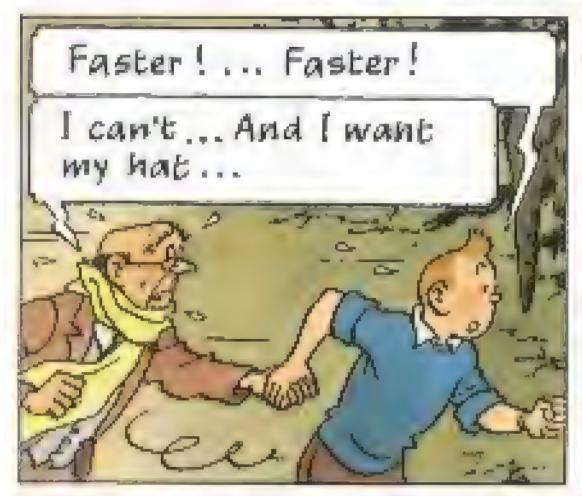




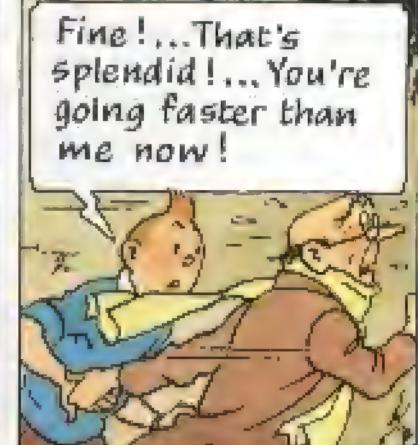








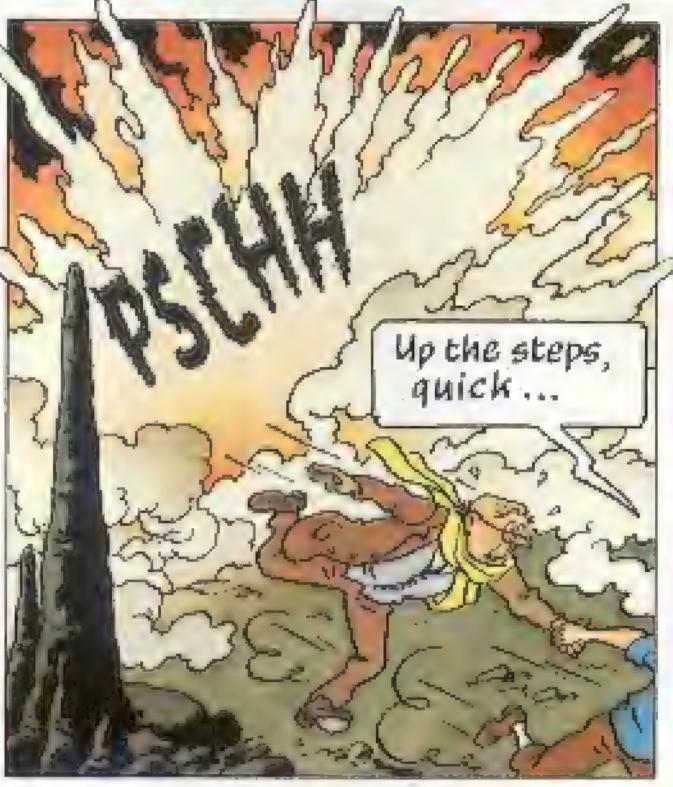










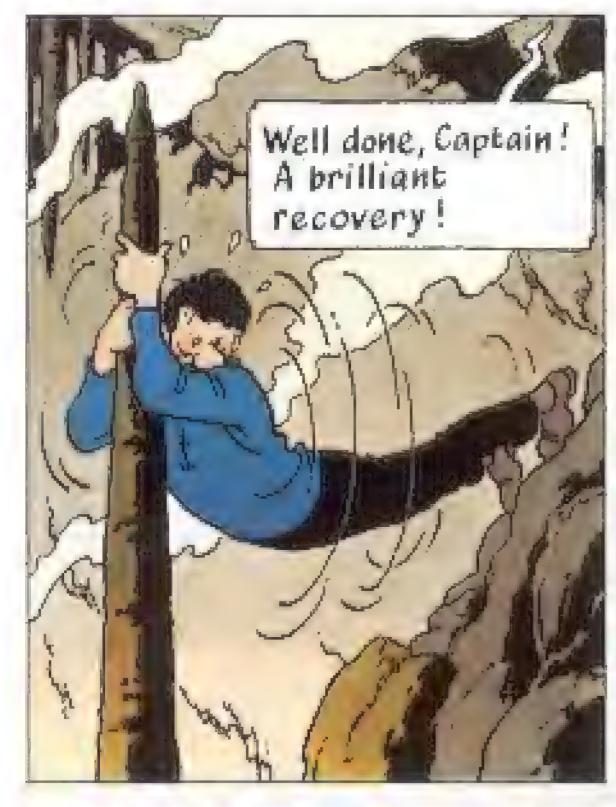










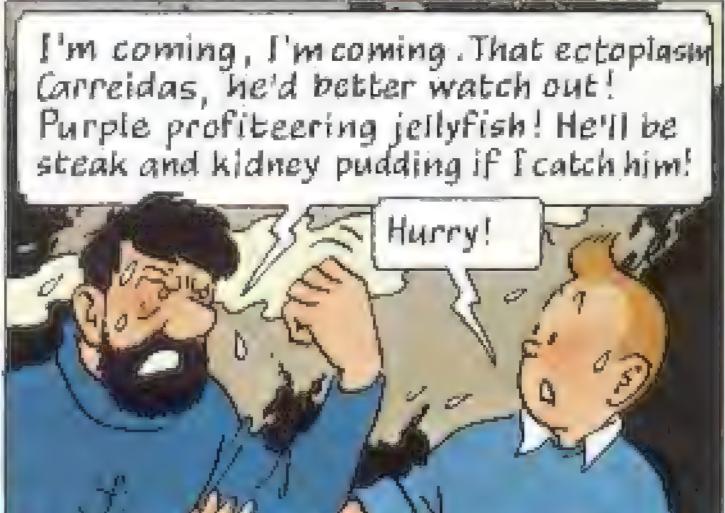


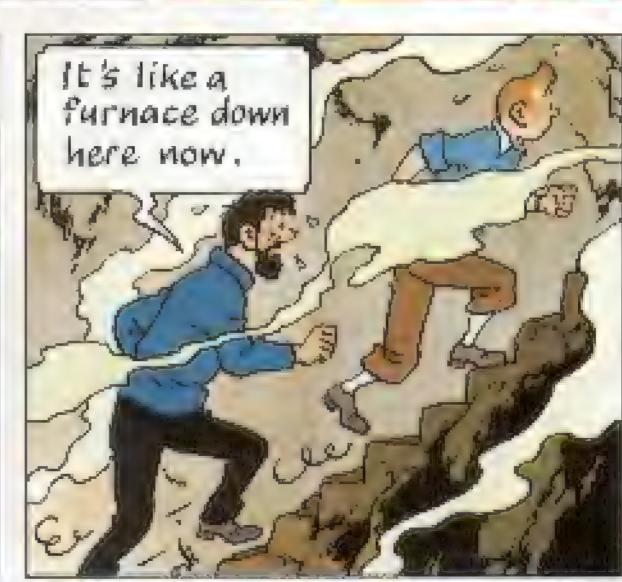




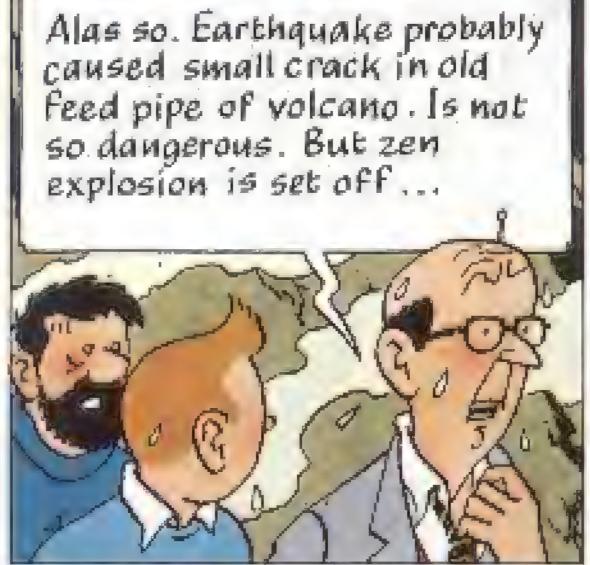


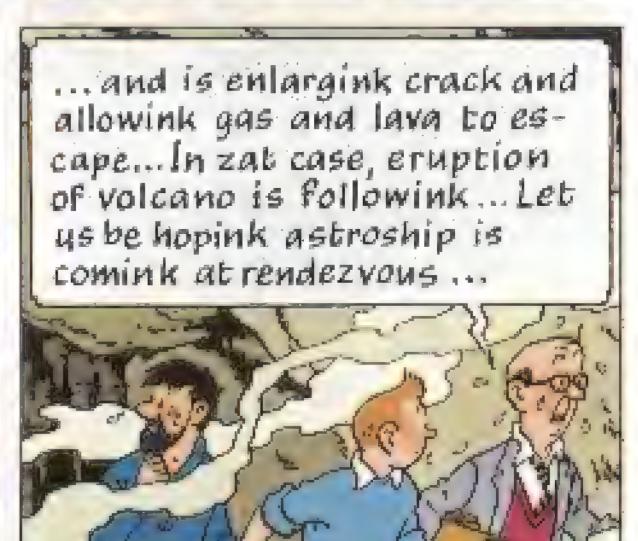


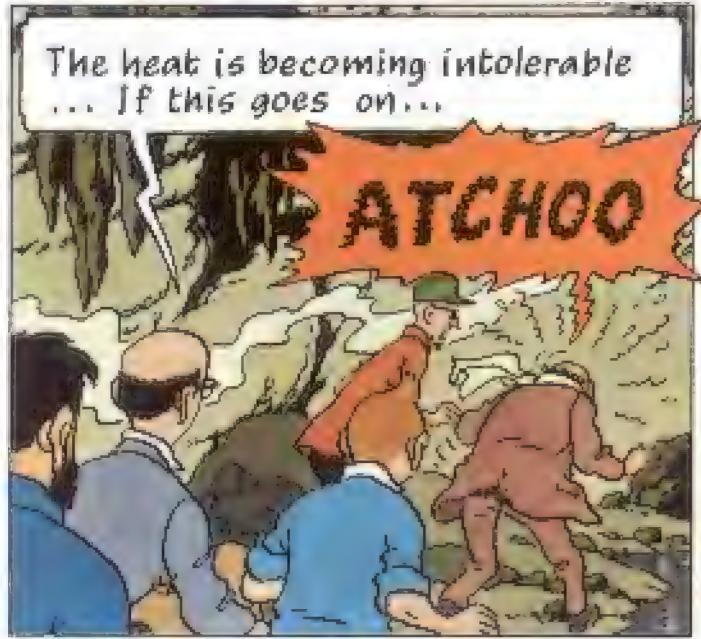


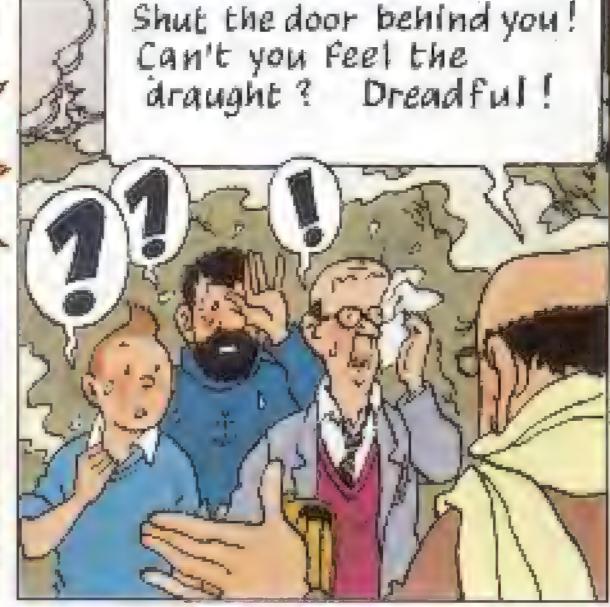




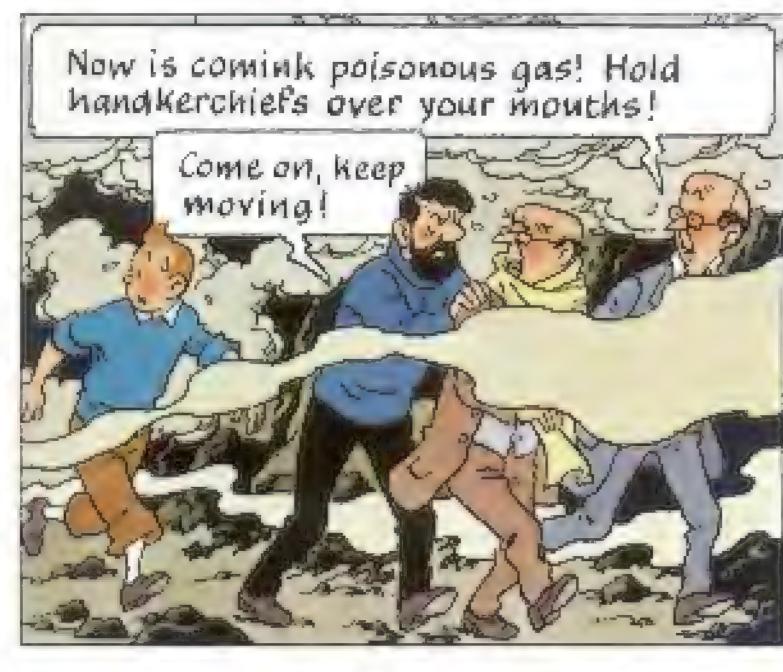










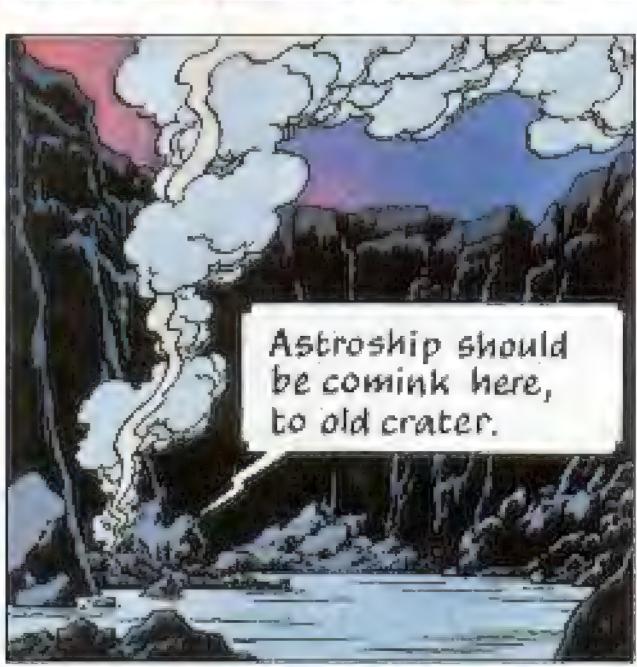






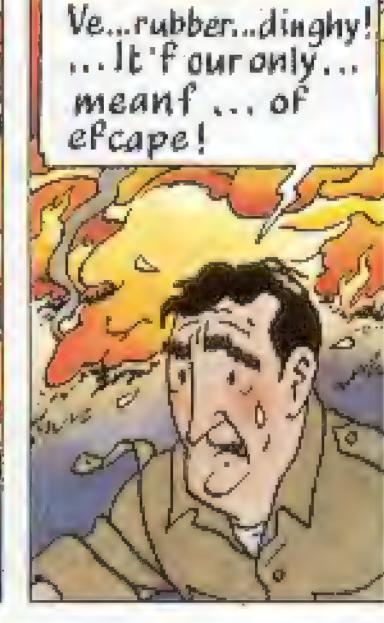






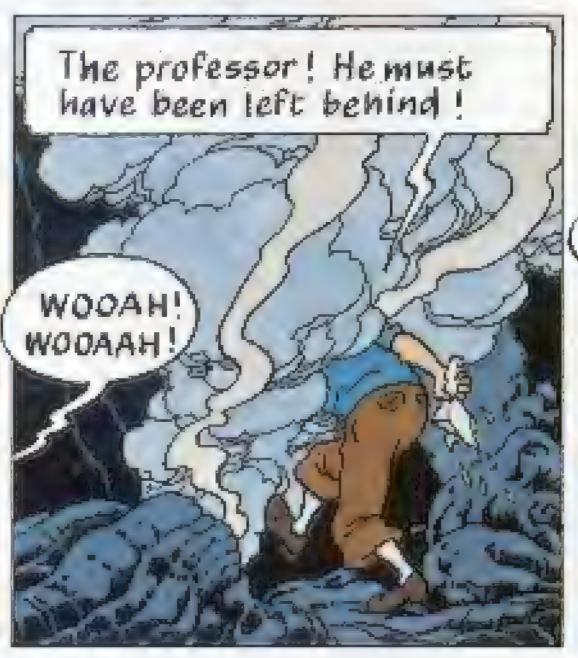




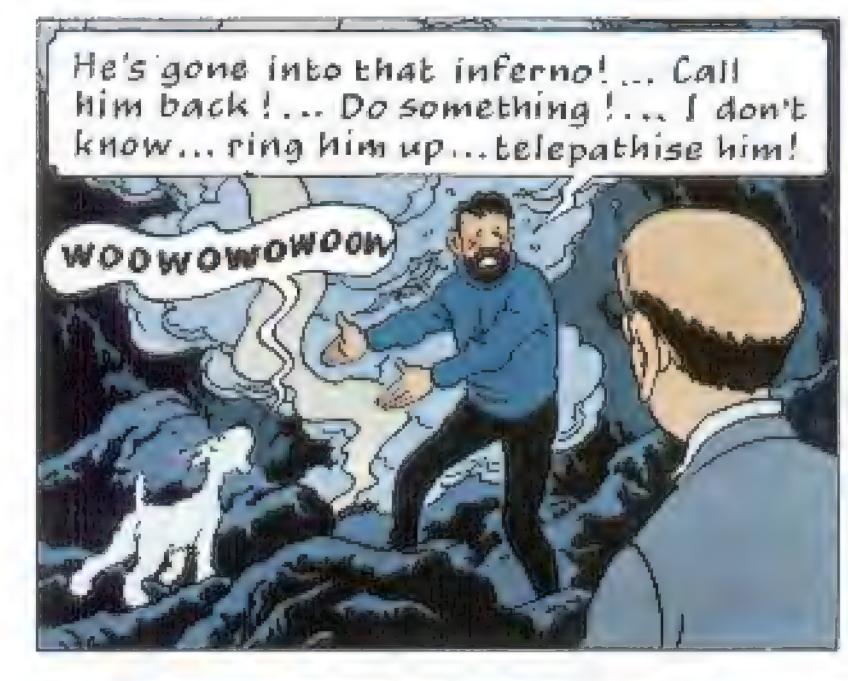


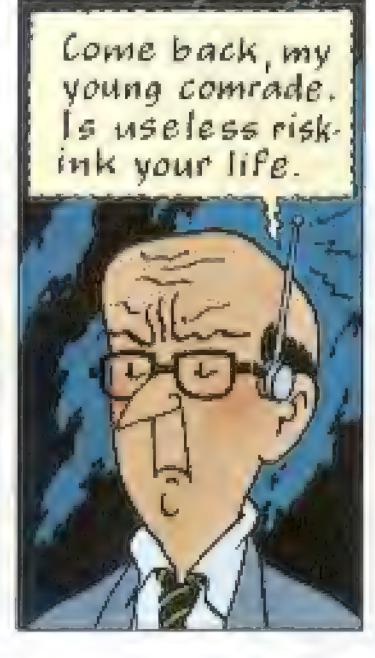




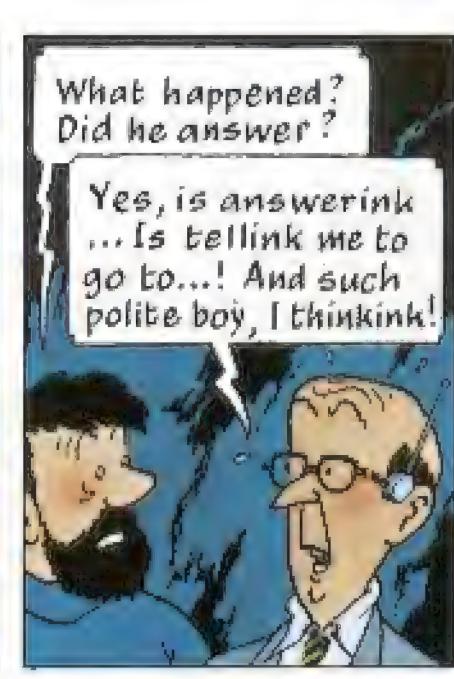




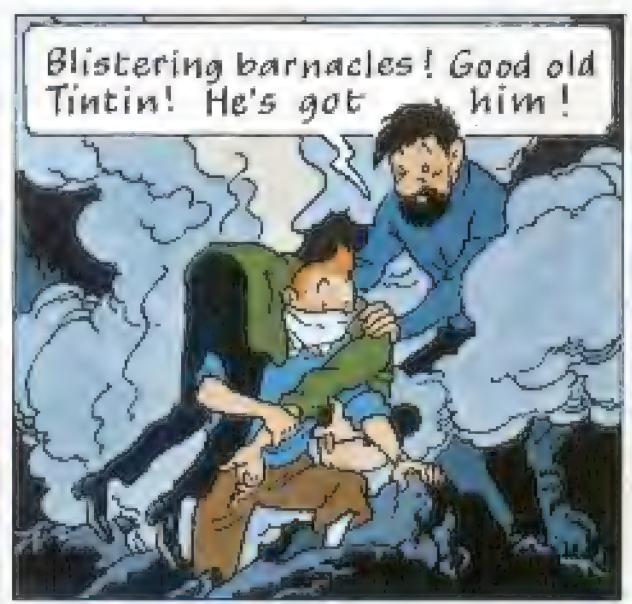


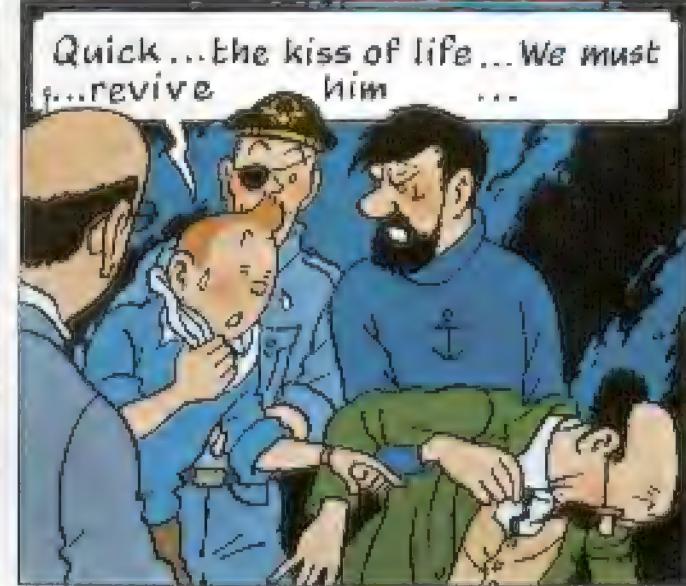










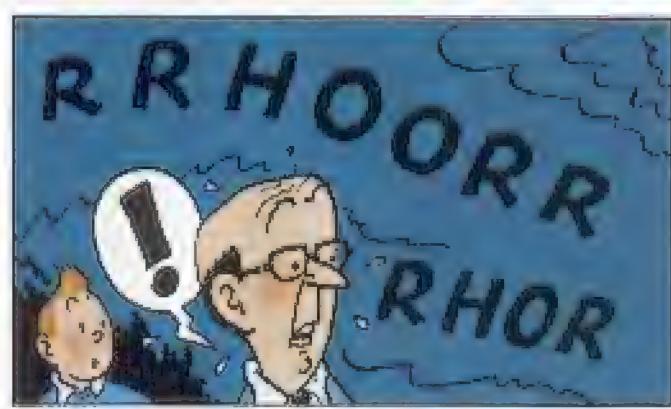


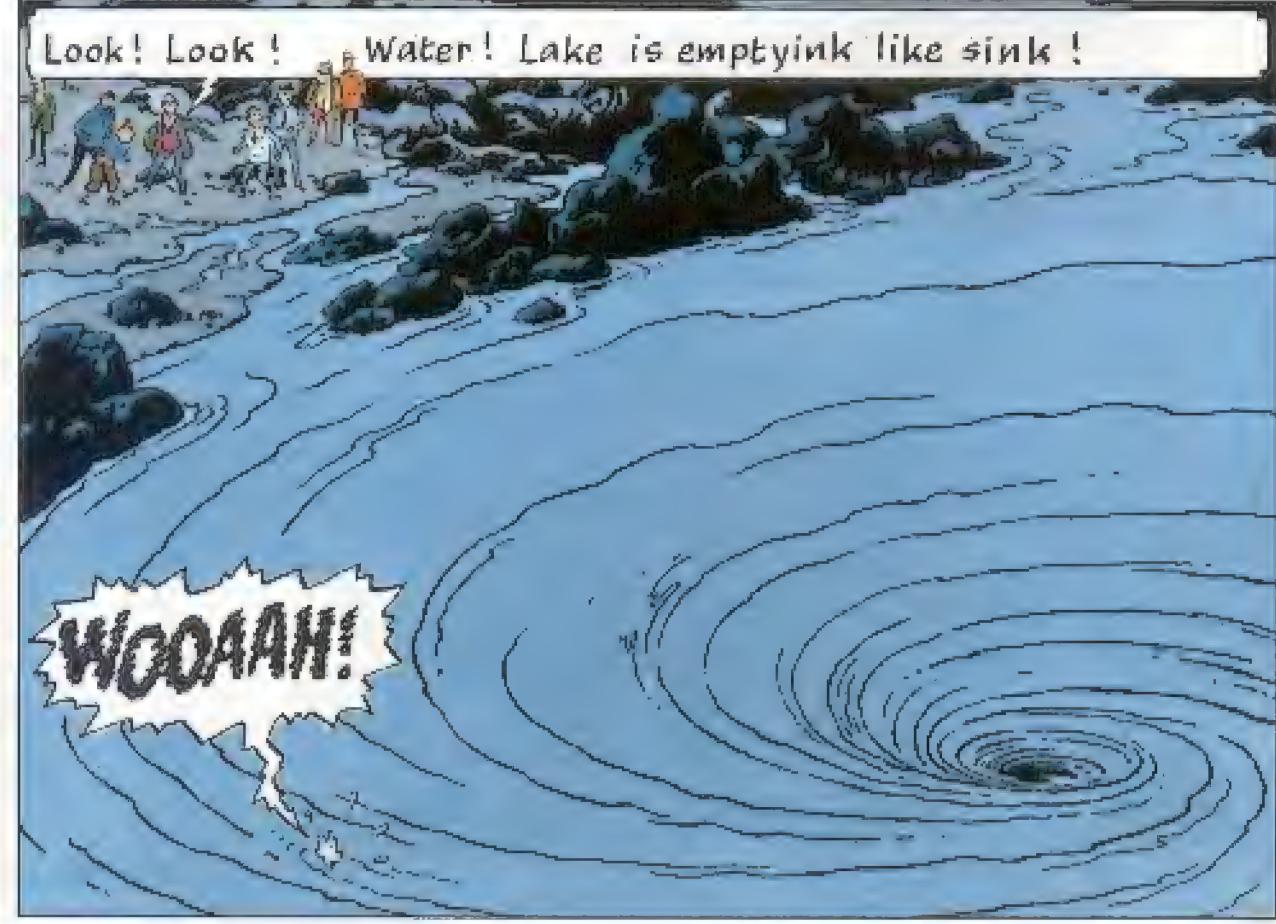


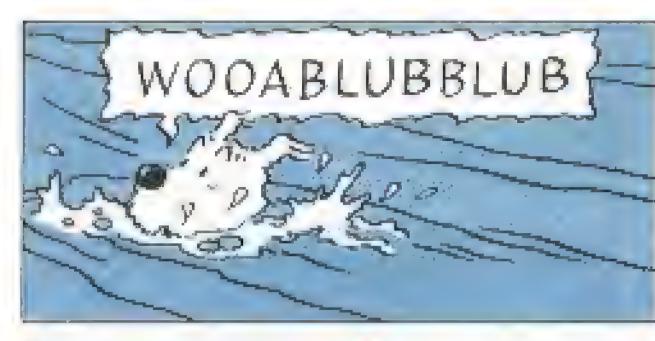






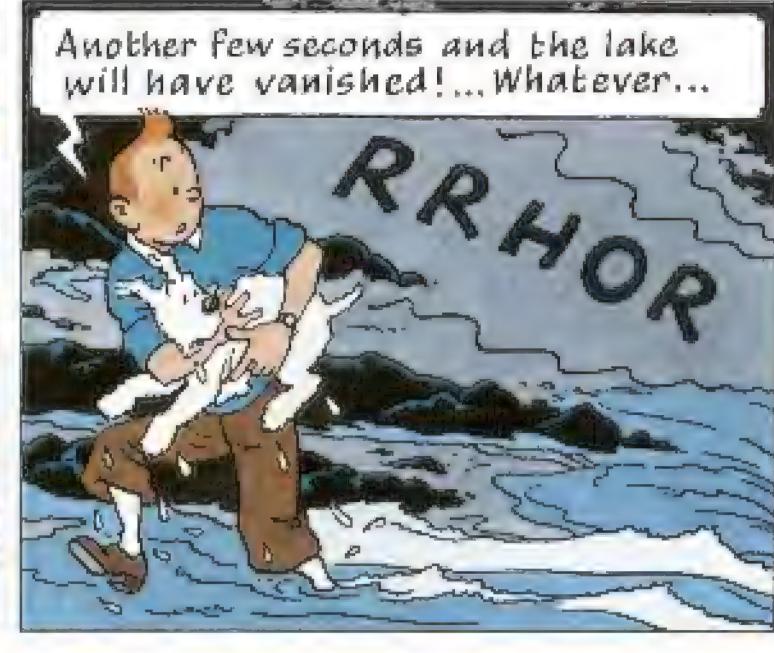


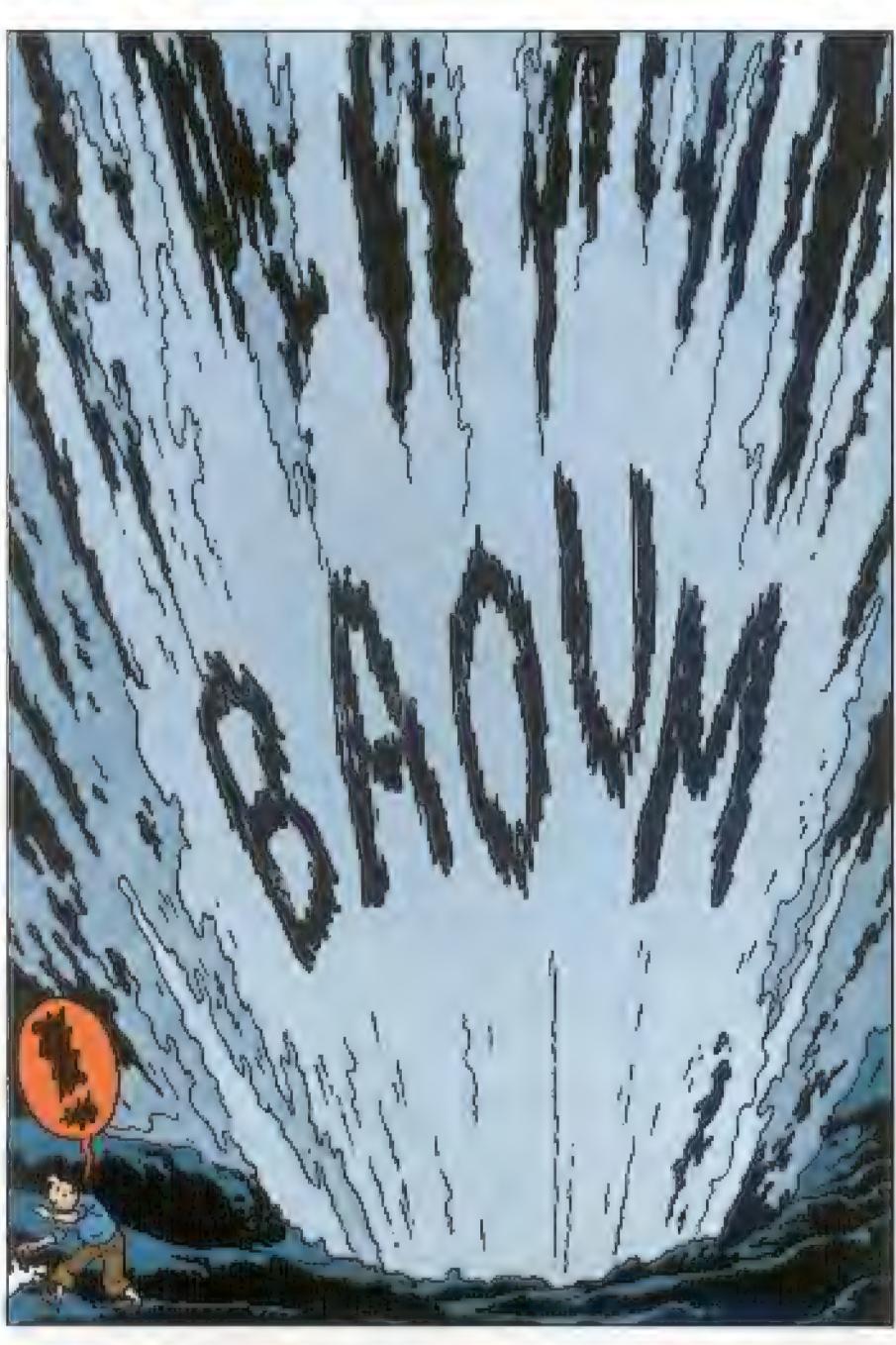




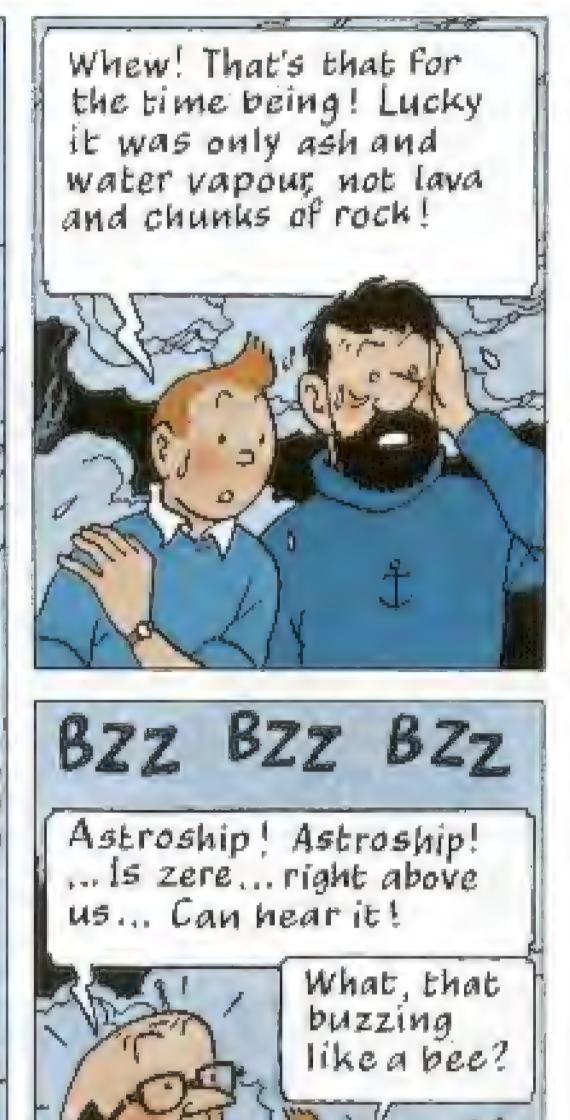




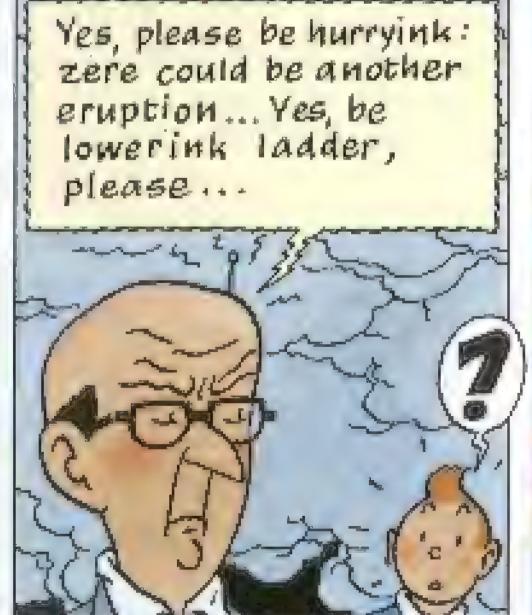


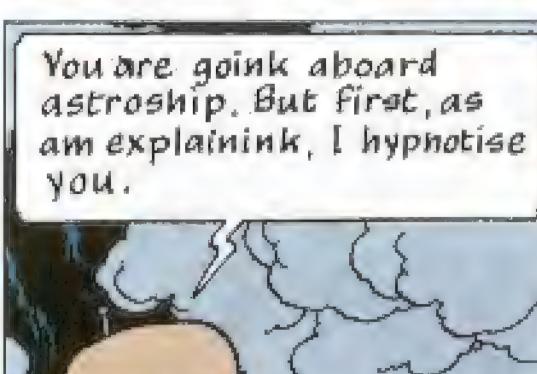






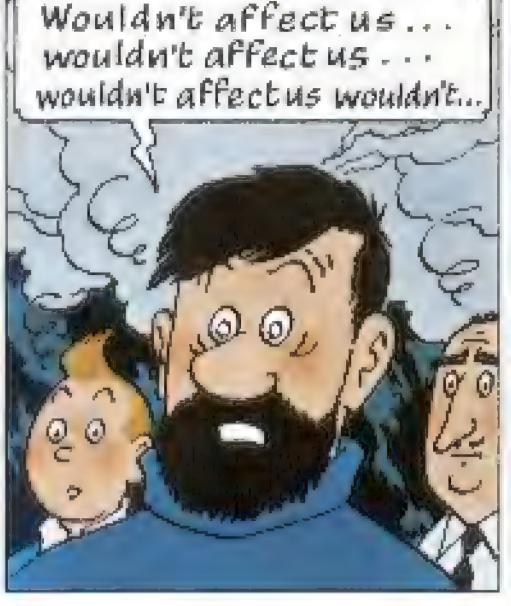




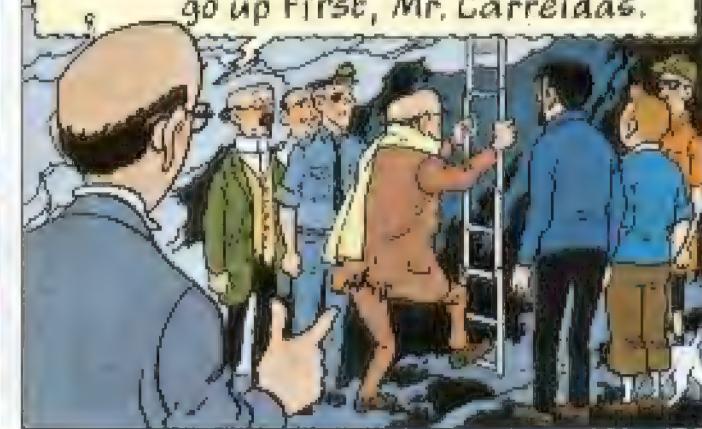


Hypnotise us? Not on your life! It's out of the question... Besides, that sort of mummery wouldn't affect us!





Now, gentlemen, you are at airport at Djakarta. You are boardink Carreidas aircraft, flyink to Sydney. Zere is ladder. Please go up first, Mr. Carreidas.





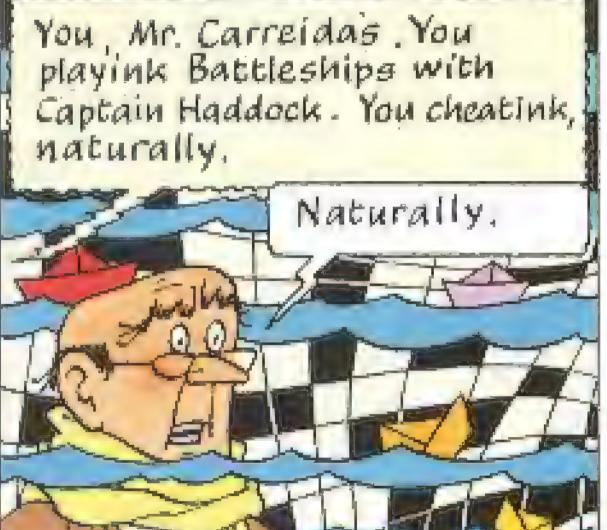


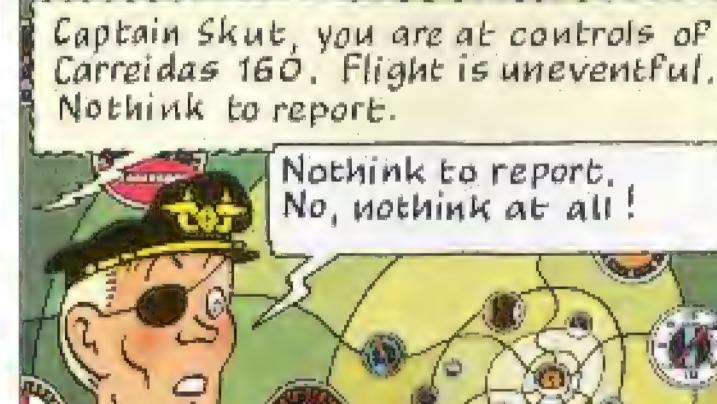


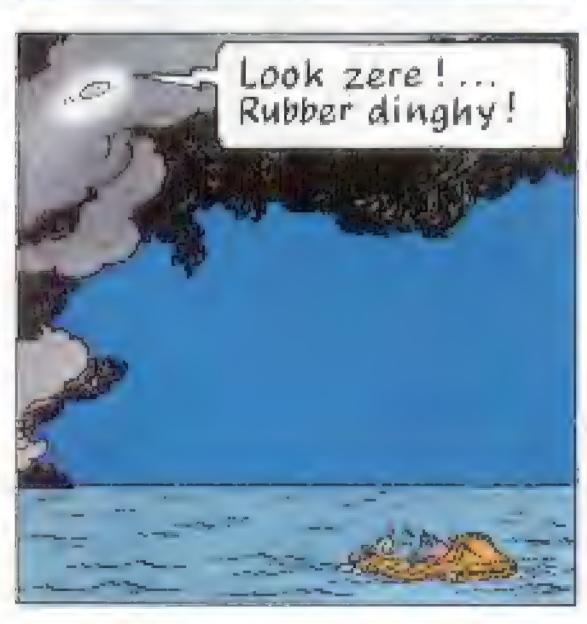


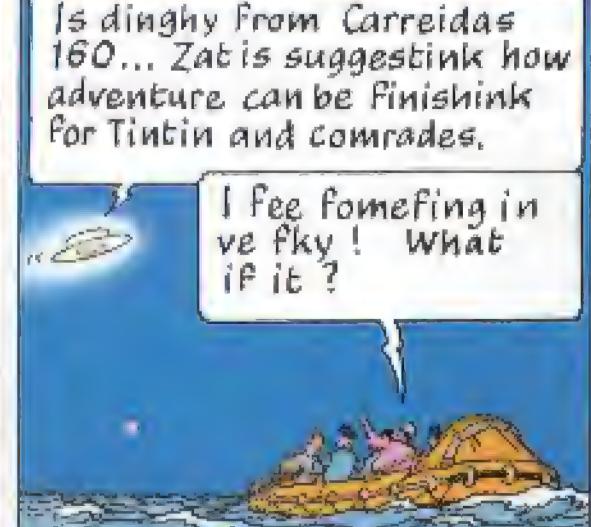




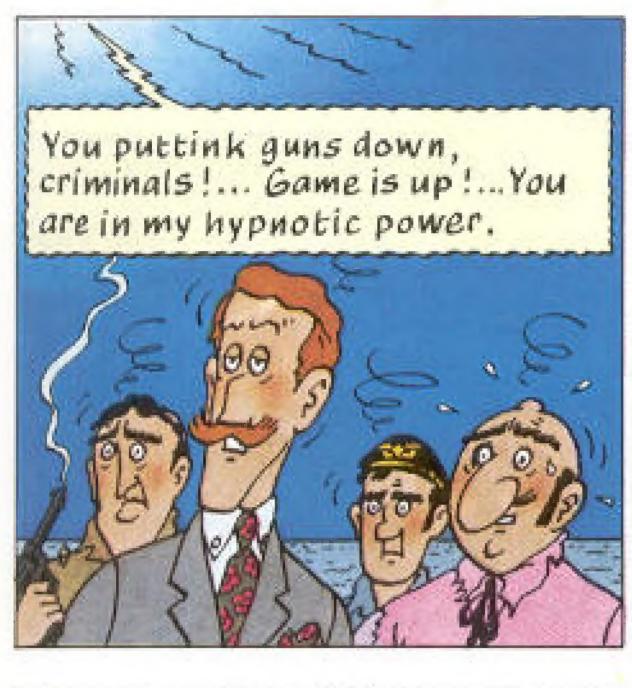


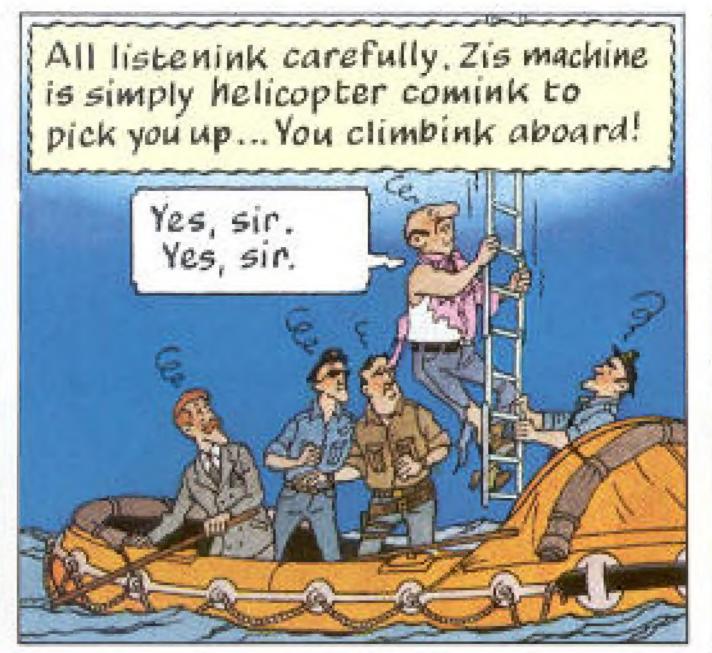


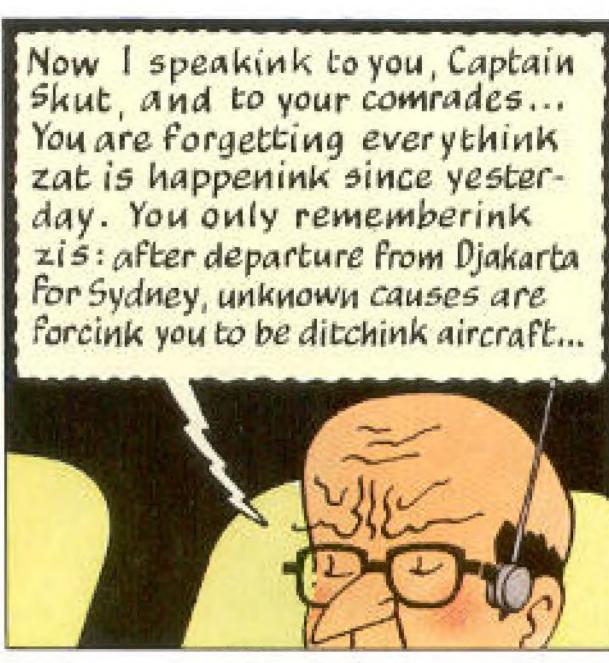




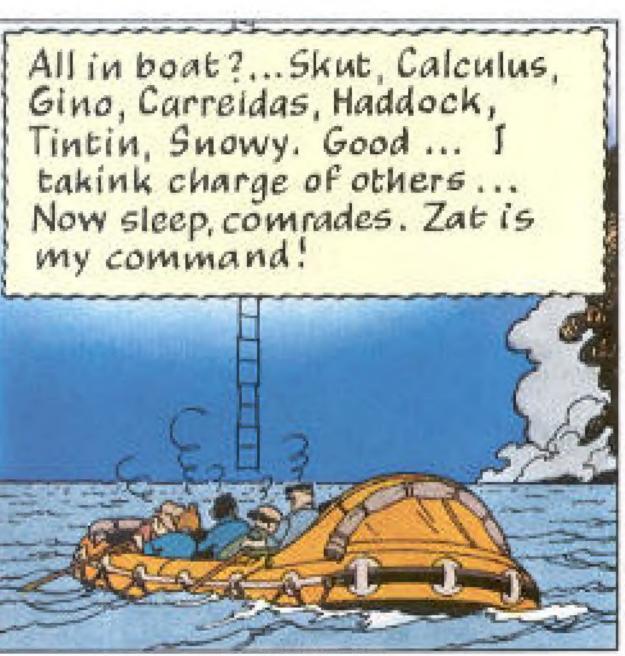






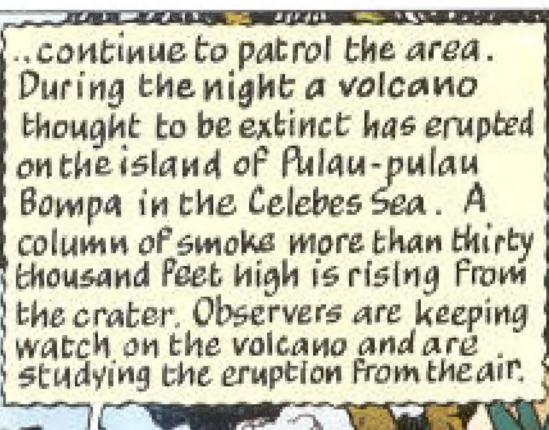


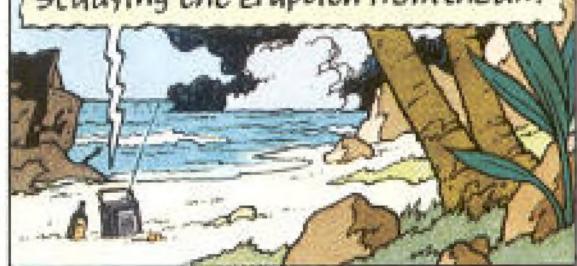


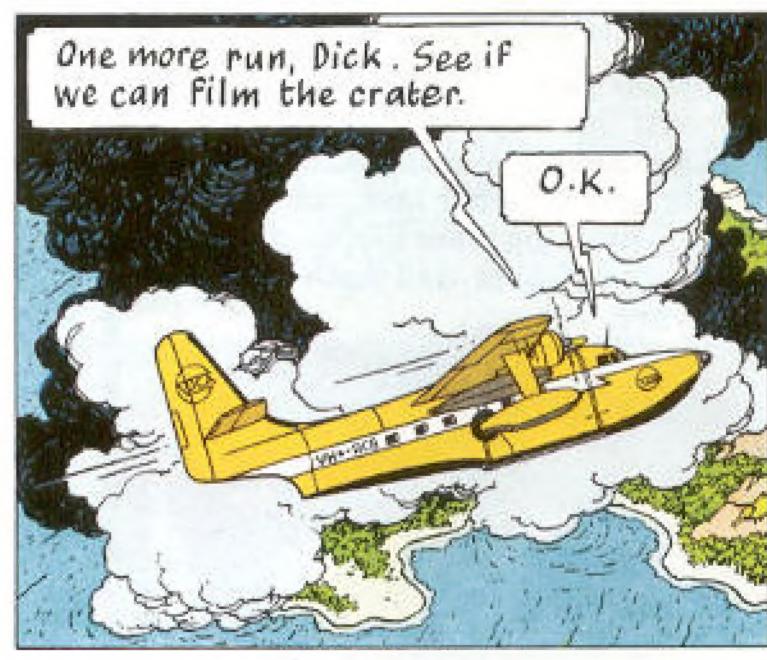






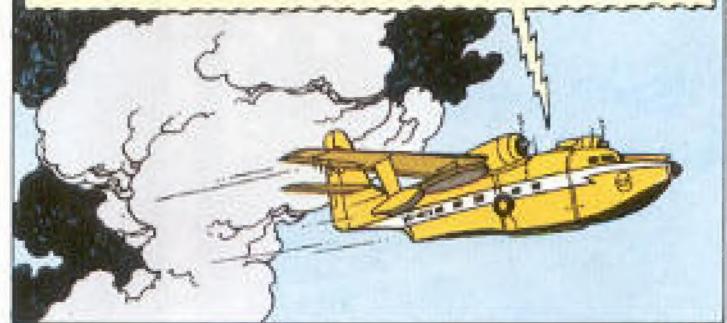








Victor Hotel Bravo calling Macassar tower. We've spotted a rubber dinghy about a mile south of the volcano. Five or six men aboard. We've made several low-level runs over them but there's no sign of life... except for a little white dog.





Thousands of miles away, several days later. Tonight Scanorama is bringing you a special feature. The brilliant air-sea rescue of six of the men aboard millionaire Carreidas's plane made world headline news. Laszlo Carreidas and five companions were found drifting in a dinghy more than 200 miles off their scheduled route. They were snatched to safety only minutes from death in a lava-heated cauldron, the sea around the volcanic island of Pulau-pulau Bompa. All the survivors were suffering from severe shock. It was several hours before they...



...recovered conscious ness in a Javanese hospital. Our on-the-spot reporter has secured the first interview with the mystery-crash survivors ... Colin Chattamore in Djakarta.

A put-up job, or I'm not Jolyon Wagg! Bet Carreidas dumped his rotten old crate for the insurance.



Let's begin with the owner of the aircraft... This has been a terrible business for you, Mr. Carreidas. You must be greatly upset by the loss of your prototype, and the tragic disappearance of your secretary and two members of your crew.



All very sad, but what can you expect? That's life, you know. What really annoys me, though, is that I lost my hat: a pre-war Bross and Clackwell. And that's absolutely irreplaceable.



About the needle-marks found on your arm, Mr. Carreidas. It seems that your companions didn't have these...

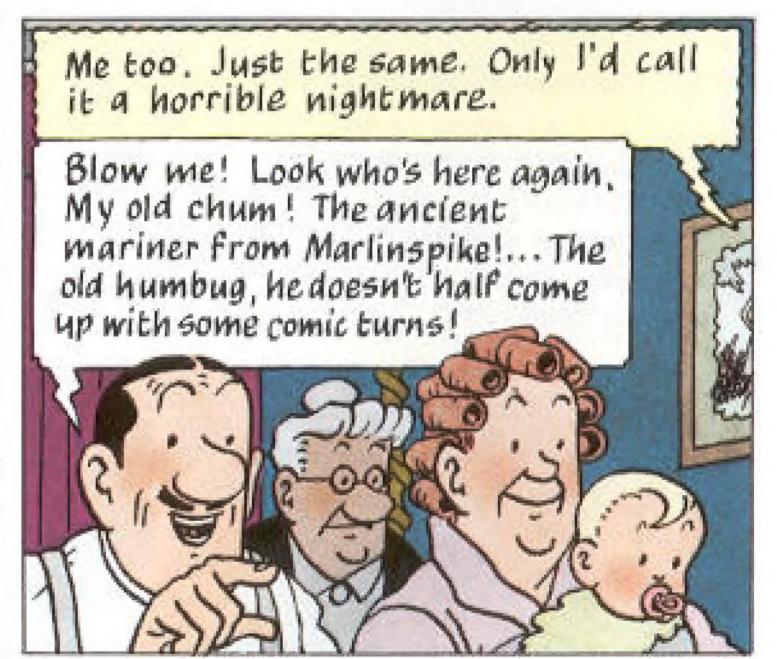
Naturally: I'm richer than they are.



Captain Skut, you had to make a forced landing. Can you tell us something about it, and what happened afterwards? Your last radio message sald you were flying over Sumbawa and had nothing to report.



to remember: is like gap in my mind... I not understand ... Is like strange dream...



I vaguely remember some grinning masks, and suffocating heat in an underground passage...
Thundering typhoons, it makes me thirsty to think of it!

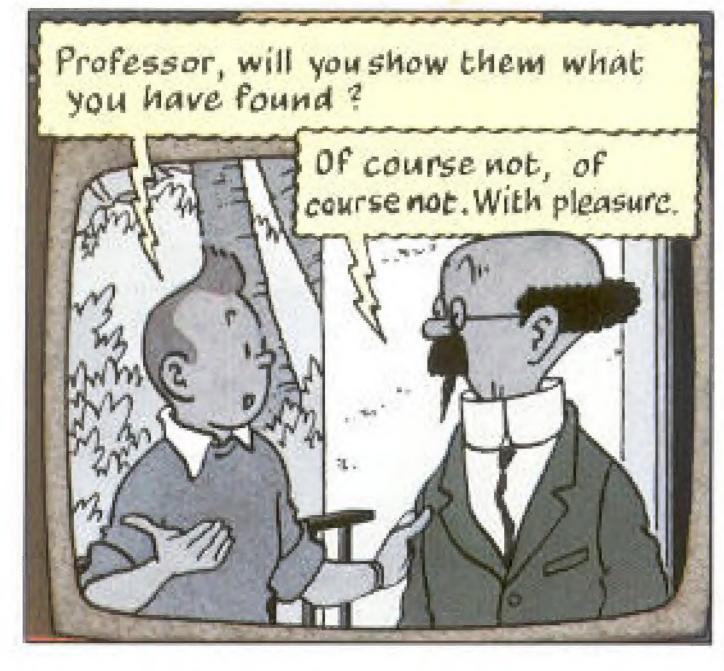


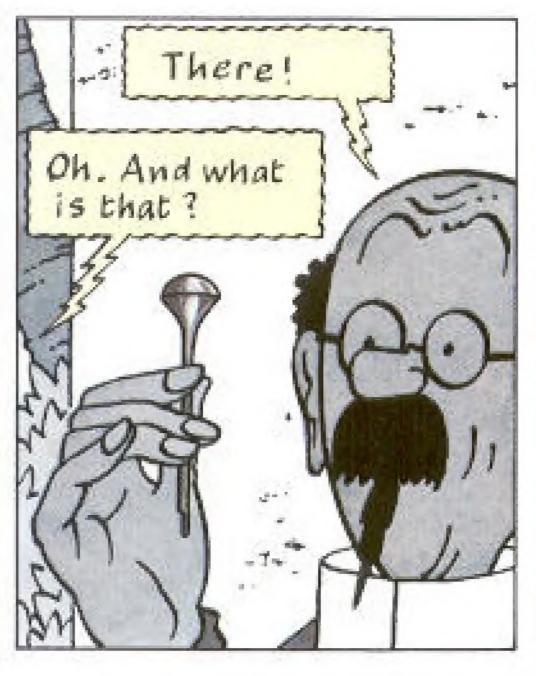
1... well, I had a similar dream. It's certainly odd, but...

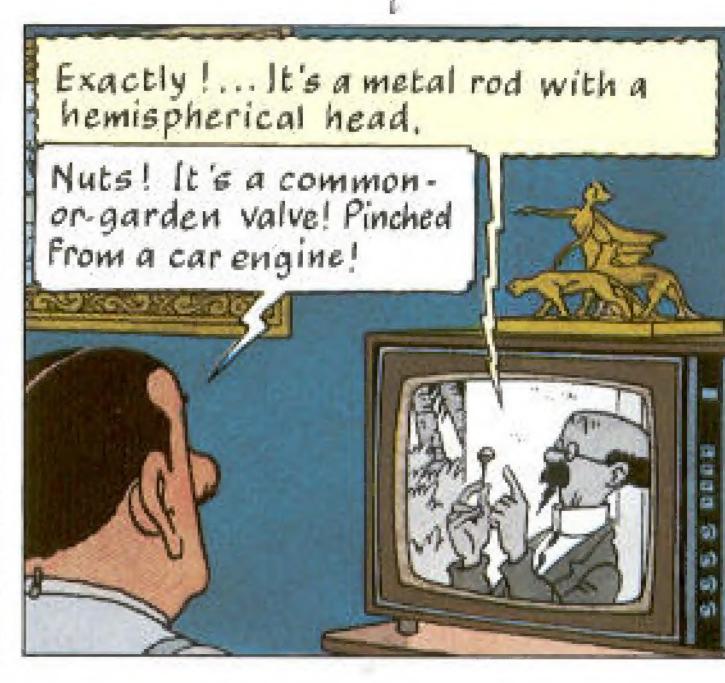
And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!

... the most inexplicable part of this whole business is... No, I think Professor Calculus will tell you ...









To the untrained eye this object presents nothing unusual. But the first suspicious fact is that I found it in my pocket.



No. no. I found it in my pocket.

Same old Calculoopy!
Bit touched in the upper storey. Daft as well as deaf.



How it got there I really have no idea at all... Extraordinary... But the matter really assumes a fantastic character when I tell you this object is made of a metal not found on our earth.



[ron ore? Rubbish! ... Look at this!

My sainted aunt, what a hoot! Ha! ha! ha! Hoo! hoo!

See how violently my pendulum reacts when I hold it over the object!



No, my dear sir, it is not a delusion. I may tell you, young man, that I have had this metal analysed in the laboratories at Djakarta University. And, sir, the physical chemists are quite unanimous: it is composed of cobalt in the natural state, alloyed with iron and nickel.



Since cobalt in the natural state does not occur on earth, this object is of extra-terrestrial origin.



Bats in the belfry! ...Come on, Prof, give us some more! Go the whole hog! Say it dropped off a flying-saucer. Made by a Martian with his little space-kit...

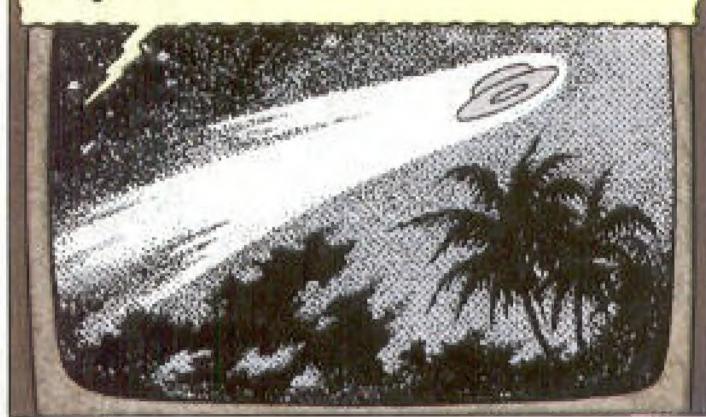
Tell that to Lord Nelson, he'll fall off his column laughing!



Professor, you used the words "extraterrestrial." In this connection, may I show you a photograph, taken by an amateur in Cairo last Monday... the day you were found? ... Please study it carefully...

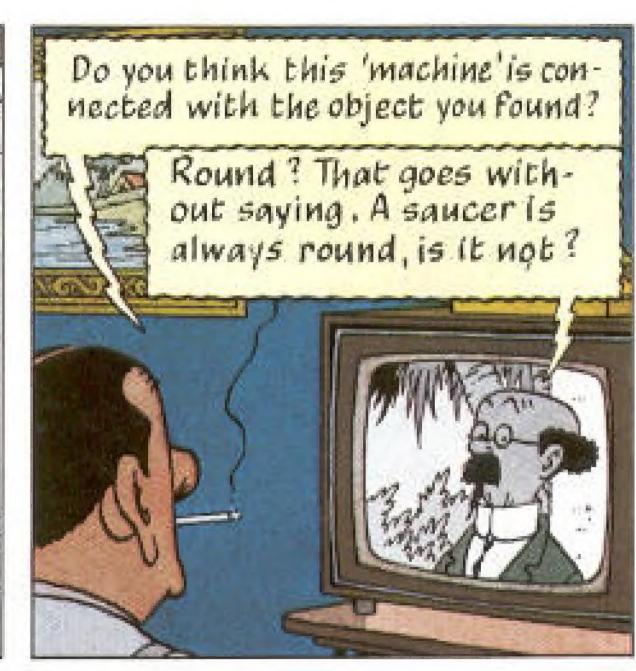


Would you agree with the photographer, who claims that it is indeed a flyingsaucer?... And would you say that this machine is of extra-terrestrial origin?



A bottle of gin?... Frankly, I can see no connection...To me, the photograph would appear to show an unidentified flying object, popularly known as a flying -saucer.





Er... of course ... One final question. Professor. I understand that you and your companions are suffering from amnesia...

> If you wish, but I always take a glass of water with milk of magnesia.



point I want to make is that occasional cases of amnesia are not uncommon... There's one reported in the paper today. The head of a psychiatric clinic in Cairo, Dr. Krollspell, has just been found wandering near the outskirts of the city. He'd been missing for more than a month, and he has completely lost his memory.



But in your case, how do the doctors account for the fact that you are ALL suffering from amnesia?

They don't seem able to give an explanation ... any more than we can.



could tell them a thing or two!...But no one would believe me!



And finally, what are your plans? Where do you go from here?

> We're catching the next plane for Sydney. We shall just be in time for the opening of the Astronautical Congress.



Well, I hope there will be no further interruptions to your Journey. Good luck from Scanorama, and thank you ... Goodbye, Captain!



DONG: This is the final call for Qantas Flight 714 to Sydney. All passengers please proceed immediately to gate No. 3.